3 1761 06353414 3

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto

http://www.archive.org/details/missionarysketc00weit

VIEW OF THE PALACE AND FORT OF AGRA, FROM THE RIVER.

[The Taj Mehal in the distance at the right.]

MISSIONARY SKETCHES

IN

NORTH INDIA,

WITH

REFERENCES TO RECENT EVENTS.

BY

MRS WEITBRECHT.

"And I saw another angel, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto every nation, and tongue, and people, saying, Fear God, and give glory to him, and worship him."—Rev. xiv. 6, 7.

UNIVERSITY OF JUN 19 1984

Second Edition.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LVIII.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

Buch
BV
[illegible]328

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER, ... vii

CHAPTER I.

A LAND OF DARKNESS AND SORROW.

Notices of Missions in Bengal, from their establishment in 1758 to 1786-1800, ... 1

CHAPTER II.

THE DAY BREAKETH.

Arrival of Carey—College of Fort William—Antagonistic Position taken by Government—Baptist Mission at Serampur—Marshman, Havelock, Weitbrecht, . . 18

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOWS FLEE.

Brown, Buchanan—The Calcutta Bible Society—Martyn, Corrie, Thomason—Arrival of the first two Church Missionaries—Judson and his associates expelled from India—Calcutta described—Church Mission established in 1820, ... 39

CHAPTER IV.

RAYS OF THE COMING BRIGHTNESS.

Progress of Missions in Calcutta, ... 54

CHAPTER V.

THE DESERT REJOICING.

Missions in the Out-stations connected with Calcutta, . 70

PAGE

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUTH PENETRATING.

Agurparah — General Progress of Missions—Sketch of the Hindu character, ... 79

CHAPTER VII.

THE VOICE OF THE ROD.

The Mutiny—Anecdotes, ... 91

CHAPTER VIII.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

Journey up the River—Chinsurah—Burdwan—Baneurah, . 102

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE ONE BECOMES A THOUSAND.

The South-Western Agency—Chota Nagpur German Mission —Success—Flight—Persecution—Steadfastness of Converts—Culna—Santipur—Missionary Training Institution, ... 120

CHAPTER X.

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

Nudya—Krishnaghur and its Nine Stations, . . . 143

CHAPTER XI.

TREES YIELDING FRUIT.

Chapra—Dwipehunderpur — Kapasdanga — Rattenpur — Jogbinda—Solo—Bollobpur—Address of the Krishnaghur Christians to the Governor-General, . . . 159

CHAPTER XII.

SCATTERING THE SEED.

Cutwa—Berhampur—Murshedabad, ... 187

PAGE

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.

Bhagulpur—History of the Establishment and Progress of the Mission, ... 199

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

The Santhal Insurrection—Deliverance—Proposed Plan for imparting Christian Instruction to the Santhals—Government decide against it—Alarm at the time of the Mutiny — Purneah — Dinagepur — Titalaya — Darjeeling — Mr Start, ... 218

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE SEED TAKING ROOT.

Monghyr—Patna—Dinapur—Gya—Buxar—Ghazipur—Benares 232

CHAPTER XVI.

ASSAULTS UPON SATAN'S STRONGHOLDS.

A Walk through the City of Benares—Missionary Efforts there, 250

CHAPTER XVII.

JOY AND SORROW.

Sketch of the Benares Orphans' Institutions, . . 267

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Benares Mission continued, ... 286

CHAPTER XIX.

MERCY REJOICING AGAINST JUDGMENT.

Chunar—Bowley and his labours—The Mutiny, . . 310

PAGE

CHAPTER XX.

A GARDEN IN THE DESERT.

Juanpur—Wonderful Escape at the time of the Mutiny—Gorruckpur, ... 334

CHAPTER XXI.

WATERS BREAKING FORTH IN THE WILDERNESS.

The Mission at Gorruckpur continued—Jubbulpur, . . 348

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

Jubbulpur continued—The Rajah of Rewah—Sagar, . 370

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITNESSING A GOOD CONFESSION.

Mirzapur—Allahabad—Cawnpur, ... 386

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE JOY OF THE ANGELS.

Martyn's Convert at Cawnpur—Lucknow—Martyrdom, . 406

CHAPTER XXV.

LIGHT STRUGGLING WITH DARKNESS.

Agra—Akbar—Abdul Messech, ... 424

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOULS BORN OF GOD.

Agra continued—Mussulman Controversy—Sufferings of the Missionaries at the time of the Mutiny, . . . 448

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OPENING OF SPRING AFTER A WINTER OF AGES.

Delhi—Mirut—Bareilly—Landour, ... 462

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

"THE North India mission field occupies the greatest extent of country, and numbers the largest staff of European missionaries, of any of the Church Missionary Society's missions. The distance between its extreme stations is fifteen hundred miles. By the wonderful facilities of modern intercommunication, there is every reason to hope that the whole district will soon be traversed in a few days, as a message has already been sent in a few minutes."

The political troubles which have been casting so dark a cloud over the prospects that lately seemed so brightening, have certainly caused a strong temporary check on missionary operations; but there is every reason to hope it will be but temporary, and if the Church awake to her great responsibilities, it may be seen that it was but as the bursting of a heavy thunder-storm, which, though dreadful and appalling for the time it lasts, disperses the dark and threatening clouds in which ignorance and superstition have for ages enveloped India, and opens it more effectually for the descent of the vivifying rays of the Sun of righteousness.

From these very brief and imperfect sketches it is hoped a general impression may be gathered of *how little, and yet how much, has been done:* how little, compared to India's wants; how much, considering the stupendous difficulties that have had to be surmounted.

Thus, while the Christian Church as a body, and every individual member of it, will see abundant cause to take shame to itself for coldness of heart and supineness of action, and should be deeply humbled on a review of past neglects, no cause for despair, or even for discouragement, will be perceived. On the contrary, the Church may unite, as the apostles did of old, in magnifying and praising God for all that has been heard and seen.

It will be apparent, in perusing these sketches, that the grand hindrances to the planting and progress of Christianity in North India have been the immense extent of country to be evangelised, the difficulties connected with the climate and means of locomotion, the vastness and density of the population, and the tremendous barriers arising from the dreadful system of priesthood and CASTE—that stronghold of superstition by which Satan has held the poor Hindus so long, so cruelly, and so firmly in bondage.

And it will further be apparent, from the recital of circumstances which it would be unfair to conceal in sketches of this kind, that another *especial* hindrance, and one which has added strength and power to all the others, has been the position which the Christian rulers

of India have been led to take, and the lamentable mistake into which they have fallen, of having allowed themselves to become patronisers of idolatry, persecutors of missionaries,* and discouragers of Christian inquiry and Christian profession among their heathen subjects. That they have been all these, facts attest; and it has for many years past been the settled conviction of the most far-sighted among missionaries, and other Christian men of much thought, that a crisis was approaching when the Lord would arise to vindicate His honour, and "the Brahmans resist even unto blood."

That crisis has now occurred, and all the sanguinary details connected with it are before the public. May it speak to this nation convincingly, and lead to another course of policy! May it lead Indian statesmen to see that their timid, time-serving plans will never ensure the respect or obedience of a people who are far too acute to be deceived by specious professions, and who, though untruthful themselves, honour the manly and straightforward Christian who carries out his religion in his actions, as much as they despise him who acts a contrary part!

It was a Christian missionary who was able to aid the government functionaries at Benares, in procuring supplies, when their own influence was unavailable. It is quiet missionary stations, lying in the midst of masses of heathen natives, which have been left untouched and unviolated, as the murderous bands of Sepoys and other rescued villains have traversed Bengal and North India.

* As in the cases of Chamberlain, Judson, &c.

That the Government of India, as a civil power, has been just, merciful, and paternal, according to the best of its ability, none will more willingly attest than missionaries. That its difficulties have been great, none know better than those so intimate with the character of the Hindu; but that the rock on which it has split is a fatal one, it would be impossible for them to deny.

The stations of the Church Missionary Society, to which these sketches chiefly refer, comprise in Bengal, Calcutta with its out-stations of Thakurpukar and Agurparah, Burdwan, the district of Krishnaghur with its nine stations, and Bhagulpur; with all these the writer is personally familiar, and describes her own impressions.*

"Within this range are contained classes of heathen inhabitants of the most diverse character, from the highly-educated and acute native aristocracy of Cal-

* The Bengal Presidency must not be confounded with the province of Bengal. The former comprehends the whole of the stations from the entrance of the river Hughli, north of the Bay of Bengal, to the river Indus, the Tenasserim coast, Pegu, and Prome in Burmah. The Himmalayan chain, and the kingdom of Nepaul, are upon its northern and north-eastern limits. West and south it extends to the boundaries of the Bombay and Madras Governments. For purposes of easier local administration, the provinces to the north-west are under the management of a Lieutenant-Governor; so are the affairs of Bengal Proper; and in like manner the affairs of the Punjab, or country of the Five Rivers, are under the direction of separate Commissioners.

Although the whole of India is amenable to British sway, the revenues of the country are not all monopolised by Britain. There are large tracts entirely under the government of native princes, who merely pay tribute to the English, and there are others, to which, for a slight consideration, the mantle of British protection is extended.

cutta, down to the degraded peasantry of the plains, and the lawless Santhal of the hills."

It will be seen from these sketches that the Church Missionary Society, in distributing its spiritual forces, has provided chiefly for the lower classes of the people, remembering our Divine Master's words, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them."

North India has proved no exception to the general experience of the Church under the Christian dispensation—that the gospel *ascends*, and that, though it still remains true that it is the poor of this world who become rich in faith, and not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called, yet that delightful testimonies have been given in India to prove that a few, at least, out of each of these classes, have been drawn into the gospel net.

"The North-West Provinces comprise the missionary stations of Benares, with its out-stations of Gharwa and Chunar; Juanpur, with its out-station of Azimghur; Gorruckpur; Jubbulpur, in Central India; Agra, and its out-stations Muttra and Secundra; Mirut, and its distant out-stations Bareilly and Landour; and Kotghur in the Himmalayas. In each of these there are small congregations of native converts, schools, and a resident missionary, or his occasional visits in the case of the out-stations."

Of all these places, the writer can only speak of *one* from personal knowledge—*i.e.* Benares; and the sketches in reference to the others are of necessity brief, not because there is not much of deep interest to

relate, but because it was not possible to include a large amount of information in the limited dimensions of one small volume.

"The Punjab comprises the stations of Umritsar, the ancient Seikh capital; Kangra, on the mountains; Multan, which has been occupied during the last year; and Peshawar, which, though the frontier station of India, has been proved, after two years' occupation, to present the same encouraging openings and facilities for the missionary as other parts of India."

It has not been possible to include any notices of the Punjab mission stations in this volume for lack of space, which is a cause of regret, for late events have rendered it a peculiarly interesting portion of the India mission field.

"The case of Peshawar, the remotest and most critically situated of all the Punjab stations, is remarkable and instructive. The Mohammedan population of that city is singularly fanatical, and the city is encompassed with hill tribes as daring as they are fanatical. The first British Resident there after the conquest of the Punjab declared that so long as he lived there should not be a Christian mission beyond the Indus. This Resident was assassinated by a Mohammedan fanatic.

"His successor was Major Edwardes, a man who fears God and loves the Saviour and His cause. When it was proposed to establish a mission at Peshawar, he at once fearlessly headed it, and openly declared, in substance, that the Christianisation of India ought to be regarded as the ultimate end of our continued possession of it.

"At the outbreak of the mutiny nearly the whole of the eight native regiments at the station shewed symptoms of disaffection. Most of them had to be disarmed, and one of them has since been cut to pieces. In the midst of these internal troubles, surrounded on all sides with a fiercely fanatical people, what were the missionaries to do? If they were even called on by the authorities to pause for a season, no one would have wondered; but no, Sir John Lawrence and Mr Montgomery said, in substance, Let the preaching and other missionary operations by no means be suspended; and Dr Pfander only absented himself once or twice from his usual evening preaching.

"Yet at Peshawar, amid almost unparalleled difficulties, the British held their own, the Punjab was preserved in tranquillity, and furnished nearly all the troops who triumphantly recaptured Delhi. It is the Punjab which has mainly saved the Indian Empire! Had the old traditional policy been observed, it had been otherwise."

It was intended to add two chapters descriptive of the particular efforts that have been made at the different mission stations on behalf of females, which have scarcely been alluded to in the general sketches, but it has been found impossible to include more matter in this volume.

The statistics of the Church Mission establishment in North India are as follows:—

Ordained Missionaries, . .	45
Ordained Native Missionary, . .	1

European Catechists and Teachers,	6
European Female Teachers,	2
East Indian Catechists and Teachers,	5
Native Catechists,	33
Native Scripture-readers,	66
Native Teachers and Schoolmasters,	307
Native Schoolmistresses,	26
Stations,	27
Communicants,	1119
Native Christians,	7409
Seminaries and Schools,	119
Seminarists and Scholars,	7027

In penning these sketches, the writer has availed herself of the most accurate sources of information, having been unwilling to trust to personal notes and recollections alone. Through the kindness of the Secretaries of the Church Missionary and other Missionary Societies, she has been enabled to do this fully, and she has freely used the Reports of the Church Missionary Society especially. To the kindness of the Church Missionary Society she is also indebted for most of the Illustrations.

"Long's Handbook," "Bengal as a Field of Missions," by M. Wylie, Esq., and "Notes" written by Mrs Sherwood while in India, have also been valuable aids, though it has not always been possible to acknowledge in foot-notes the particulars drawn from them.

That this feeble attempt to draw increased attention

to, and deepen interest in our poor debased fellow-subjects, the heathen of our Indian Empire, may prove an effective drop in the vast ocean of effort which is more than ever called for at the present crisis, the writer trusts may be the earnest prayer of every reader of her little volume.* †

* These sketches were prepared last December. A few expressions which were then applicable, but which the progress of events may render less so now, have perhaps escaped the eye in revising. If so, the reader will understand the reason.

† The mission stations to which some reference is made, not connected with the C. M. S., are—

Serampur,	B. M. S.
Chinsurah,	F. C. S.
Chota Nagpur	G. M. S.
Beerbhoom,	B. M. S.
Culna,	F. C. S.
Cutwa,	B. M. S.
Berhampur,	L. M. S.
Monghyr,	B. M. S.
Dinapur,	B. M. S.
Patna,	Start's Missionaries.
Gya,	Do. do.
Buxar,	Do. do.
Ghazipur,	Do. do.
Sagar (Central India),	S. P. G.
Mirzapur,	L. M. S.
Allahabad,	A. M.
Cawnpur,	S. P. G.
Delhi,	S. P. G.

Besides these places, others, as Bancurah, Purneah, and Lucknow, are alluded to, chiefly to shew their need of missionary agency.

CHAPTER I.

"A LAND OF DARKNESS AND SORROW."

"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"—NAHUM i. 15.

WE will commence our missionary sketches by taking our readers back exactly a hundred years, for it was on the 29th of September 1758, that John Frederick Kiernander, the first Protestant missionary, landed in Calcutta.

Some of us are perhaps familiar with the capital of British India as it exists at the present time, but let us cast a look behind us, and contemplate it as it was a century ago—

"The living solitude of a city of idolaters."

We will only touch on such sights as then daily met the eye of the least observant, not attempt to depict the social condition of the people—our readers can imagine for themselves what *that* must have been.

Floating down the Hughli, the noble river on which

Calcutta lies, were human corpses, in various stages of decay. We will not stop now to inquire how they came there; this will become apparent by and by, for we shall have much to say of this river.

Suti of Four Widows of a Rich Brahman.

The Suti fires were to be seen frequently blazing, and many widows mounted the pyre, with the most perfect resignation, assured by the Brahmans that they should be happy in heaven for as many years as their husbands had hairs on their bodies, which were considerately calculated at the number of thirty-five mil-

lions. We read of instances of thirty-seven females being burnt alive with the body of one man, who had more than a hundred wives; of eighteen perishing with another, who had forty wives; of fifteen with another; and of tender children of eight years of age sharing the same sad fate!

We will slightly refer to one or two instances. About the year 1804, a child of eight years old was burnt with the body of her husband near Calcutta. At the time the news arrived of the death of this child's husband, she was playing with other children at a neighbour's house. Having just been severely chastised by her aunt, and having before suffered much from this relative, she resolved to burn with the dead body, in order to avoid similar treatment in future. As soon as she was laid on the pile, she appeared to die (no doubt from fear) before the fire touched her.

Another instance was that of a child of the same age, who, before she went to the funeral pile, was compelled to put her hand upon some burning coals, and hold it there for some time, to shew that she would not shrink at the sight of the fire.*

Unclad beggars, *i. e.* Fakirs and Sunnaysis, ranged *ad libitum* through the town, with their matted hair hanging down to the length of two or three feet, and their bodies besmeared with "the most sacred of Indian cosmetics."† A Hindu, after visiting a European,

* "Bengal as a Field of Missions," by Macleod Wylie, Esq. 10s. Dalton: Cockspur Street.

† Cow-dung.

would have his garments washed, to free them from the impurity contracted from a *mlechha* (unclean outcast). Thirty persons were sometimes seen to drown themselves together, for merit or misery; lepers were constantly burned or drowned; aged people were known to bury themselves alive in one grave; a holy Brahman assisted in drowning an old man in sport, that he might see the fun, and years afterwards related the fact to a missionary as an achievement worthy of admiration.

We will not deepen the shades of our picture by any reference to the disgusting celebrations in honour of the idols, which, alas! continue to this day; nor to the fact of Hindu mothers casting their tender infants into the stream. We may but gently touch the darker points connected with so sad an idolatry, and leave it.

Such was the pitiable condition of the Hindus. What was that of our own countrymen and other nominal Christians? We may learn much from a single fact. The first governor of Calcutta, Job Charnock, cared so little for religion, that it is said, the only sign of any regard for Christianity he ever exhibited was, that when his *Hindu* wife died, instead of burning he *buried* her.

A Protestant Christian church had been erected in Calcutta as far back as the year 1715, when the English had been there some twenty-five years. It was situated at fifty yards' distance from the Old Fort, at the west end, and was raised by the munificence of merchants

and seafaring men. Ministers were very rare in those days, and were speedily carried off by disease; so that young merchants were often employed to officiate, to whom a salary of £50 per annum was paid for their pains in reading prayers and a sermon on Sunday.

A similar practice still exists in India, in remote stations, where there is no clergyman available. We need hardly add, that no payment is now made for the service thus rendered.

A furious hurricane which occurred in 1737, attended by a violent earthquake, levelled the first Calcutta church with the ground, but it was soon rebuilt, and continued standing till 1756, two years before Kiernander's arrival; when, among other devastations committed by the army of the Nawab of Bengal, the church was demolished, and the two Government chaplains then at Calcutta perished—one in the Black Hole, the other during the mortality which broke out among the fugitives who took refuge at Fulta.

At this period the English language was little known by the Hindus, nor was the native language understood by Europeans, who resorted chiefly to signs and gesticulations to communicate their ideas. Of the Hindus it might emphatically be said, "No man cared for their souls."

It is true that, in the early charters granted to the East India Company, a clause had been inserted, requiring them to maintain a chaplain and a schoolmaster wherever a European regiment was stationed; and it was further enacted, that the chaplains of the

Company should qualify themselves to afford *Christian instruction* to their Hindu and Portuguese servants, in their *native languages;* but no steps were taken to carry out the provision of the charter as it respected the *native* servants of the Company, and at a later date it appears to have been entirely forgotten that such a provision had ever been made, while a policy of a totally different character has, alas! been practically pursued.

It would be easy to shew that, if Britain had, from the commencement of her reign in India, firmly and consistently carried out her Christian principles, and maintained the dignified position of a supreme and Christian government, the spirit of that blessed religion would in some measure have diffused itself throughout her Indian territory, and have exercised such an influence over the minds of her native subjects, that many of all classes would have adopted it as their own creed, and the sad and fearful scenes which have been enacting during the last year would never have occurred. But Britain has been disloyal to her God, and has compromised herself with idolatrous systems; and though she "will not see, yet she shall see," that "them that honour ME I will honour, while those that despise ME shall be lightly esteemed." She is permitted to suffer from a traitorous army, thus reading her sin in her punishment.

John Frederick Kiernander, to whom we have already referred as the first Protestant missionary to Bengal, was a Swede by birth, the nephew of officers of high rank in the army of Charles XII. He was destined to

serve under a more illustrious commander. He studied at the University of Upsal, and afterwards proceeded to Halle, in Germany, where he continued four years as Latin tutor. He was then appointed superintendent of Francke's well-known Orphan House, which contained at that time twenty-five hundred orphans. It was Francke himself who proposed to Kiernander to become a missionary to Cuddalore, near Madras. He readily responded to the suggestion, and returned not to bid farewell to his family, but proceeded at once to England, where he was received by the royal chaplain, who entertained in his own house all the missionaries who visited London. It would seem as if, at that time, some things connected with missions were in advance of what they now are; for they were brought under the immediate notice of royalty itself, and George I. of England entered into *direct personal correspondence with the missionaries.*

Kiernander went out under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and arrived at Madras in 1740, when the English only possessed a small tract of land, about five miles square, at each of their settlements of Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. France and England were then contending for supremacy in India, and on all sides the din of war was heard; but Kiernander kept his own grand object steadily in view, and pursued it with vigour and wonderful success, aiding in the building of Jerusalem in troublous times.

In 1750 he welcomed the apostolic Schwartz to the

land of his future evangelistic triumphs, and eight years later he was compelled, on the surrender of Cuddalore to the French, to quit his post in order to escape from the Jesuits, who were indignant at the forbearance which had been shewn him, "as a preacher of peace and concord," by Colonel Lally, the commander of the French army.

Kiernander was warmly welcomed in Calcutta by Colonel Clive, the victor of Plassey, who had been witness to the beneficial effects of his labours at Cuddalore, and had encouraged him to come to Bengal. He gave him the use of a dwelling-house, and shewed him much personal kindness; he met also with other encouragements, and was in "labours very abundant." He made India his home, his adopted country, and never turned his back on it to the end of his course—an example of persevering faithfulness which it would have been well if more of his successors had imitated.

At the time of Kiernander's arrival in Calcutta, the Indo-Portuguese—descendants of the original Portuguese settlers—were a large and important class of the population. Their language was a sort of patois, very different from the classical tongue of the Lusiad, though it has survived as the last remnant of Lusitanian greatness in India, and was, probably, less corrupted at the period referred to than now. It was a frequent medium of communication between foreigners and the natives, and was pretty generally understood, colloquially at least, by each class.

To the acquisition of this language Kiernander ap-

plied himself, and it does not appear that he ever mastered the Bengali. His labours were, indeed, chiefly devoted to nominal Christians, although his educational efforts reflected an influence among every class of the community. He had in his schools Portuguese, Armenians, Bengalis, Hindusthanis, and other mixed races, who were all instructed in Christian truth, through the medium of Indo-Portuguese. He preached regularly to the same heterogeneous assembly in the same tongue, and was permitted to receive numerous seals to his ministry, most of whom were converts from Popery. Among these were two Romish priests, who became very useful to him in native work. One of them, Padri Bento, had been a Romish missionary in Bengal for fifteen years before his conversion. He translated part of the English Prayer Book into Bengali. Both of them knew the native languages well, and were efficient fellow-helpers, manifesting the sincerity of their profession by being content to live in great poverty, and continuing humble and faithful to the end of their course.

But converts from heathenism itself were not wanting. Many natives understood Indo-Portuguese pretty well, and "received the truth in the love of it," from the lips of Kiernander, or his associates. Among these, a Brahman was early numbered, and likewise a Chinese, a considerable colony of whom reside in Calcutta, employed as shoemakers. He is believed to have been the first of his nation who was ever received into the Christian Church by a Protestant missionary. His baptism

was followed by that of a Jew, a native of Smyrna. Indeed, Kiernander's *visible* success was far greater than that of most of his successors.

We read, in one year, of two hundred and forty-six scholars in the mission schools, children of Heathen, Mohammedan, Romish, and Protestant parents, all alike faithfully instructed in the Christian religion, and all willingly receiving that instruction; for these were before the days when the Christian rulers of India had found out that it was dangerous to allow the Bible to be used in schools which included natives.

After three years' residence in Calcutta, Kiernander was able to report that, besides many children and youth of both sexes, who were presented for baptism by Christian parents, he had been privileged to receive several adult natives into the Christian Church; and it is quite manifest from authentic records, that, during his lengthened course, he baptized of the latter a fair and goodly number, who might, but for the blight cast upon the work by the subsequent ungodly policy of the Government, and, we must add, the apathy of the Christian Church, have formed the nucleus of a growing and flourishing native Christian community.

But this golden opportunity was neglected; and a hundred years after the time that Clive won Bengal for England at the battle of Plassey, and then founded—as far as his personal influence and his encouragement of a devoted missionary could aid in founding—a Christian Church among Britain's newly-acquired heathen subjects, India is all but lost to Britain, through her

unfaithfulness to her great trust, and her neglect in following up efforts so well and wisely begun.

Although Kiernander, through press of other work, never acquired the Bengali language, yet his whole life testified to his great diligence in his Master's service. He preached regularly on Sundays three times: to the English in the morning, at a bungalow in the Old Fort, which was then used as a church; to the mixed congregation before described, in the afternoon, in Portuguese, in a large school-room; and to the Germans, of whom there were then several hundreds among the soldiers at Calcutta, in their own language, in the evening. In 1771 he had ninety-six English communicants, and one hundred and four Portuguese and Hindus. In 1775 he baptized Gonesh Das, a well-educated native of Delhi, who was Persian translator to the Supreme Court. This man was named after Sir Robert Chambers, who stood prominently forward as an advocate for spreading Christianity among the Hindus. In 1786, several affecting notices were given of the pious, exemplary lives, and happy deaths, of various members of the mission congregation. These brief gleanings will give some faint idea of the work he was carrying on.

Kiernander's worth was felt and acknowledged. He received, in voluntary gifts on the spot, handsome pecuniary support for his various plans; and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge were liberal and considerate towards him. He was, in due time, married to a lady of large property, which was laid on the altar of consecration, and used for the furtherance of

the Redeemer's cause. He devoted no less a sum than £12,000 of his own money to charitable objects; and, when his wife died, she bequeathed her personal effects to be sold for the building of a school-room. They realised £600, and the rooms were erected on the site of the Old or Mission Church Rooms, where many missionary meetings have subsequently been held by Brown, Buchanan, Martyn, Corrie, Thomason, and other time-honoured names, and where the late venerable Bishop of Calcutta convened a meeting for prayer, of ministers and missionaries of all denominations, after the outbreak of the fearful mutiny.

Kiernander also built the Old or Mission Church itself, where Brown, Thomason, and Dealtry, the present Bishop of Madras, so long officiated. He was aided by donations from others, but was himself the chief contributor. This is not the only instance in which new settlements have been indebted to missionary piety and zeal for the blessings of a regular gospel ministry; and it is well to remind the present favoured inhabitants of Calcutta, that they, and their predecessors, owe what they now enjoy to the missionary spirit of the Church of England, and the disinterested and generous munificence of a foreign missionary, sent out by one of her earliest religious societies.

This church was to have cost £2000; but, owing to an enlargement of the original plan, its actual cost was £6000. All but £180 of this large sum was paid by Kiernander out of his private purse. It was opened on the fourth Sunday in Advent, in 1771—a year ren-

dered memorable in India by famine and pestilence, which carried off, it is believed, nearly two millions of natives. The streets and roads in Calcutta were strewed with dead bodies, and at other places it was worse. The judgments of God were abroad in the land, yet its inhabitants did not learn righteousness; for, at this very period, horse-racing on a Sunday was customary; and the only way by which many Europeans knew the day, was by seeing the flag-staff hoisted in Fort William.

During the years 1763–4, such was the unsettled state of Bengal politically, that missionary work was almost suspended; but, when Lord Clive had been made the happy instrument of restoring peace and tranquillity to the country, Kiernander's plans, matured by experience, were carried out with increased efficiency. His heart beat high with hope at that juncture, as the heart of many a Christian missionary does now, at the prospect of an enlarged door of usefulness being opened to him; and he saw, by faith, Christ's glorious kingdom established in India, on the ruins of her national idolatry. That longed-for consummation has still to be waited for; but, at this exciting crisis, far surpassing in its intensity that to which Kiernander was a witness, let the Church re-echo his prayers, and put forth all her strength, giving the Lord no rest till He "establish Jerusalem, and make her a praise in the whole earth."

Kiernander earnestly pleaded, from time to time, for additional missionaries; and, in his old age, he was joined by a younger brother, Diemer, who laboured

diligently with him for eight years, but had then, from failure of health, to return to Europe. Other feeble efforts to assist him were made; and another German missionary, named Gerlach, a man of true piety and deep learning, was sent to his aid from Madras. But no vigour was apparent in any one of these attempts; and to the lukewarmness of Christians may be chiefly attributed the partial cessation of missionary success.

Who shall say whether, if right-minded, judicious, conciliatory men like Kiernander, had been multiplied at that particular juncture in the history of British India, the Government would ever have assumed the attitude it subsequently took, as antagonistic to missionary effort? Certain it is, that during his life many pleasing instances of friendly feeling on their part might be adduced; one of which was, their conveying Diemer from Europe, free of charge for passage, in one of their own vessels, and again extending to him the same privilege on his return. Conveyance, free of freight, was also granted for missionary stores; and, in the Madras presidency, five hundred pagodas were paid out of the treasury, about the same time, for missionary purposes, by *order of the Court of Directors*, who thus gave a practical proof that they were not then indisposed to act up to the clause of their charter.

Kiernander died in 1800, at the age of ninety-two, "an old man and full of days." He had for some years been quite blind. Severe trials shaded the close of his life—"a cup composed of many drops of sorrow." But his cheerfulness and faith were conspicuous to the end;

and he departed in much peace, glorifying God in death as he had done in life. His sun set in obscurity, to be raised in glory. His work did not quite die with him; though, as far as it concerned the heathen, it so languished for many years, that it almost dwindled to nothing, and the continuous fruits of his many native baptisms could be traced but very indistinctly by the missionaries who followed in his track.

About the year 1794–5, the Haldanes in Scotland, conceived their grand design of devoting themselves and their property to India, and of coming, with a band of missionaries, to the northern part of the British territory, to preach the gospel to the natives of the East; but, on application to the Court of Directors, they denied their request to be permitted to settle there. Thus this noble project, for the welfare of India, was crushed in the birth by its rulers.

In consequence of this disappointment, the Haldanes, with other friends, determined to send one of their selected band of missionaries out alone; and Nathaniel Forsyth, a man who, for personal self-denial, would not suffer by comparison with Xavier, or the greatest of Rome's vaunted champions, went forth. He was to make his way to the Cape first, in the vessel of a friend, and then watch for an opportunity to proceed to Bengal, which he succeeded in reaching in December 1798. He was, we believe, the first individual who landed in Calcutta in connexion with the London Missionary Society; but he never received any emolument from it, and spent his time in going about striving to do

good, without any certain dwelling-place, but a very small boat, on which he went up and down the river in the day, and reposed at night. He was allowed to preach to the Portuguese in a room in Calcutta, and was joined, in 1801, by Mr Edmund, sent out by the same parties, who laboured very usefully, though not in direct missionary work, till 1834, when he died at the age of seventy.

Forsyth eventually located himself at Chinsurah, then a Dutch settlement, and may be said to have commenced missionary work at that station, which was afterwards occupied by the London Missionary Society for many years. He was one of those ardent and devoted spirits who reminded those who saw him of the apostle, in entire consecration of heart and life to the Redeemer. The flame that burned so brightly, that all might see the light, was kindled on the altar of devotion; for "he passed whole nights in prayer to God," or, "rising up a great while before day, he departed into a secret place himself alone," to hold intercourse with the beloved of his soul. During Saturday, and till noon on Sunday, he studied, fasted, and prayed; and we need not wonder to hear that sermons so prepared were greatly owned of God, while many petitions, which formed the burden of his prayers, have since been fulfilled. Surely we may hope for spiritual blessing on a land where the bodies of such eminent saints rest in hope.*

* An infant son of Mr Weitbrecht of Burdwan lies buried beside Forsyth, in the Chinsurah burial-ground.

From the year 1786, when David Brown reached Calcutta, a succession of good men and true continued to arrive at more or less distant intervals, who laboured chiefly among nominal Christians, till the names of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, Buchanan, Martyn, and Corrie, fill up the foreground of that noble army of missionaries, who have rendered this age memorable.

CHAPTER II.

"THE DAY BREAKETH."

"O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?"—PSALM iv. 2.

IN the month of December 1793, a Danish ship was making its way up the Hughli river towards Calcutta. There was nothing remarkable in its outward appearance. Other ships, more striking to the eye of the observer, were pursuing the same course; but to the eye of faith this particular vessel was an object of deepest interest, for it numbered among its passengers one of the most remarkable individuals whom God ever raised up to aid in fulfilling His purposes of grace towards fallen mankind.

If the feelings of that good man's heart could have been read at this moment, it would have been evident that they had been raised to the highest pitch of sympathy for the people whose darkness he was hoping to penetrate with rays of light from heaven.

He had, a day or two before, passed the island of Ganga Sagor, at the mouth of the river, and seen the remains of a half-ruined temple there; and he had heard *something*, though not so much as is now known, of

the three hundred thousand pilgrims who annually visit that spot, from the most distant parts of the country he was approaching. He had been told of the miseries connected with such a pilgrimage—of the hundreds upon hundreds who died on the weary journey, sometimes lasting several months; and of the famine and pestilence that often assailed the poor pilgrims when they arrived at the place. He had been told, too, that at the watery shrine of Ganga Sagor hundreds of mothers were wont, in fulfilment of solemn vows, to throw their unconscious, smiling infants into the turbid waters, to be devoured before their eyes by sharks or alligators; and none can wonder that, in hearing of such things as these, with his eyes fixed upon the spot, the depths of his innermost soul were stirred, and he felt himself ready for any sacrifice and any service, if he might but aid in overturning so vile an idolatry. Nor had he mistaken his vocation.

The name of this obscure person—for such he was at that period of his life—was William Carey. He was of humble extraction, and had gained his education almost by miracle, if a succession of persevering efforts, made against difficulties severe enough to have daunted any spirit but that of an intellectual hero, may thus be styled.

But Carey was a man of faith, and his faith was of that high and sublime order which could remove mountains, subdue kingdoms, obtain promises, and out of weakness derive strength.

His natural talents were great, his intellectual power

wonderful, his ability to conquer strange and difficult tongues almost unique, and the lowly, persevering spirit which was added to all these gifts was uncommon; yet all these did not make the man.

It was his deep, devoted piety of spirit, his entire consecration of self to one grand object, then but little understood even among the people of God—the conversion of the heathen to Christ;—in one word, it was *faith* which completed the man, and constituted the landing of Carey in Bengal one of the most important events that ever occurred in connexion with the establishment of the kingdom of the Redeemer in India.

Carey's voyage had been calculated to strengthen his faith. It was boisterous and dangerous. The Master who was training him for a great and glorious work in His vineyard, did not see it best for His servant to meet with much to encourage him at the outset of his career. The East India Company had refused him a passage in one of their vessels, and it was with extreme difficulty that one had been procured for him at all.

Besides this, domestic difficulties existed—his wife was unwilling to accompany him, though led at last to give a reluctant consent;* but an elevated devotion

* It is an interesting fact, that when Carey was so strongly discouraged by his own family and many eminent men of his own persuasion, in reference to his missionary project, he, when in London, made the acquaintance of Mr Newton, who advised him with the fidelity and tenderness of a father, and encouraged him to persevere in his purpose despite of all opposition. "What," said Carey, "if the Company should send us home on our arrival in Bengal?" "Then conclude," replied Newton, "that your Lord has nothing there for you to accomplish. If He have, no power on earth can hinder you."

displayed itself under eminent discouragement, and Carey bid farewell to his home and his country with a glad and joyful heart, in the same spirit which enabled the great apostle to exclaim, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself!"

Carey's outward trials during the early period of his residence in India, were more severe, complicated, and perplexing, than those of the holy Brainerd—"that eminent saint, and prince of missionaries, whose memoir ranked with him next to the Bible;" and the religious devotion he manifested under them was equally pure, if not equally intense. "My wife and sister are continually exclaiming against me," writes he, in the first few months of his missionary life; "now I perceive the value of faith in some measure, and think I feel more than ordinary sweetness in the Word of God. Oh may I see in this land of darkness a people formed for God!"

His prayer was answered. He lived to see converts to Jesus, to form a Church in the spiritual wilderness of Bengal, and to rejoice in the holy, consistent lives and blessed deaths of many a Hindu believer. He did more: he translated the Scriptures, composed tracts, and scattered the seed of the gospel far and wide. It is still springing, and will ever continue to spring and bring forth fruit in India to the end of time.

Carey was associated in his voyage out with Mr John Thomas, who had visited Calcutta as surgeon of a ship ten years before, as well as in the interim, made some evangelistic efforts, and baptized a few converts. To

him belongs the credit of having induced the Baptist Missionary Society to select India as their field of labour, and of having offered himself as their *first* agent. His missionary course was brief (about seven years), and somewhat eccentric, though indicative of much earnest zeal.

But it was Carey who gave *a body to the spirit of missions.*

Kiernander was still living when Carey reached India, but old age, infirmity, and severe affliction had removed him from his active sphere, and he was residing in retirement at Chinsurah.

Carey afforded a striking testimony to the reality of Kiernander's work, on his arrival, having mentioned in a letter, that "hundreds of Portuguese were at that time earnestly desiring religious instruction." The native Hindu and Mohammedan converts had, in all probability, been amalgamated with the so-called Portuguese, and, in the lapse of time, had entirely lost their individuality, as genuine natives and indigenous sons of the soil.

There were several good men in Calcutta at this period, who hailed Carey's advent with thankful joy, as Weston, Chambers, Grant, and other eminent laymen, who, in union with pious chaplains, such as Brown and Buchanan, with others of less note but equal worth, kept religion in its vitality among a select and faithful few. Yet Carey soon found there was no open door for *him*, in the peculiar sphere he wished to occupy, as one set apart for the heathen alone.

We will explain the cause.

In 1781, Lord Hastings had founded the Madressa, or College for Arabic learning in Calcutta, and a Sanscrit College was soon afterwards formed at Benares. Many learned men had been allured to India, and had found an absorbing subject for study and metaphysical research, in her ancient literature and venerable religion; most of these individuals were, however, instigated by no love for the truths of the Bible, but rather by a desire to discover something that might invalidate its Divine authority.

Still it must be acknowledged, with gratitude to Him "who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will," that these men were used as instruments, without intending it, in removing many obstacles that would otherwise have had to be overcome by missionaries. Yet it is probably attributable to the sceptical influence which several of these literati exercised over the unbelieving minds of men high in office under Government, that so decided a position was eventually taken by it, *as a government*, against the introduction of the Christian Scriptures into its educational institutions, and against any encouragement being afforded by it, in the settlement of missionaries in its territories.*

The natural enmity of the human heart towards Jesus and His gospel is always easily aroused, even in

* The great and gifted Sir William Jones is an honourable exception to the general truth of this statement. There can be no question he was a man of pious and devout feeling.

a professedly Christian land; and when we remember how our countrymen were at that time placed in an atmosphere of heathenism, we cannot greatly wonder to hear an officer, in 1805, declare, that he "never met with a happier race of men than the Hindus, and that whenever the Christian religion did as much for the lower orders in Europe as that of Brahma appeared to have done for them, he would vote for its establishment in Hindusthan."

But this sentiment was entertained at home much earlier; for in 1793, the very year of Carey's arrival, a member of the Court of Proprietors declared, that "the sending missionaries to our Eastern territories is the most wild, extravagant, expensive, unjustifiable project that was ever suggested by the most visionary speculator, and that it would affect the ultimate security of our Eastern possessions." Truly "the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God," and "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." The East India Government allowed itself to adopt this view, to exclude the Word of God—the only safe guide for man—from its system of education, to become the patron of the idolatrous shrines of its heathen subjects, and to profess "respect" for their creed.

In that humiliating position it now stands; how securely let events declare.

Against the well-known sentiments of the Supreme Government, the heroic Carey ventured to set his foot on Indian territory, and was not sent back, though forced to go and reside in an obscure station, far from the seat

of authority, where, under the protection and countenance of a Christian layman, he studied the Bengali language, acquired invaluable knowledge and experience, and laid the foundation for that long course of usefulness he was destined, in the providence of God, to run.

With Carey's settlement in 1793 we may consider missions in North India, as the term is now understood, fairly begun. They have acted reflectively, as well as directly. At the end of the last century the great majority of Europeans in Bengal were as ungodly and reckless of the honour of Him whose name they bore as the heathen around them, and in 1780, Kiernander's Christian church was the only Protestant edifice in the whole of North India. Now there are upwards of a hundred. Some six chaplains could then be numbered, there are now eighty or more, and a proportionate advance in all moral and spiritual progress.

Carey continued for seven years struggling with the trials incident to his position. He studied, made tours, preached to the natives and to such of his own countrymen as were accessible to him. Like his apostolic predecessor, he could say, "With mine own hands have I ministered to my necessities." His iron constitution, and the hardihood of his character, arising from his early training in that school of conflict which is allied to poverty, and which is doubtless one of the natural causes why so many of our *greatest* men have risen to high pinnacles of eminence from humble life, enabled him to sustain, both physically and mentally, by the

grace of God, which was largely imparted to him, a discipline of suffering under which ordinary men would have sunk.

He was not left without witness of an attendant blessing, and when, at the commencement of the present century, the way was made clear for him to settle at Serampur, under that protection from the Danish flag which the English Government, who had passively conceded it to him, declined to extend to the brethren who had come to join him, he was able at once to assume the standing of an experienced elder brother, and to afford them that advice and direction which helped them to organise and concentrate their grand plans for the emancipation of India from the thraldom of ages, and to work them judiciously and efficiently.

As a specimen of Carey's advice to a younger brother on his first arrival, we may quote the following:—"My dear brother, remember three things—first, it is your duty to preach the gospel to every creature; second, that God has declared that His Word shall accomplish that for which it is sent; thirdly, that when He please, He can as easily remove the present formidable obstacles, as we can move the smallest particle of dust. Be not discouraged, but look to the great recompence of reward."

Of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, it may truly be said, that there was vastness in their designs, and a wonderful union and industry in their labours. Carey translated the Bible into Bengali, Sanscrit, Marathi, Assamese, and Uriya (these were his chief versions),

and the New Testament into other languages. Marshman for eleven years studied Chinese, believing that the way would be opened to carry the Scriptures to that empire. Ward was the printer, he prepared the types, and died at length in the very midst of his patient toil. Thus they laboured on, "many watching for their halting;" and by them—by their noble example and untiring zeal, fully as much as by the eloquence of Wilberforce—in 1813, was the parliamentary enactment secured that threw open India to the gospel.

The consummation of the history of these great men affords one of those beautiful and striking contrasts with its beginning, which it is so encouraging to faith to contemplate.

The very individuals who had, on their first landing in India, to write, "Our position is a painful and humiliating one: Europeans everywhere laugh at us, and God seems to cover Himself with impenetrable clouds" —were the same men who, by a succession of well-directed efforts, made so extensive an impression on the native mind, and contributed so essentially to destroy the blind prejudices of the Government and ungodly people at large, by their deeds of patient heroism, that the missionaries of different societies, who have followed in their train, gratefully accord to Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and their less-known coadjutors, the title of the "venerable fathers of Protestant missions in Bengal," who must ever be regarded as the most illustrious of India's benefactors, and who

will hereafter, when India is the Lord's, be still considered as the glory of bygone days.

Who, indeed, can estimate the influence which their wise and Christian conduct exercised upon the religious destinies of India? for, "under God," wrote Charles Grant at this juncture, "the extensive establishment of Christianity in the country seems now to depend on their personal conduct."

A beautiful testimony to Carey and his associates is recorded in the earlier journals of Weitbrecht:—"'The missionaries who preach the gospel are such blameless, kind, and meek men,' said a respectable Hindu gentleman; and then he instanced Dr Carey, and told the bystanders he had thrown dust at him some years before, as he was preaching, and he had borne the insult with unexampled patience." A finer illustration than this could hardly have been given of the impression made on the natives by his personal bearing.

"To illustrate a few of their difficulties and discouragements at this period, it may be mentioned, that soon after the location of these missionaries at Serampur, when the Indian empire was reposing in perfect peace, a religious tract in Bengali, which had there been published, was brought to the notice of the Governor-General in Council; and so great was the alarm felt in reference to this harmless little missive, that an order was at once issued, that 'all such should be instantly gathered in and destroyed;' and that none might escape the search, information was demanded from the authors of the tract as to the extent to which

such publications had been circulated, that the Governor-General and his Council 'might be enabled to counteract their dangerous effects.'

"An order was then issued 'that the printing of books of any kind was for the future prohibited at Serampur,' that 'public preaching to natives should cease, and the circulation of all works having a tendency to encourage conversion to the Christian religion.' The same Government, at the same time, promoted by every means in their power the study of Hindu literature, laws, and religion. 'It sowed to the wind, and has reaped the whirlwind.' History furnishes no parallel of a people governing a conquered nation on the principle of repudiating its own faith. The Tartar, the Mohammedan, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the French, the *Romish*, the Dutch, as they conquered, avowed, and as they avowed, tried to extend, their own religion. They were all at least honest, though, it may be, not otherwise wholly defensible.

"It remained for Protestant and Christian England to stand out alone, as a government intolerant of its own religion, and to hold India *a preserve for heathenism*, where conqueror and conquered should never know the bonds of brotherhood, by the sympathies and hopes of a common religion."

Even within the last few years, an order was transmitted to India, "that any servant of the Company would be proscribed who should offer pecuniary aid or countenance to missions." Thanks to the resistance of a Christian member of the Indian Government, that

order was never enforced. Carried into execution, it would have proscribed the Lawrences, the Havelocks, and the Edwardes's of the service, and bereft our empire, in its time of coming need, of its most heroic defenders.

In the year 1800, Lord Wellesley founded the College of Fort William, "to enlighten the Oriental world; to give science, religion, and pure morals to Asia; and to confirm it to the British power and dominion"—a noble design, emanating from one who was far in advance of his successors, and the great patron of useful learning.

Intelligent strangers, and learned men from distant parts of Asia, were assembled to carry out this gigantic plan, one main feature of which was to give the Christian Scriptures to Asia, and to render the revealed will of God accessible to men.

But before it was possible for such an undertaking to be at all completed, a rude hand touched it, and the disapprobation with which it was viewed by the Court of Directors prepared those most deeply interested, for its premature abolition.

While, however, hope was still bright respecting it, in 1801, Carey, then resident at Serampur, was invited to become Professor of Sanscrit, Bengali, and Marathi, through the recommendation of Brown and Buchanan, the former of whom was Provost, and the latter Vice-Provost, in the College. He accepted this office, with characteristic modesty, on condition that he should be styled Teacher, not Professor, and that he should be accepted as a missionary, which was acceded.

There was everything in the contemplated object of this College, to lead all to hope that it would be promotive of missionary purposes. Brown had encouraged Carey to connect himself with it on this ground; and the mind kindles at the thought of the results which so magnificent a project might have produced, had it been suffered to develop itself under the direction and influence of such men.

Brown and Buchanan continued till December 31, 1806, when their offices were abolished, and Carey till 1831, when the discontinuance of European professors caused the virtual abolition of the College. Thus withered and died one of the sublimest efforts ever attempted, by enlarged philanthropists, for the benefit of their fellow-men; while, by the fostering of superstition arising from a contrary policy, that spirit has been nursed in the Oriental world which has issued in anarchy and rebellion.

"Our hope of evangelising India," writes Buchanan, "was once founded on the College of Fort William, but it will soon be said of this useful institution, which enlightened a hemisphere of the globe, '*Fuit Ilium et ingens gloria.*' Its name, however, will remain, for its record is in many languages; and the good it has done will never die, for it has taught many the way to heaven. Had it been cherished at home with the same ardour with which it was opposed, it might, in the period of ten years, have produced translations of the Scriptures into all the languages, from the borders of the Caspian to the Sea of Japan."

Before Carey's acceptance of this professorship, he had completed his translation of the New Testament into Bengali; and he made use of his friend, Mr Brown's influence, to induce Lord Wellesley to accept a copy; yet we find him writing, "My ignorance in the way of conducting collegiate exercises is a great weight on my mind;" and he at once set about preparing a Bengali and a Sanscrit Grammar, to aid him with his students.

His giant intellect, combined with that tact inherent in natural genius, together with his painstaking habits, rendered him invaluable as a professor, as well as honoured and respected as a man, to a degree which would have injured most; but Carey, though wonderful as a linguist, a botanist, and a philosopher, was more wonderful still as a Christian; and the childlike simplicity and genuine humility of his mind constituted the most impressive trait of his character. His gifts were uncommon, but his graces were rarer still.

The immortal Wilberforce remarked of this wonderful man, "A sublimer thought cannot be conceived than that—when a poor cobbler formed the resolution to give to the millions of Hindusthan the Bible in their own language."

Long before Carey's death, the grain of mustard-seed which he had cast into the ground had grown, and become a great tree, numbering many spiritual branches, which have since been gradually extending; so that, at the present moment, the society by which he was sent out has twenty-one distinct stations in the provinces of

Bengal and Upper India alone, with a proportionate number of European and native missionaries and catechists, and above three thousand Christian converts.

While we tarry at Serampur, we must give our readers a picture of some of Carey's earliest converts, as a specimen of the power of Truth over the degraded and debased Hindu, both male and female. It shall be but a sketch.

Krishna Pal was a carpenter, and a follower of Ram-Charan-Pal, the leader of the Karta Bhoja sect. When seriously ill, he was taught by a visitor to offer this prayer—"O Karta, the moon, the great Lord, I walk and speak at thy pleasure; thou art with me, and I am fed with whatever thou feedest me."

Being soon after restored to health, he became a Guru, or spiritual guide, and taught others the same incantation, making them his disciples. He thus spent sixteen years of his life.

When he first heard the gospel from the lips of the missionary, he was at once struck with the consideration, that no provision is made by any Hindu Shaster for the pardon of sin. He was impressed with the word, and with the *astonishing fact*, that a *European* should have communicated it.

He spoke of it to others, and it pleased God to deepen his interest by a providential circumstance. He fell, and dislocated his arm. In his affliction, he sent to the missionaries, who, he was told, could cure him. They came, and not only ministered of their skill to the relief of his bodily sufferings, but gave him a tract, in

which he read, "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sins, and trusts in the righteousness of Christ, shall find mercy." He soon after visited the Mission-house; and when asked if he understood Ward and Carey, he replied, "I understand that the Lord Jesus Christ gave up His life for the salvation of sinners, and I believe it. So does my friend Gokul." "Then," said the missionaries, "we call you brethren; let us eat together in love." The table was spread; and the mission families sat down with their welcome guests, who thereby broke caste, and subjected themselves to much suffering. This they took patiently, for God's Spirit had worked in them, and their conversion was genuine.

Soon after, Carey writes, "Gokul's female relations have left him; but he says he would not part with Christ for a mountain of gold, though he would freely part with all for Christ; and, as he spoke of His rich love, he was melted into tears. At Krishna's house it is otherwise: there, I find the women under great concern to lay hold of Christ; and I discoursed to them much on His fulness and work. They say we have brought them great happiness, and shewed them the true way." A little later, all these individuals were openly received into Christ's Church by baptism; and Carey adds, "Oh that our brethren in England could have participated in our joy!"

Krishna and Gokul became useful preachers to their countrymen; and when, after years of faithful labour, the time came for Krishna to depart, "he edified all around by his entire resignation—by the sweet tran-

quillity which illuminated his aged and languid countenance—and by the many refreshing words which he delivered respecting his own safety and blessedness in Christ."

Such are the fruits of faith in Jesus in every land!

The days of Carey are past, and the days when English missionaries had to take refuge in a Danish settlement are also past. Serampur now belongs to the English; and the beloved and revered Bishop of Calcutta made it, for some years before his death, his chief residence, and sometimes preached in the pulpit of the church formerly occupied by the humble, yet honoured missionaries. The spire of that church still gladdens the eye of the Christian traveller, as he ascends the stream of the deified river, in whose waters Carey baptized his first converts. God's work continues to prosper in the hands of the Baptist missionaries; and a flourishing village of native Christians forms a most interesting object for an evening's visit, when the burning sun of Bengal has set. Sweet and hallowed are the recollections of such a visit to the writer's mind, in connexion with those of the venerable missionaries, by whose early labours that little colony was planted.

In 1833, we learn from the journal of Weitbrecht of Burdwan, he "visited Serampur for the first time, and was received with such true brotherly love as to impress him at once, in the most favourable manner, with the spirit of the dear brethren there."

He saw "their magnificent college, occupying a pro-

minent and imposing position on the banks of the river, where many Hindu students are receiving a classical and Christian training, and their neat mission chapel." But what interested him most was "the hopes and expectations expressed by the aged Marshman, with regard to the establishment of the kingdom of Christ in India."

In the evening he walked in the celebrated botanical garden of Dr Carey, and witnessed the arrival of an ambassador from the Emperor of Burmah, who came to visit the Danish governor and the missionary. Two servants bore golden umbrellas before the great man. The venerable doctor came forth to meet him, "leaning on his staff," like the patriarch Jacob.

"This valiant old soldier of Christ," adds Weitbrecht, "who has so nobly borne the burden and heat of the day, looks forward with cheerful hope to the rest awaiting him, when the Lord shall call him to enjoy his reward. He mentioned to me, with gratitude, the great moral change to which he has been witness during his residence in India, among Europeans and natives. I saw the pagoda which was used by the holy Martyn as an oratory, which renewed delightful recollections of that sainted man."

On a later visit, in 1837, Weitbrecht says, "Carey is gone home,* and I found the veteran Marshman bowed down to the earth with afflictions. His daughter Havelock and her pious husband† have been burned

* He died in 1834.

† The same whose name has become a household word in England, as

out of their bungalow, which ignited in the night. Their babe of ten months old dropped from the arms of the ayah, who was herself burnt to death, together with her child, to whom kind Mrs H. was greatly attached. The babe had its spine broken, but was snatched from the flame, and lingered many days. The little boys were saved by their faithful Hindu bearer, who risked his own life to rescue them.

"The letters are most touching, and Mrs Marshman remarked, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;' Havelock, the only faithful servant of the Lord at the place, was thus visited, while the ungodly neighbours escaped.

"I was deeply moved, and comforted the dear old brother with those comforts which I have lately found so precious myself. We read the chapter which contains the words, 'Looking unto Jesus,' which he continued to repeat as long as I remained. I commended him to this sympathising Saviour in prayer, and left him. He took my hand affectionately, and said, 'The Lord has sent you, my dear brother, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to speak a word in season to one who is weary.'"

We could linger much longer on this interesting spot. It resembles an old and dear friend with whom we do not like to part, and there is so much more of deep interest that might be touched; but other mis-

the brave and gallant general. The writer's earliest recollections of Havelock are most pleasantly associated with a missionary prayer-meeting, in the early morning hour, at Serampur, in which he took part.

sionary stations have their claim, and we must now take a brief sketch of the establishment of Church missions in Calcutta and North India.*

* The Bishop of Calcutta has established, or was about to establish, a mission of the Church of England in this locality, which is teeming with myriads needing to be evangelised. How his removal may affect the plan cannot just now be ascertained.

CHAPTER III.

"THE SHADOWS FLEE."

"So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory."—PSALM cii. 15.

"WHEN I reflect," wrote the great and good David Brown, "how much I have undertaken, I am appalled. I inwardly long for the shade of obscurity. A thousand and a thousand times, do my feelings anticipate the joy that the arrival of a missionary or two of our own Church will give me." Buchanan writes, "I would willingly, at this moment, give £5000 for two respectable and religious young men;" for Buchanan had a princely spirit, and was as generous as benevolent; but this joy was not to be theirs, for no Church missionary arrived in Calcutta till some years after both had ceased from their labours.

In their day, the Christian religion still found her greatest enemies in our own countrymen, many of whom professed themselves Hindus and Mohammedans, adopted their customs, married native women, and some went so far as even to wear their costume; which, indeed, was the least blameable part of their apostasy.

Well can we enter into the delight it must have

caused these holy men to have welcomed, in 1806, a Martyn and a Corrie, who, though chaplains in name, were missionaries in heart and in practice; and whose memories are, and ever will be, inseparably connected with the establishment of Church missions in North India.

Buchanan was absent on a tour for health when Martyn arrived; and in 1807 was compelled, by its entire failure, to return to Europe, lamenting, "I, alas! have done *nothing* for India's evangelisation;" leaving Mr Brown alone, like the bush on the top of Sinai, praying "that many may turn aside to see this great sight." Yet Buchanan was the man who laboured till he made the wants and woes of India pierce the ear of England.*

He had formed a plan, during his residence in the country, for the foundation of an ecclesiastical establishment for "the abject subjects of this great Eastern empire;" and used every means, and all his influence, for getting it carried out, which it eventually was, though not on the enlarged and liberal scale he desired.

In his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he writes, on this subject, "*The toleration of all religions,* and the *zealous extension of our own,* is the way to rule and to preserve a conquered kingdom." . . . "The seeds of moral obedience and social order are all in Christianity." Well had it been for the East India

* We might say of America too, for it was Buchanan's "Star in the East" which gave us a JUDSON.

Government had they adopted this sentiment for their own, and acted upon it!

Buchanan had already perceived that the success of the solitary missionary demonstrates what would be the powerful effect of the whole Church on a people like the Hindus, whom he truthfully describes as "apathetic in the extreme, *more tenacious of custom than of opinion*, and that to disseminate new principles among them, is by no means so difficult as it is frequently represented." The ripened experience since obtained confirms the correctness of these views; though all who are engaged in contest with the giant powers of darkness, must ever feel that, whether in India or elsewhere, the influence of the Spirit of God alone can effect spiritual conquests.

Both Brown and Buchanan, with other like-minded friends, had contributed munificently to a fund in aid of the translation of the Scriptures, which was the only missionary work they could do, when they saw reason to fear, from the spirit manifested at home, that the scheme connected with the College of Fort William would fail. This led, in due time, to the formation of the Calcutta Bible Society. It is worthy of remark, that the sole charge incurred by the public funds of the College, in the department of sacred translation, was for the Gospel of St Matthew in Persian and Hindusthani. All the other extensive Biblical works successively announced from it, were carried on at the private expense of some of its members, amongst whom the Provost and Vice-Provost held the first rank.

This fact plainly manifests, that it was not so much the costly character of the Institution, which was the alleged cause, but the object of its exertions—the giving of the Scriptures to Asia—which constituted its chief objection in the minds of those who opposed, and but too successfully tried to ruin it; and it affords a fresh proof of the testimony that book contains, that "*the carnal mind is enmity against God,*" though the enmity be manifested insidiously, and under various false pretexts.

Nearly the last public act in which Buchanan was engaged, was the presentation of a memorial to Lord Minto, who had adopted measures which appeared to operate very unfavourably on the interests of learning and religion. In it was displayed the temperate firmness of a man who, knowing that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, is neither ashamed to profess nor afraid to defend it.

The memorial refers to "the withdrawal of the patronage of Government from the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Oriental tongues, and the attempt to *suppress* such translations as had been made, as well as to restrain the *Protestant* missionaries in Bengal from the exercise of their functions." Not a word of reply was vouchsafed, but the memorial was sent home with unfavourable animadversions.

How powerfully is the Christian mind impressed with the patience and forbearance of a holy God, as it traces in this sad history the dishonour done to His name and His cause, by the representatives of a coun-

try professing allegiance to Him, in her foreign possessions—those possessions which have been committed to her as a sacred trust from His hands, and which she has been raised up to evangelise as well as to govern!

During the years that intervened between Buchanan's departure and the arrival of Greenwood and Schrœter in 1815, who were the pioneer missionaries to Bengal from the Church Missionary Society, "the humble, laborious, and spiritually-minded Brown passed away to his rest, and Thomason took his place." True and devoted Christians increased much in number, places of worship and various excellent institutions arose and multiplied, and the face of society gradually assumed a different and more satisfactory aspect.

David Brown had been in every respect a missionary, both in spirit and in action, and had done more real evangelistic work in India than many who have since borne the special title of missionaries. Often, in the cool of the evening, had he been seen pacing the paved walk behind the ancient pagoda at Aldin (Martyn's pagoda), which he had fitted up for his study, offering the petition, "that it might please God to send labourers into the Indian field," and he had recognised in Martyn's and Corrie's arrival an answer to his prayers. He had had a school for native youths, and formed some wise and efficient plans, which the want of Christian sympathy and support prevented him from carrying out at once, but which he lived to see partially accomplished.

Thomason was also a missionary in heart. He came to India in the spirit of one. He had been waiting many years for the summons, and when it came, he obeyed with the alacrity of him who of old said, "Here am I, send me." He learned the native languages, and gave time and labour to translations, but his work among the English-speaking population was so blessed, that his church soon had to be enlarged, and his time was of necessity much engrossed.

The Calcutta Bible Society, to which reference has already been made, was founded under the influence of the new life springing up in the hearts of many newly awakened Christians. Martyn preached for it before he left India, and in a few days £1000 was contributed towards it; for ladies parted with their ornaments and expensive dress. The Scriptures had before been extremely scarce, even in English, and a small plain Bible cost £1.

The new supplies sent out were eagerly sought after, and extensively read, and Thomason wrote, "It is impossible to describe the joy I feel. Those who know not with what ill ominous forebodings, and with what a torpid touch, every attempt to lift up the torch of revelation in India has been invariably met, can but inadequately conceive my happiness at the prospect of the dispersion of the Word of Life through the length and breadth of the land."

Yet missionaries, *as such*, were, during the earlier part of this interval, still discouraged, and almost hunted down; for these were the dark and humbling days when

Judson and his associates were summoned from Serampur, where they had repaired at the invitation of Carey, after their arrival in Bengal, and desired, in the most peremptory way, to leave the country, and proceed, not to their native land, as they would naturally have desired, but to Europe.

We will not enlarge on the arbitrary character of that authority, which resisted all appeal from these injured men, and *compelled* them to retreat. It is true that, by a wonderful series of providential circumstances, they managed to elude the scrutinising vigilance of even the East Indian Government, to effect their escape to the Mauritius, and finally to Burmah and elsewhere. It has also since become apparent, that Judson was destined to lay the foundation, and partly to raise the superstructure, of a glorious spiritual temple in the Burmese empire, which promises to yield us shortly, the first Christian province which that quarter of the globe has ever known;* but this was against, not in accordance with, the designs of those who banished them.

The narrative of the escapes of Judson, Newell, Nott, and Gordon Hall—one of the truest missionaries India ever saw, whose coffinless remains were deposited under a tree, in 1826, near Nassuck, in Bombay (by two native Christian converts with whom he was on a

* We allude to the province of Pegu in Burmah, which now contains so large a body of Christian converts, that it has been said, by one competent to judge, to "bid fair to become the first Christian province ever connected with the East India Government." It was annexed to the British empire at the close of the last Burmese war.

tour)—are so touching and romantic in many of their details, that, as they pass in review before the mind, one is constrained to adore the overruling power of God, "so wonderful in counsel, so excellent in working," "causing the wrath of man to praise Him," and restraining the puny arm which was uplifted to oppose His purposes.

Gordon Hall was actually shipped on board a vessel bound for England, by Sir Evan Nepean, who, though favourable to his designs as a man, dared not protect him as a missionary, having received orders he might not disobey, to despatch him by the first vessel.

Yet did events so transpire as to shew God defeating man's plans to forward His own; and the wisdom, integrity, and firmness of purpose which was shewn by one who would "obey Him rather than man," and who, "when persecuted in one city fled to another," at length triumphed; and Gordon Hall lived and died on Indian soil, a missionary of the everlasting gospel to those there "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death."

But these evil times were coming to an end. The great extremes to which matters were carried in India aroused a feeling of indignation in noble hearts at home; and, on the renewal of the Company's charter in 1813, care was taken by the British Parliament, which then numbered a Wilberforce among its members, to provide for the protection of missionaries; so that, from this period, we read of frequent arrivals, for all religious bodies became animated with fresh zeal and energy.

Among the first of these arrivals may be mentioned Robert May and Henry Townley, of the London Missionary Society—names still honoured and beloved in Calcutta and Chinsurah, for those who bore them did a great work, each in his sphere, towards India's evangelisation; and, in close connexion with them, Thomas Yates, the great linguist, the Pearces, and other worthies, who arrived as representatives of the indefatigable Baptists.

We cannot follow all these in their different spheres, though we long to do so. The history of the sincere and friendly union of heart and purpose of the various missionaries in Calcutta, forms perhaps one of the most beautiful instances on record, of brethren dwelling together in mutual love, upholding each other's hands, rejoicing in each other's success, sympathising with each other's sorrows, and furthering, as far as might be, each other's special objects.

We cannot refrain from mentioning here, as a striking case in point, that when it was contemplated by some to take Aldin, near Serampur, where David Brown had a house and grounds, as the site of a Church missionary establishment, the idea was speedily dismissed, from the *possibility* of it interfering with the Baptist missionary operations connected with Serampur, and doing them some injury, though, in so densely peopled a locality, there really was abundance of space for both.

Greenwood and Schrœter, the missionaries of our own Church, commenced their labours at Garden Reach, near Calcutta.

The turn of the river at this place is very beautiful; villas, gardens, shrubberies, and lawns, with spacious and elegant houses, make it worthy of its name; but it has not the reputation of salubrity, though it is perhaps as healthful as most parts of Calcutta, which has been said to be "a city of palaces raised out of swamps."

The large, handsome Fort is close beside this spot, and an anchorage, crowded with shipping, which extends all along the front of the city. Calcutta covers a space of seven square miles, and contains four hundred thousand inhabitants; but within a circle of twenty miles, there are supposed to be two millions. The variety of places of worship is astonishing. It will interest the reader to see a list:—

Church of England,	8
Church of Scotland,	1
Free Church of Scotland,	1
Independents,	2
Baptists,	3
Total,	15

Besides these, there are the following:—

Greek Church,	1
Armenian Church,	1
Roman Catholic Chapels,	5
Jewish Synagogue,	1
Chinese Temple,	1
Hindu Temples,	167
Mohammedan Mosques,	74

Thus the Hindus and Mohammedans have a place of worship for about every one thousand seven hundred

of the population—a much better provision than is to be found in Christian England.

Our missionaries were not very successful; so that, in the year following, Schrœter went towards Tibet, and began to study the language of that country, of which he compiled a grammar and dictionary. From the midst of these interesting and successful preparatory labours he was suddenly removed by death. Greenwood was long spared, and usefully occupied through his whole course, which was passed at Chunar, Lucknow, and Burdwan, with intermediate returns to Calcutta. He never acquired the native language, but was more a chaplain and English schoolmaster than a missionary, in the detail of his engagements.

It was not till 1820 that the Church Missionary Society succeeded in procuring a suitable site for the formation of such an establishment, as they conceived most likely to be of value in the formation of a permanent and extensive mission. The site selected was one in the heart of the native town, which had been a tannery. This neighbourhood had, a few years previously, been so insecure, that no native would venture out at night with a good shawl on, lest he should be robbed or murdered. A dense jungle and filthy tank then occupied the spot where a Christian church now raises its head.

Corrie purchased this site, which was paid for by Major Phipps, a benevolent friend, who had returned to Europe, and left £3000 in Corrie's hands for missionary purposes. The object in choosing this parti-

cular locality, was to enable the missionaries to operate on that class of natives who, by their rank, wealth, and knowledge, possess the most extensive influence on the country—an important consideration for those who sit down to labour among such a people as the Hindus. Corrie's name is still connected in the native mind with this spot, and the road to the south of the premises is still called Corrie's Road. For many years he visited the compound, with a party of friends, on the day after Christmas, when he gave the native Christians a dinner, and afterwards partook of one himself with the missionaries.*

In 1819, the Rev. W. Deer and the Rev. J. A. Jetter arrived, and gladdened the heart of the faithful Corrie; but as he had already commenced a mission at Burdwan, he sent these brethren forward to that place, and continued himself to conduct the duties at Mirzapur, the local name of the new Calcutta station, with the best native assistants he could procure. This arrangement continued till 1820, when the Rev. Mr Perowne arrived, who proceeded to Burdwan, and set Jetter free to return to Calcutta to take charge of Mirzapur. From this time we may consider the Church mission in Calcutta fairly at work.

Jetter was a diligent missionary, and very efficient both in schools and in preaching. He had learned the language well, and there are still those in the district

* The second son of the Rev. T. Sandys, whose name has been for many years associated with this mission, was named "Daniel Corrie," after its revered founder. This good and pious young man, who was worthy of the honoured name he bore, was one of those who fell at Delhi, on the breaking out of the mutiny in May 1857.

of Burdwan, where he commenced his labours, who remember his name, and refer to him with interest. An anecdote in illustration of this is told by Weitbrecht in 1846, twenty years after Jetter had left the country: —"There are signs of the coming victory which cheer my heart. A Brahman has shewed me a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written 'Dinu Gangali,' presented by the Rev. Mr Jetter in 1820, and he assured me that he often read it. So dear Jetter has left some good seed behind him, which may yet spring up."

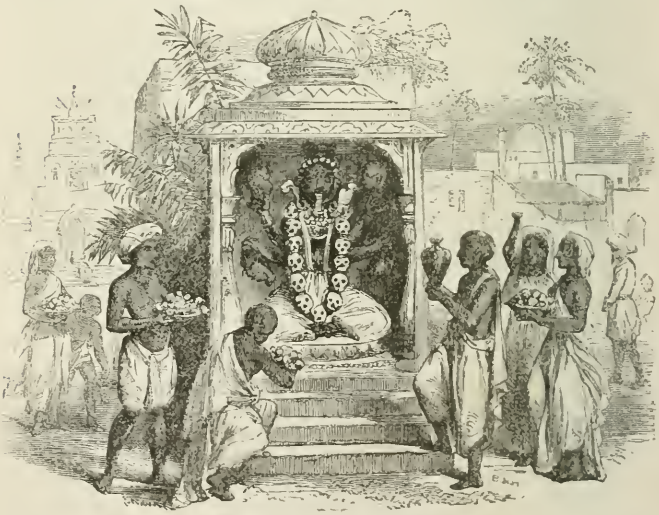
In 1822, the Rev. Mr Wilson joined Jetter at Mirzapore; and God did not leave His two faithful servants without witness, for He gave them from time to time such encouragements in conversions, and other fruits of their earnest labours, as to cheer their hearts and animate them to persevere in their great and arduous work. Their health failed in a few years, but not till their eyes were gladdened by the sight of a small native flock congregating around them; and in 1822 the Lord's Supper was administered for the *first* time to thirteen hopeful communicants.

In these days of earlier missionary effort, a missionary was one Sabbath morning called by duty into the heart of the native town. Many poor heathen were passing to and fro, one to his farm, another to his merchandise; knowing neither the privileges of the Christian Sabbath, nor Him who is its Lord.

"He had to pass a large temple dedicated to Kali,*

* The goddess from whom Calcutta is named. She is said to have landed here. The Hindusthani word for landing-place is *Ghaut*. Kali's Ghaut has by the English been changed into Calcutta.

which interested him from its rural situation and striking appearance. A flight of steps led up to the room in which the hideous idol was placed," represented, according to custom, as holding in one hand a human head by the hair, trampling a man under her feet, ornamented with a necklace of skulls and ear-rings of snakes, and her tongue hanging far out of her mouth, as a sign of delight, on account of the many thousands of her enemies she had been permitted to slay.



Presenting Offerings to Kali.

"At the foot of the steps a crowd of people was congregated, and some ceremony of more than usual import was going on. What could it be? The missionary's

curiosity was excited, and he tried to discover what it was which attracted so much attention. A moment's glance informed him: IT WAS THE SACRIFICE OF A SOUL.

"In front of the temple stood a beautiful Hindu child, a boy of six years of age, richly attired. A hoary Brahman stood on each side of him, and in their turns poured into his ear the various muntras (charms) he was to repeat, the prayers he was to utter, and the manner in which he was to approach his idol god. Within the temple stood the officiating priests, also occupied in worship. It was evident, from the splendid dress of the child and his numerous attendants, that he was the son of parents rich in this world's goods, but poor—alas, how poor!—in heavenly treasure. They thought this public display of devotion was the best they could do for their boy, but the god of this world had blinded their eyes, and they knew not, when they sent their child to offer to Kali, that the precious offering he made was to be his immortal soul."

But the story ends not here: this temple is remembered by a more pleasing circumstance.

A fine Brahman youth about eight years old, who had been for a year in a Christian school, was one day passing it on a visit to this same missionary's house As they conversed together, the child said—"As I was coming here we passed the Kali temple. My brother and the sircar, who were with me, bowed down to the idol, but I did not do so. Sir, it is bad, very bad: it has hands, but it cannot lift up anything; it has eyes, but it cannot see; it is only a piece of mud! The *true* God is on *high*, sir."

CHAPTER IV.

"RAYS OF THE COMING BRIGHTNESS."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccles. xi. 1.

Little tiled buildings, with mat walls, called bazaar chapels, were erected by Jetter, in conspicuous localities in Calcutta, where a few, out of the crowds which pass in a ceaseless tide all day long, stopped to listen to the message of "good will to men," and though the net of the gospel was not permitted to enclose a great multitude of fishes, the patient brethren did not forget the arithmetic of heaven's exalted joy over "one sinner that repenteth," as they were permitted to welcome their units into the fold of Christ.

It is true that the very mention of the Saviour's name often emptied the chapel of hearers, yet, now and then, some of the listeners prepared questions in writing at home, and applied to the missionaries for an answer; and, best of all, one and another took up the cross, and bore it after Jesus. One of these, Guru Das, had received a tract in his native village, and came many miles to hear more of Christianity. He had scarcely reached Calcutta, when his relatives, hearing of his

intention, seized him, bound him with a cord, and fastened him in a sitting posture to a piece of timber inside a boat, in which they carried him forcibly home, but in six months he escaped, and, returning to Calcutta, joined the despised little flock at Mirzapur.

About the same period, an examination of six hundred native youths, who were being educated under Jetter's superintendence, took place, presided over by Sir E. H. East, Chief Justice, and one of the founders of the Hindu College; but though the number sounds imposing, the faith of the missionary was sorely tried by the unbelieving prejudices of the lads, and, as has before been remarked with regard to the adults, so here, the very mention, in a book, of the name so precious to a Christian, kept several youths away from school for many days, and when a tract was offered to one, as a reward for progress, he flung it on the ground, with the exclamation, that "it contained the words of that despised Nazarene."

In 1824, the faithful Jetter was prostrated by a fever, which then raged so awfully in Calcutta that the public offices had to be closed. He did not die, but was lost to India, for though, on his return to Europe, he was restored in measure, his constitution never recovered that elasticity which is needful to sustain labour in a tropical climate. His ardent spirit mourned this much, and longed for a return to his loved and cherished sphere, but his Master's will was supreme, and Jetter was appointed to another portion of that Great Master's vineyard.

Several arrivals and departures occurred during the first ten years that the mission came into active operation. The Rev. T. Reichardt joined it in 1823, and superintended the press which was attached to it for four years. This press was at that time a most valuable adjunct to the mission, and printed, during 1822 alone, seven thousand nine hundred tracts and books in Bengali, for distribution by the missionaries. It continued its useful labours till 1843, when other presses had multiplied, and rendered its aid unnecessary. Its first superintendent, Mr Brown, who was only spared two years, was so diligent and consistent, that Bishop Middleton observed of him, the language of his conduct was, "Though I cannot preach for Christ, I can print for Him."

Reichardt also became an able and eloquent Bengali preacher, and useful translator, and was the composer of a Catechism, with Scripture proofs, which refuted most of the idolatrous notions of the Hindus. He composed hymns, too, for the use of the native Christians, and other small works, valuable and helpful at that early period, to a high degree. He likewise took Jetter's place as superintendent of schools, after his lamented departure, and had seven hundred boys in them, but he painfully felt that "nearly all the good seed sown at school is choked at home, by the low moral condition of the parents and friends—their conversation acting like mildew on any sound principles or good manners." To make them as efficient as possible, he convened the various teachers employed on Saturday evenings, and explained to them the books taught, which led to in-

creased attention and inquiry, and often to important discussion.

Though this system of educating the masses in vernacular schools appeared, for many weary years, to yield but little fruit, the gradual benefit they have diffused in Bengal becomes more and more apparent, as time passes on, and the effect of long years of toil develops itself in a general diffusion of Christian knowledge and a growing conviction of the truth of the gospel. They have had the effect of breaking up the soil, and preparing it for higher growth hereafter. Late events may have led to a contrary impression, but it will be seen, in due time, that this sentiment is based on a correct view. When all is again quiet in India, it is believed that this will become manifest.

Nor have these schools been wanting in more direct benefit, as the baptism of a youth at a subsequent period testifies. A few details will add life to our statement.

Nobin Chundra Ghose, a pupil in the Tautonia school, came forward as a candidate for baptism. He was well acquainted with Christian doctrine, and Corrie recommended his being received at once; for much fear was felt lest his relatives should poison him, since, though he was hid, they had discovered his retreat.

Nobin Chundra was received into the Christian Church as the first-fruits of vernacular schools connected with Church missions in Calcutta, and was then mourned over by his Hindu friends as "irrecoverably lost, sitting in the same seat with the English, and un-

hesitatingly feasting on forbidden flesh and wine;" but the hearts of Christ's faithful servants were made glad.

An English school was added to the mission establishment as early as 1822, to afford a higher education to those who desired it. This works on to the present time, and has done its part as one branch of the great whole, in the mission scheme. It has varied in its number of pupils from one hundred to three hundred. In 1846–8 there were as many as three hundred. It has had many changes in its superintendents, and has been regarded by the Church Missionary Society as ranking below what they consider the more apostolic mode of disseminating the gospel, by preaching to the heathen.

Yet the Mirzapur English Mission School has had its blessing, and won its spiritual victories, and it has, in common with other institutions of a like character, but of far more note and extensive efficiency, proved to a demonstration, that the Hindus do not shrink, as their rulers timidly fear and assert, from accepting an education based on the Christian Scriptures, or hesitate to send their sons to such.

It is a speaking refutation of this cowardly sentiment, so unworthy of Englishmen, that the educational institutions of the missionaries are far more numerously, and quite as respectably, attended, as the Hindu College or any other Government school. Surely the time has now come when the eyes of Christian England will be effectually opened, and the prophetic warnings of many a humble missionary who foresaw the impending danger attendant upon a godless system of

instruction, will be perceived to have been the utterances of the Spirit of truth.

We will quote but the testimony of one such, well known to the Christian public:—"Religion is not only left out of sight in the scholastic arrangements of Government, but they act in a spirit little short of hostility towards Christianity, and everything having reference to religion is most carefully excluded. Their schools are producing a fearful crop of infidelity, education is turned into a curse, and the stream of knowledge which was to convey a blessing is poisoned. It is this Government itself which will eventually be the sufferer, and reap its withering effects. God and His eternal truth are left out of the question. Mind and matter are to be developed, analysed, raised, and improved, without a reference to Him who formed them; and what will be the effect? Our Government fear where no fear is.

"The greatest cause of uneasiness to them should be a generation growing up freed from the shackles of Hinduism, and guided by no principles of morality and religion; but worldly-wise men will not and can not understand the heavenly influences of the gospel, and that Christianity, when allowed its free exercise, is the main stay and support of all civil government."

So wrote Weitbrecht after many years of experience in India, and careful observations of the effects of education, and so have written many others.

Let us turn from the contemplation of a subject so painful, to that of another of those bright instances of

conversion which were now and then sent as a refreshing dew-drop to reanimate the faith of the weary labourers, and to prove how the sovereign grace of God can, and sometimes does, defeat the effect of the most ungodly schemes, turn the threatening curse into a blessing, and rescue from Satan's grasp a soul which appeared to be hopelessly his own.

Mohesh Chunder Ghose, on his baptism, gave the following affecting account of his conversion :—

"A year since I was an atheist, afterwards I turned to materialism: I was unhappy above measure. And what am I now? A Christian, baptized in the name of Jesus, and indescribably happy!

"The retrospect of the past fills my mind with astonishment. I settled down in my philosophical principles, firmly resolved not to yield a step. I *hated* the Christian religion, and could not bear the thought of the possibility of being convinced of its truth. Yet I could not remain quiet. Against all my strongest resolutions, and contrary to the inclinations of my own heart, I was led step by step nearer to Christianity. I could not resist its evidences. When I heard your description of the nature of sin, especially of the sins of the heart,* my conscience broke out like a volcano —my soul was racked, overcome by anxiety and terror. When I thought of some passages of the Bible, I found a little more comfort. The doctrine of the Scriptures, which appeared to me before pure nonsense, I now

* We believe this refers to a Scotch missionary, but Mohesh was for some time in Bishop's College.

found to be Divine wisdom—what I formerly hated from my heart, was now clear above everything.

"How shall I account for this change of mind? Impossible by natural principles. Everything went against my wishes, my preconceived resolutions: in opposition to all these I became a Christian! Truly an invisible power has conducted me hither. Something of what the Bible calls free grace must have exercised its influence upon me; and if ever a sinner has been converted by free grace, it is I."

Thus did a philosophical Hindu describe his conversion to Christianity. He spoke from the heart, like a true Israelite, in whom there is no guile.

For a period of six years Mohesh adorned the gospel as a catechist and schoolmaster of the Church Missionary Society. His consistent character and piety, the ardour and energy with which he entered into the work of an evangelist to his countrymen, the amiable disposition which he manifested within the circle wherein he moved, and the prospect of usefulness which his talents promised, made his early death a peculiar trial to the missionaries; but he departed in peace, and his dying experience, as well as his life, left them no room to doubt that he went up to reign in triumph with that Saviour whom he had so loved to serve on earth.

We must give one more instance of a soul's rescue, which occurred while the school was under the charge of the Rev. K. M. Bannerjea, himself a convert from Hinduism.

Brijanath Ghose was discovered by his parents to be

inquiring respecting Christianity, and was at once withdrawn from the school. He, however, managed to continue his attendance, but this becoming known, he was confined a prisoner in his father's house; for the Hindu parent has, according to the patriarchal system common among them, almost unlimited power over the sons. Still he managed to escape, and took refuge with the missionaries.

He was allured again to his home, and there treated more harshly than before. Ascertaining that it was decided to administer to him poisonous drugs—the common Hindu remedy for cases they cannot otherwise manage—he again fled; and the Rev. K. M. Bannerjea was, in consequence, summoned before the magistrate, who dismissed the case.

The boy's father then referred the matter to the Supreme Court, the highest appeal in Calcutta, in the hope that there might be awarded to him there a decision which would empower him to force the conscience of his child. Nor was this poor deluded idolater mistaken. The right of a heathen father to exercise religious compulsion on his child was recognised; and men, professedly Christian, disregarding his convictions in favour of Christianity, decided that, as the youth was but fourteen years of age (a Hindu father can always make his son's age correspond to his wishes), he ought to be delivered into his power.

The father accordingly seized him; the youth cried bitterly, and appealed to the English judge, but in vain; he seized hold, in his despair, of the barristers'

table, but he was dragged, inch by inch, out of the court. Who can picture the sorrow which filled that youthful convert's heart? None but those, and there are hundreds of such in India, who have passed through similar conflicts, can fill up the dark shades in so sad a picture. But his heavenly Father was more powerful than his earthly oppressors, and delivered him from their grasp by His own Almighty arm!

Brijanath Ghose grew up to become a Christian teacher.

The name of Maisch—who, like many other of Christ's faithful missionaries, came to India but to enter on their labours, and, before they had well buckled on their armour, to sink under its climate and die—occurs in 1825. He was a man of much promise, and his name is still fragrant among his brethren. Latham arrived in 1827, but was removed in two years; and the faithful and zealous Wilson had to leave before him, in 1828, and died at St Helena on his way home. He had, before his departure, the joy of seeing a Christian church opened on the mission premises, the first church in Bengal in which the Liturgy was read in Bengali. Bishop Heber contributed £100 towards its erection. "It was designed as a chapel for the heathen, a house of prayer for native Christians, and a parish church for the Portuguese," numbers of whom reside in that locality.

Reichardt gave daily instruction in this house of God, to both the catechists, teachers, and people, according to the mode adopted by the Moravians in newly-

formed congregations, and very generally followed by all modern Protestant missionaries. It is a salutary custom for young Churches, and one peculiarly interesting to the Christian visitor at a mission station, who watches the humble converts as they bend their steps, morning and evening, at the sound of the bell, towards the house of prayer.

And now we are approaching that era in the history of the Mirzapur mission, when the humble-minded Sandys, who is still spared to labour in it, arrived in 1830. For more than a year before this period, every one of those named in the preceding pages had ceased to be connected with it; and when he reached Calcutta, he found the public services being conducted by a missionary of the Propagation Society and the ever-ready Corrie. The Rev. T. Sandys has, from that period, continued his faithful labours, with the exception of one visit to Europe for the restoration of his health, and "many have been added to the church," under his ministry, "of such as shall be saved."

The names of Morse, Innes, Osborne, Long, and others, have been from time to time associated with his, but the former three are now in Europe; and it will be plainly perceived, from these brief records of this one mission, how numerous are the disappointments incident to engagement in foreign service; and how the Church should be ever on her watch-tower, and hastening forward, on the occurrence of every breach, to supply the spaces in the vacant ranks, and to add to them too; for what is all that has yet been

done by the Church Missionary Society in Calcutta, compared with the wants of a city still "wholly given to idolatry?"

India has long been crying to England through her missionaries, and the cry has fallen unheeded even on Christian ears. A cry of deep distress has lately been heard from those distant shores, which has entered, not into the ears only, but into the hearts of hundreds of families in this land; and, while the blood of England's murdered sons and daughters is yet fresh, let us calmly, determinately, courageously, enter, with quickened ardour, perseverance, and energy, upon the work of India's evangelisation. Thus let England be avenged on her enemies.

That were indeed a glorious return to make to those who have wounded her in her tenderest relations; and it would be a return worthy of the name she bears, as a country professing allegiance to One who bled and died for man's redemption—One whose own mission from heaven to earth contains in it the spring and principle of every mission of mercy, and of grace, that can be attempted.

Among other brethren who were for a while connected with the Church Mission in Calcutta, the name of Häberlin stands conspicuous. He had commenced his missionary sphere in Krishnaghur, and will be alluded to in our notices of that mission.

While at Calcutta, his principal work was in some villages south of the city, where a considerable spirit of inquiry had just then arisen, and where numbers of

ryots (cultivators) desired to embrace Christianity. Among these simple people, he had once the joy of admitting sixty individuals into the Christian Church on the same day, and smaller numbers were frequently added.

Häberlin was also indefatigable in his efforts among the educated youth in the city itself, preaching in Bengali and delivering lectures in English for their benefit, and inducing them to come freely to his house to discuss the all-important subject of Christianity. The effect of these efforts was soon manifest.

A Brahman youth of high rank was baptized by him into the Church; and was, some time after, one day visited by his brother and a friend, who were still heathen. They were unsuspectingly admitted, and decoyed the youth to the stairs, when forty persons, who were waiting below, rushed up and seized him, tore the coat off the missionary as he endeavoured to rescue him from their grasp, dragged the young man down stairs, and hurried him away in a vehicle.

A story this worthy of the palmy days of the Inquisition, and quite out of place in a city under the rule of enlightened Protestant England, "but the example of Government has assisted, in a great measure, to prejudice the minds of the higher classes of natives against the efforts of missionaries." One such once said to Weitbrecht, "There must be something wrong about your religion, for your Governor does not believe it himself." Such is the impression on the Hindu mind.

A similar circumstance occurred again a few months

later, when two Brahman converts were accompanying Häberlin to church to be baptized. They were waylaid by seventy Rajputs, headed by the relatives of the youths, who forced them back.

All these were eventually housed safely in the Christian Church, but truly it may be said of them, and many others with them, that they may "call to remembrance the former days, in which, after they were illuminated, they endured a great fight of afflictions, partly while made a gazing-stock themselves, and partly while companions of them that were so used," and it may be added, to the glory of that God who gave strength to these naturally feeble-spirited men, that "they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," for there was no law in force at this time to protect a convert's property, and when he responded to the invitation of Jesus to follow Him, he had first to determine "to forsake all" that he had, even when, as in some cases, "he had great possessions." The narrative that follows shews this.

The only son of a rich zemindar had the holy boldness given him to determine to embrace this religion. When his wealthy relatives found that they could not change his resolution, they sent him a large sum of money, with a most earnest request that he would embark for England, and be baptized there, lest the caste of the whole family should be polluted by his becoming a Christian on the spot. But he nobly returned it, and said, "Here, in the eyes of all my countrymen, I will shew in whom I believe," and he was shortly after baptized.

He composed, on this occasion, a beautiful hymn, the effusion of a heart filled with love to the Saviour—

"Long sunk in superstition's night, by sin and Satan driven,
I saw not, cared not for the light, which leads the blind to heaven,
I sat in darkness, reason's eye was shut, was closed on me,
I hasten'd to eternity, o'er error's dreadful sea.

"But now, at length, Thy face, O Lord, bids all around me shine,
I drink Thy sweet, Thy precious word, I kneel before Thy shrine;
I've broke affection's tenderest ties, for my dear Saviour's sake,
All, all I love beneath the skies, Lord, I for Thee forsake."

Had we but had a goodly sprinkling of men like this all over India, in its late troubles, what horrors might we have been saved?

Häberlin was a man of much power and ability, and had a mind capable of grasping any subject. He was selected to commence a head seminary in Calcutta, for the training of such youths as have been described above. It had become painfully apparent, by this time, how little could be done by the missionary, single-handed, among the teeming myriads of Bengal, and to raise an efficient native agency was Häberlin's earnest desire. But again did the Lord of the vineyard see it needful to exercise the faith of His people. Häberlin's health gave way, the scarcely commenced seminary sunk into an early grave, and the bereaved mission was again taught to "cease from man," and to wait on the Master in humble faith. No plan of the kind has since been tried, and the want then felt continues to this day.

Besides the head seminary, we must notice a Christian institution begun about the same time, where the

sons of the native Christians of humble rank are trained, and receive a good and sound education, which has been spiritually blessed in many instances, and has prepared them for an average sphere of efficiency as assistants to the missionary in the villages.

This and other local efforts are sustained by local funds collected on the spot, and disbursed under the direction of the missionaries. We fear the present sad state of India will not only impair, but, for a time, cut off these local supplies, so that the Calcutta Church Missionary Association will droop for a while, though eventually, we trust, it will arise with more vigour than ever to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

CHAPTER V.

"THE DESERT REJOICING."

"For they know not to do right, saith the Lord, who store up violence and robbery in their palaces."—Amos iii. 10.

In the out-stations connected with the Calcutta Church Mission, there have been many encouragements, and a far larger harvest of souls gathered in, than the city has yielded.*

Thakurpukar is the chief of these, and the one which has received the largest measure of continuous spiritual blessing. It is so called from the god, or thakur, *Dakin Ray,* having been placed there. He is not one of those enrolled in the Hindu Puranas, but is considered the protector against floods and tigers in this district. It is twelve miles from Calcutta, and peopled by simple ryots and fishermen—the very classes from which our blessed Saviour chose His first disciples. Few Brahmans are numbered among the villagers who inhabit this locality, for the neighbourhood has no attrac-

* The same remark applies to the other Missions at work in Calcutta —*i. e.* that of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the London Missionary and the Baptist Missionary Societies. All have enjoyed a similar measure of success among the agricultural population in these southern districts, and all have larger numbers of converts and more satisfactory churches there, than those in the city.

tions to present to those who desire a rich soil to dwell in.

The villages consist of small houses grouped together, and planted on little knolls raised a few feet above the level of the surrounding country, which is very swampy, and exhibits in the rainy season the appearance of a fresh-water lake. Now and then one sees a picturesque-looking house, with its thatched roof, planted alone on a little mound; and what adds interest to the scene, is the neat native chapel, occupying a central locality, where the missionary and his wife locate themselves in a small bungalow close by, during some days of each week which they pass in the midst of their converts.

It is not possible for them to reside continuously there, on account of the unhealthy character of the country, which soon affects the European constitution; nor is it necessary, as there are good native helpers, who attend to the spiritual wants of the people during their absence. One of these, named Jacob, was for many years head-catechist, and so efficiently did he carry on his work, that in 1842, during Mr Long's absence in Europe, Mr Sandys baptized at one time forty-seven, and at another time thirty-nine individuals, who had been instructed by him, and in 1848 there were not less than three hundred converts scattered over twenty villages.

Jacob was, before his conversion, a Hindu priest, and had thus acquired the knowledge of human nature and the management of adults. He knew his Bible well, lived on the truths of it, and was very faithful in all

the duties entrusted to him, which were in fact those of a village pastor, only that he was not ordained.

This good man was removed from his labour to his reward in 1856, at the age of fifty, and departed with the emphatic words on his lips, "I am a great sinner, but Christ is a Saviour."

It is one of the pleasantest excursions we can make to accompany Mr and Mrs Long, who have now for many years been the diligent and faithful superintendents of Thakurpukar and its adjacent villages, on their weekly visit to their humble flock.

Let us sketch such a visit.

We leave Calcutta in a conveyance, but during eight months of the year, before half the journey is accomplished, we must be transferred to a little canoe scooped out of the trunk of a tree. Seated in this frail bark, one passenger before the other, and carefully keeping an even balance, we are paddled by one or two of the native Christians across the flooded swamps, and landed at the eminence on which the chapel stands.

Arrived here, we find ourselves at once surrounded by swarthy men, women, and children; for those Hindus* who are much exposed to the sun by working in the fields are nearly black, while the higher orders are comparatively fair, and there is as much thought among their ladies of the different shades of complexion, as among our own countrywomen.

* The word *Hindu* means black, and *Sthan* place or country. Hindusthan was the name given by their northern neighbours, as the place of the Hindus, or black people.

Our missionary, Mr Long, is quite alive to the interesting features observable in his native charge, and agrees in opinion with Bishop Heber, who delighted in calling himself "The chief missionary in India." He will point out one and another to us, among both men, women, and children, as they are engaged in making their graceful salutations to the missionary party, and will perhaps be almost tempted to quote Heber's words, "They are a people with whom, whatever be their faults, I, for one, shall think it impossible to live long among them without loving them—a race of gentle and temperate habits, with a natural talent and acuteness beyond the ordinary level of mankind, and with a thirst for general knowledge, which even the renowned and inquisitive Athenians can hardly have surpassed or equalled."

Making due allowance for the enthusiasm of the missionary, and notwithstanding all we have suffered from the sadder features in the Hindu moral character in our daily experience, the mind kindles at the thought, as we listen to some touching traits connected with different members of the Christian flock then congregating around their pastor, that when the happy day—beheld, by faith, in the distance—has once arrived, and when India shall stretch out her hands unto God, a fairer and more attractive picture than even that which Heber sketched, may then be truthfully applicable to the now degraded Hindu.

As soon as the party have fairly settled, and the country meal of rice and curry has been taken, the usual

duties commence, for no time is to be lost during the short visit. There are schools to be examined, teachers to be reproved and encouraged, diligent boys and girls to be cheered on, and the sick to be visited and relieved.

We sit down for a few minutes beside the humble mat on which a dying Hindu believer awaits the coming of his Lord. We remind him of His love, grace, and faithfulness, and his eye brightens at the sweet theme. We commend him in prayer to his Lord's tender keeping, and his uplifted hands and devout look manifest the heart's response; for Jesus is all in all to him, as to his believing brother in Christian England.

We return home, and mingle our voices in thanksgiving to God for these signs of final victory over Satan's kingdom in India. Then the visitor lays him down on a little tent-bed, placed for him in the verandah of the missionary's humble bungalow, which contains but one or two rooms.

On Sunday morning the gong sounds to call the people together, and then there is preaching to the assembled congregation, and afterwards a second service, to catechise them and impress on their minds the instruction given in the sermon. And there is an evening prayer-meeting, for God's blessing on the whole, when the native brethren bow themselves, as Abraham did of old, with their faces to the earth, and confess, and plead, and supplicate, before the Divine Majesty of heaven; and express their earnest longing for the light which has shone into their hearts to be

sent to illuminate the darkened myriads by whom they are surrounded.

There is nothing that occurs during the whole visit which touches our innermost feelings more than this prayer-meeting, especially if we understand the native language.

We were cheered as we beheld the morning congregation sitting on their mats, cross-legged, before their minister, and devoutly listening to his sermon. We were still more pleased when, at the catechising, we had practical proof that many had heard attentively, by the intelligent replies to the questions made in the address. Our hearts felt glad as we noticed the animated, beaming countenances of the children giving their answers in the school examination, and proving the interest they took in the work. The tear of sympathy stood in our eye as we pressed the hand of the dying believer. But now we rejoice in a far higher degree, as we mark the posture and listen to the words of prayer—prayer such as bespeaks acquaintance and intimacy with the same Saviour we have found so precious to our own souls.

The evening was spent in singing, and very harmoniously it sounded to the ear. Thus the days devoted to this interesting visit rapidly pass away, and we return to the narrow canoe, which carries us towards Calcutta, blessing and praising God for all we have heard and seen.

Mr Long has been much encouraged in his work by the kind and sympathising visits of various friends,

who have shewn that they value and esteem with equal interest all who are subjects of Jesus' grace, whether rich or poor, and who delight in observing the effect of Christian training on the minds of these humble people.

The boys are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, gardening, and ropemaking; the girls and women learn needlework; and so much are their faculties aroused, that when a benevolent Calcutta friend went down and exhibited some dissolving views among them, he had no fewer than three thousand admiring gazers—not all, of course, Christians. The boys have prizes given annually, for proficiency in running, gardening, and rowing a boat; employments likely to prove of the greatest practical use to them in after life. The girls have the same for gardening and cooking.

It was in this spiritually-favoured, though, in a worldly respect, poor and humble part of the country, that Häberlin baptized his sixty converts in one day. It was hereabouts, at Kali Gacha, that Ganga Ram changed his ancestral faith at eighty years of age—a sinner called by grace at the eleventh hour, who would be regarded as a trophy of that grace in any land. It was here that Sandys, Lincke, and others, who preached about among the villagers, had their depressed spirits often raised by the genuine instances of faith that occurred among the persecuted converts; for alas! we grieve to add, they were sadly persecuted; and, as their case in this respect is but a type of many similar ones

which occur under the present Zemindari system in Bengal, and greatly hinder the progress of Christianity, we will presently briefly explain how.

In connexion with itinerating journeys south of Calcutta, there have been, from time to time, several places far more distant than Thakurpukar visited by the missionaries. We will only mention one, of especial interest from the number of converts made there. The name of this place is Dighipara, where a school was commenced two years after a spirit of inquiry had been manifested at Thakurpukar. Twenty-nine adults were baptized there by Häberlin in 1834, and other proofs that the seed sown in preaching and teaching was extensively springing up occurred. It is at such a juncture the enemy enters, and sows tares among the springing wheat.

The zemindar, or landholder, prohibits the attendance of the inquirers on the instruction of the catechist placed among them; and, as this man is all-powerful, they dare not disobey. For a time all is stopped. These oppressed ryots know that if they act against the order, the zemindar will take away by force the little lands they cultivate, and the crops that their industry has raised. They know, for they have proved it again and again, that he will send his people to reap their fields as soon as the grain is ripe, and leave them nothing in store to feed their families, or to enable them to discharge their ground-rent.

They have no appeal; justice in such a case is an utter impossibility under the present system; and, if

they resist, the retainers of the powerful zemindar, armed with terrific clubs, soon frighten them into submission. "On Christmas-day, 1836," writes Weitbrecht of Burdwan, "I went with dear Lincke to his southern villages, and held an interesting service with the poor simple people, under the canopy of heaven. They are much persecuted, and were dreadfully beaten the same afternoon by the emissaries of the zemindar; so, although there are few idol temples or Brahmans, Satan has his tools, but the Lord is stronger."

It would be easy to multiply instances, here and elsewhere, of sad acts of oppression, far surpassing the treatment of slaves in the West Indies, but we do not wish to dwell on such subjects.* At Dighipara the land and the crops of an inquirer were actually seized; and, resistance being made, the sufferer was imprisoned, but the missionary came, and under his influence he was released. Yet, undeterred by persecution, inquirers increased, so that in 1835 there were at Dighipara forty-five converts, many of whom sent their sons to the Christian Institution at Mirzapur to be educated. The persecution, however, was kept up in a variety of ways, and the more indigent of the Christians had gradually to leave the place, which is now a station in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

* A most able pamphlet, in which the whole of this sad system is truthfully described, was printed in 1857 by the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird. It contains his "Speech on a motion for inquiry in the House of Commons on Bengal, its landed tenure and police system."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE TRUTH PENETRATING."

"Confounded be all they that serve graven images."—PSALM xcvii. 7.

BUDGE BUDGE, a village noted for its ancient fort on the banks of the Hughli south of Calcutta, and Agurparah on the north on the same river, are also among the out-stations of Calcutta. The latter place is a lovely spot, most picturesquely situated in the midst of other villages, so densely populated and so wealthy, that, unlike the locality we have just left, it numbers ten thousand Brahmans in the immediate neighbourhood.

In former days it was a hunting-seat of the Nawabs of Chitpur, a suburb of Calcutta, and abounded with tigers; but now the roar of this ferocious beast is never heard, and interest of a far different kind attaches to the spot.

It was at Agurparah that Mrs Wilson, who came to India as Miss Cook, and was afterwards married to the missionary who is mentioned in a preceding page, raised, by her own exertions, subscriptions for the erection of a beautiful church, "which throws its Gothic shade over the Ganges water to testify against Ganges

worship." She also built a house suitable for a missionary dwelling, and a school-room for an English school.

Her own peculiar object was a Hindu Girls' Orphan Refuge, to which she retired on leaving the large female day schools in Calcutta—her former charge—in the hands of able successors. We hope to allude more in detail to the subject of Female Education by and by.

Agurparah is an especially attractive place in many respects, and one where we trust a rich harvest of souls will be yielded hereafter; yet such is the paucity of missionary labourers, that it was never possible to locate one here for any length of time together. Mrs Wilson used her utmost influence, and such was the effect of her appeals, that a congregation at Liverpool offered to support a missionary at this spot, but none was sent, because none could be found. No English clergyman had zeal enough to be willing to leave his comfortable home and his native land, to betake himself to a new habitation on the shores of the deified Ganges, in the midst of a population of thousands of Hindu idolaters. Had a chaplaincy been offered for acceptance, it would have been otherwise. Many a one would have been willing to accept so honourable an appointment; but a *missionary,* with a Martyn's or a Corrie's spirit, where was he?

But this is nearly twenty years ago, and progress has been made since then. The days are, we trust, coming when such a reproach on the zeal of the English Church will no longer apply to it; yet, even to this time, Agurparah remains without an ordained missionary.

Wybrow, of pleasant memory; Pfander, now at Peshawur; and Osborne, who supplied the place of Sandys at Calcutta during his absence in Europe, successively occupied it for short intervals.

The English school filled with pupils—a number of native converts, in connexion with the Orphan Refuge and other missionary plans, congregated in a small village of thatched cottages, peeping out from among the groves of palm and bambu near the church—a Sabbath assembly of Hindu worshippers, among whom there were upwards of a hundred orphan girls, clad in their clean white garments, met together at the sound of the bell—but Mrs Wilson's bright anticipations of a resident pastor, who might itinerate all around, were never realised; and, since she left, and her orphans have been removed, a European Portuguese catechist has continued the only individual in charge of the station, which is visited from month to month by Mr Sandys, to perform baptisms, and administer the communion to the native flock.

But De Rozario, though in name but a catechist, has been successful and blessed above many ordained missionaries.

He preaches diligently, as far as his other duties permit, in the neighbouring villages, as well as to his native flock, and has gathered in converts. His more particular work is the English school, and the superintendence of three schools in the vernacular; and in this sphere he has been peculiarly successful, having sometimes had three or four of his pupils in one year declar-

ing in favour of Christianity. His numbers have sometimes exceeded three hundred, and all are in admirable order, evincing a singular respect and affection for their humble-minded teacher, and his eight native Christian assistants.

One of the pupils, a young Brahman, who had been eight years under instruction, was removed by his friends, just as the Word of God appeared to exert an influence over his heart and conduct. He was soon after attacked by fatal illness, and, in the midst of his heathen friends, had the courage to make an open confession of faith, declaring his entire reliance on Jesus, and his desire for baptism; but his death prevented the accomplishment of his desire.

Another interesting conversion in connexion with this school was that of the wife of the head-teacher, who had been kept away from him by her relatives for nine years; such is the disruption of domestic ties the convert in a heathen land has to bear! During these nine long years he made many attempts to visit her, but was never once allowed an interview.

At length her father died, and the minds of others so far softened that he was permitted to see her in the presence of her friends. He spoke to her with much Christian wisdom and feeling, proposing to her to join him. She asked some little time to consider it, and in a few days made up her mind to follow his invitation; and to his thankful joy, she was as anxious to learn about Christianity as he was to teach her, for his prayers for her had brought a spiritual blessing to her heart.

She came to him full of Hindu prejudices, but these were soon displaced by Christian truth and principle; she rapidly learnt to read the Bible in her own language, and then expressed a wish to be baptized, not as a mere nominal professor for her husband's sake, but because she had learned to love her husband's Saviour.

It is a pleasing fact in connexion with this station, that of some fifty or sixty persons who here compose the native Christian flock, above forty are communicants. We have before mentioned that the chief part of this congregation consists of those connected with the schools, as teachers and servants.

It would be gratifying to refer to many others, but we must hasten forward on our journey through other missions, and will only add a short notice of a Sepoy, who had left the army and become a *durwan*.

This man had heard some fragment of Christian truth, and pondered it over in his heart for two years, when he was seized with dangerous illness, and bent his steps to Agurparah, that he might end his days among Christians.

It was a happy resolution, for, though he reached the station but eight days before his death, he received the gospel with such avidity, that Christ became wonderfully precious to his soul. "He acknowledged his sins, repented with genuine sorrow, believed with lively faith, prayed with earnest desire, and died, casting himself wholly on Jesus, the third day after his baptism."

We strike inland on our way back to Calcutta, and

take a glance at Dum Dum, an artillery station, where the zeal of Corrie and other pious chaplains kindled some interest among the natives, which issued in the erection of a chapel, the establishment of several schools, and the baptism of some converts. One of these became a valuable catechist, and others adorned their profession in humbler capacities. There were efforts made at Baraset, and other adjacent places, but the flame of zeal soon burnt out, chiefly from paucity of missionary agents; and in tracing this history, the mind is constrained to the conviction, that the amount of effort hitherto put forth by Church missions has been by no means commensurate with the magnitude and importance of that field of labour.

In 1836 Weitbrecht writes, "All the brethren present at the General Missionary Conference allowed Calcutta to be *the most important place in Bengal for missionary exertion.*" He agreed with them, and adds, "It has not hitherto been so treated, and there are very few among those here who preach to the *heathen* in this populous city, though when a missionary stands up in a bazaar chapel, in a very few minutes that chapel is filled. If our Society could be properly represented in Calcutta, it would have an effect on all our other stations in Bengal. There should be from four to six first-rate men always here at head-quarters, and we should lead the van in missionary exertions. This is the duty of the Church of England, and those on the spot who consider and understand the subject all see and allow this. I delight in what our Dissent-

ing and Scotch brethren do, and bless God for it; but this does not excuse or alter the duty devolving on the Church."

Twenty-one years after this was penned, the same remark is applicable; and the Calcutta branch of the Church Mission is still a weak branch! How gladly would the Christian men composing the Committee of the Church Missionary Society have it otherwise; but they cannot move men to offer themselves, though when they do offer, they thankfully send them forth.

Before we leave Calcutta, we must just glance at it as it now is; for the slight and imperfect sketch we have attempted of the Church Mission gives no idea of the *general* progress that has been made since 1758, when Kiernander landed there:—

"The number of European missionaries in Calcutta at present (1854) is twenty-seven, with nineteen native preachers and catechists. The number of pupils in the various mission schools, male and female, vernacular and English, is about five thousand five hundred, and many copies of the Scriptures and tracts are annually distributed. In the government and private schools for natives there are probably five thousand more under English instruction, and there are many modes of instruction in the elements of vernacular education. That a great and striking change has already occurred in the aspect of society no one doubts; that many have ceased to be Hindus, that there is an active native press, that there is a thirst for knowledge, that trade and the progress of truth are breaking down the barriers of caste,

that Brahmanism is being famished out of the city, is plain to every observer. Indeed, Calcutta is reaching a point of deep interest and deep responsibility.

"To what all this will tend, is a question which is instinctively suggested by the remembrance of the Chorazins and Capernaums to which the word of salvation came, only to be rejected. So far as I am able to judge, the day of Calcutta's chief offer of mercy, when the Spirit shall plead powerfully with men's consciences, has not passed away, but is drawing near, and a great silent revolution is approaching in the hearts of multitudes. And then, what will follow? This city seems to be destined to be the capital of Asia, and to lead the way in the progress of the blessed reformation whereby the East shall recover its former glory, and once again be the scene of the Lord's brightest victories."*

This paragraph was written before the political events of the last few months had occurred. What influence they will exercise on the hopes and prospects here expressed we must wait a while to see.

Mr Wylie goes on to urge, in his powerful and eloquent way, the establishment of "a special mission" for the educated natives, by men whose habits of mind and natural gifts fit them for the work of dealing with educated people, and trying by preaching, by lectures, by private conference, and by the press, to touch the hearts of some of those hundreds, nay thousands, of youthful Hindus who, with light in their minds, "hold the truth in unrighteousness," war against conviction,

* "Bengal as a Field of Missions," by M. Wylie, Esq.

and finally land in vedantism, indifference, or infidelity.

In February 1857 such an establishment was attempted by the Church Missionary Society; and the Rev. R. Greaves, its first missionary, commenced his work during the most eventful crisis through which Calcutta has ever passed. He has been encouraged, amid all the distractions occasioned from mutinies and tumultuous risings, by a few who have come to discuss religious questions, and has already reported one among these few as having been admitted into the Christian Church by baptism.

At this early and unsettled period it would be premature to do more than allude to this branch of work, but it will be quite in place to quote again from Mr Wylie, in reference to these educated natives, whom he correctly describes as "men of remarkable intellectual power." "It is quite true," he adds, "that there often appears a want of manliness and physical courage, even in those who have to a great extent overcome the idle fancies and superstitions of their countrymen; but great allowance must be made for a national character which is only *now beginning to feel* the bracing effects of personal liberty and a free press, and for the vices of the present family training under mothers and nurses, who are commonly the victims from their infancy, through all their days to old age, of the most childish and ridiculous delusions.

"I look forward, not only to the conversion of this people to Christianity, but also to the steady growth of strength and nerve in their natural character. Chris-

tianity, while it sanctifies the natural powers and dispositions, usually leaves the old lineaments perceptible still; but when the natural tendencies are the result of accidental circumstances—associations, traditions, early training, and the like—they will altogether alter, as new influences begin to operate on the mind from infancy. As society at large comes under improving influence, the accidental circumstances which now affect the mind of the Bengali will be greatly changed, and the spirit of the people will rise up into courage and independence.

"Their activity of mind, their precocity as children, and their patience, are already most remarkable; and when they learn more perfectly to speak every man truth with his neighbour—when their domestic habits cease to counteract the more noble feelings of the heart —when the female sex is elevated into companionship, and liberated from the bonds of ignorance and slavery —when the petty chains of caste cease to fetter the mind and the conduct, their powers will then be directed with greater energy to new objects, and a healthy public spirit, and genuine domestic affections, will take the place of the selfishness which now disgraces the people."

This long extract from a volume that should be better known in England, and more extensively read and studied by all who feel the importance of the present important period in Indian history, sets before us the work we have yet to accomplish for the Hindu of Calcutta, when the present unsettled state of things has passed away.

And, oh! if God's people set to this work in earnest, we may confidently believe it will be accomplished under the powerful influence of that Spirit He has promised. Every missionary abroad, and every Christian at home, feels that it is a higher power than man's, and a stronger energy than he can exercise, which is needed, and must be felt, before all the human plans, and all the array of agency man may organise, can subdue India to the Lord.

This power and energy have been felt in individual cases, and one more such, strikingly illustrative of the correctness of Mr Wylie's sentiments in reference to the "steady growth of strength and nerve in the natural character" of the educated youth of Bengal, shall be for a moment alluded to, ere we pass away from this subject.

Shamacharun Mukerjea, a youth of the highest grade of the highest order of Brahmans—one who might be classed as of corresponding rank with an earl in England—was, after his conversion and the completion of his education, for some time employed by a gentleman in Calcutta, who felt interested in him from his amiable and Christian disposition. He had been baptized by the Scotch missionaries, and early manifested sterling principles and consistent piety. He was also observed to possess much quiet, persevering energy, and having determined, under the sanction of his friends, to become an engineer, he determined to come to England to perfect his training. He worked his passage to this country on board a sailing ship, strengthened to endure a sailor's hardships by the value he attached to the object he had in view.

He landed with one letter of introduction from Dr Duff to a Christian friend in London, by whose kind aid he effected his wish of getting engaged in a practical engineering establishment. He worked diligently, bearing more manfully than many English youths would have done, the exposure to the chilling cold of winter in the early morning hour when work began, which was at six o'clock all the year through.

He never succumbed to any physical or mental difficulty, but carried out his plan, gained all he had hoped for and set himself to acquire, returned to India, and soon obtained an appointment.

A Christian, and a man of courage, honour, and prudence, he was selected, when the present troubles broke out, as the most suitable person who could be found to take charge of the English ladies, when they were sent away on board the steamer from Allahabad to Calcutta, and he ensured their regard and respect by his kind, gentle bearing, and the care and attention he shewed them on their voyage down the river.*

* It has often been remarked by those familiar with North India and its missions, that we may see, in the very fact of the wonderful succession of its pious bishops, and other devoted ministers, that the Lord has a favour to bestow on it. However correct or otherwise it may be to draw such an inference, it is certainly a delightful and encouraging thought, under every aspect, that from Bishop Middleton—who founded the college that bears his name, and stands on the banks of the Ganges a memento of his desire to accomplish a grand and important object for India's welfare—to Bishop Wilson, that venerated man who, up to January 2, 1858, held the office of chief pastor, each individual composing the circle, comprising Middleton, James, Heber, Turner, and Wilson, has been, allowing for natural differences of character, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, exercising the influence belonging to his eminent position, for the promotion of His kingdom and glory.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE VOICE OF THE ROD."

"When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord; and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple."—JONAH ii. 7.

IN a book on North India, appearing at the present time, we can hardly pass over, with a mere reference here and there, those sad and solemn events which have brought that country so prominently into notice, and which no Christian can doubt have been permitted by God, in His providence, to chasten us as a nation for our past unfaithfulness, and to arouse us to a sense of present duty in reference to our relation as a Christian people, to our Hindu subjects as a heathen people.

We will, therefore, devote a page or two, at the close of the sketch of each mission station, to a brief notice of the manner in which missionary operations have, for the present, been affected by this movement.

The mutiny originally broke out at Barrackpur, about fourteen miles from Calcutta, and a regiment was disbanded there about the end of March. The Sepoys, on three or four occasions, had resolved to murder all the Europeans at that station, as was afterwards fully proved; but it was then confidently hoped it would not extend to other places.

The mutinous spirit was at that time attributed to the influence of the missionaries, and the efforts of Colonel Wheeler to communicate to Sepoys and others a knowledge of Christianity; but it has since become evident that this conclusion was as *mistaken* as it was *unjust.*

Considerable alarm began to be felt in Calcutta during May, but it was not till the 14th of June that it rose to its height. No Europeans then resident in that city will ever forget that Sabbath morning, when, at an early hour, the first tidings of imminent danger reached them. Yet they, too, have experienced all along, in common with their countrymen at Barrackpur, a series of most wonderful providential deliverances, and no actual outbreak has ever occurred.

It has been plainly manifested that plots for the destruction of Calcutta and its European inhabitants were, on two or three occasions, quite ripe, and all felt that they were in an enemy's country, and that the very servants, of whom their houses were full, were whispering dark things against them; but the arm of Omnipotence restrained all actual violence, though nearly everybody in the street was met armed, and ladies sat in their drawing-rooms with loaded pistols by their sides. Many congregated in large buildings, supposed to be safe, and others took refuge on board ships in the river, while numbers retired to the Fort.

The missionaries, most of whom live in unprotected parts of the city, formed the best plans they could for their own defence, and kept watch in turn. Their

minds were sustained in much peace, and many of them were enabled to cheer and animate the faith of others by their calm confidence in the only real hiding-place from danger, "*the name of the Lord,*" "a strong tower," into which "the righteous runneth, and is safe."

Very few persons attended any church, but those who had courage to do so had their minds strengthened by discourses adapted to the occasion. One wrote, "The promises of the Bible, how sweet and refreshing have they proved in the hour of danger! indeed, one must experience danger and trouble rightly to value them. Those words, 'Be not afraid' of sudden fear, 'Be quiet from fear of evil,' and many similar passages, have been especially comforting."

On Monday morning, June 15th, the ex-King of Oude, with about one thousand of his followers, was brought a prisoner into the Fort, from his residence in Garden Reach.

He had been discovered to be deeply implicated in the rebellion, and Calcutta had been mapped out by his party, and divided into districts, each of which was assigned to particular individuals, who were to direct a general massacre; so that it was intended that the city should become a second Delhi, had not the Lord interposed.

As Calcutta is the capital of British India, and the seat of the Supreme Government, this would have been the most disastrous event that could have occurred; and He who meant to chastise, but not to annihilate, did not permit it.

An alarm almost as great was again felt on the 23d, the centenary of the battle of Plassey, and the day which had been originally fixed for the general massacre, but the people were then better prepared, and that crisis, too, passed over without injury and actual outbreak.

The great Mussulman festivals in August were then looked forward to with much anxiety, but neither were these allowed to create mischief; and for some time past matters, according to the latest accounts, have been going on as usual.

From the first, the people of God had felt their refuge to be the throne of grace, and meetings for prayer, private, social, missionary, and congregational, were held from day to day. The effect of this was very soothing on the minds of all who in any degree recognised the Divine sovereignty, and helped to maintain a spirit of confidence under the deep anxiety which could not but continue to be painfully experienced.

"On the 7th of July," writes Archdeacon Pratt, "we had a prayer-meeting at the Bishop's Palace, of ministers of all denominations. The Bishop opened it by a few remarks. I then read Psalm xxvii., and the Bishop prayed. Several others followed—chaplains, missionaries, &c. It was very pleasant."

Besides this social and brotherly gathering in his private residence, a few days later in the history of the crisis, the venerable Bishop repeated a similar invitation to the various ministers and missionaries in Calcutta, to assemble in the Old Church Room, to hold a united

and more public meeting for prayer together, at which the Archdeacon presided, the Bishop's own feebleness of body preventing his attendance.

The room, though spacious, was so crowded that it was found necessary to adjourn into the church, where a most solemn and impressive service was conducted by men of different views on minor points, but of one feeling on this, that "our help is in the name of the Lord." To Him they cried—before Him they poured out their hearts—with a fervour and earnestness that only those in similar circumstances could realise; and that "the Lord hearkened and heard" cannot be doubted.

The Bishop likewise early besought those in authority to sanction a day for *national* humiliation and prayer; and when this was declined, and the option to do it on his own responsibility left in his own hands, he, without hesitation, called all British India to their knees on the 24th of July! Oh, what a day was that! The agonised feelings of many pent-up hearts then found utterance, and were soothed and comforted. The Bishop's own sermon, preached on that day, was a faithful and stirring discourse, well calculated to give a right tone to the public mind, and to convince men of the real cause of the disasters.

As accounts still more and more distressing continued to arrive, prayer became increasingly earnest, that much good might be elicited from these severe judgments. On August 10th, the Bishop wrote, "Things are at the lowest, the *very lowest* point. Three

thousand Christians have perished in all since May 10th. Men's hearts are everywhere failing them for fear." And, in believing confidence, he continues, "But God is in heaven, and Christ is at His right hand, with the heathen *given* Him as His inheritance. Faith never appears so precious, as when it is the *only* light that shines."

Then, in the spirit of the great apostle, he concludes, "I am ready to be offered, I trust, and the time of my departure is at hand." May we not add, "He has fought the good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness?" It is, indeed, a matter for devout thankfulness that such a man was spared to the Church in India for such a crisis! He now "rests from his labours, and his works do follow him." It was, doubtless, a bitter trial to him during the last months of his lengthened life, to see much of what he had been attempting to build up ruthlessly destroyed—"the boar out of the wood wasting it, and the wild beast of the field devouring it"—but all is now clear to him in the light of eternity.

It was about this time that one of Calcutta's brightest spiritual lights among the laity wrote thus, "More true prayer has been offered during the last three months in India than for as many years previously." Who can calculate the result? If no true prayer is ever lost, what blessings must be in reserve, to be poured out, in due time, upon that chastened country and its hitherto benighted myriads!

A clergyman also wrote, during the height of the crisis, in a similar strain, and alluded to the fact, that "native Christians in Calcutta and in Krishnaghur sent memorials to the Government, expressing their sympathy and loyalty, and offering the best aid in their power; but those intrusted with presenting them were requested by Government secretaries not to ask for a public presentation, as it would not be expedient under present circumstances! though Hindu and Mussulman memorials of the same sort were officially received, and publicly acknowledged by the Governor-General in Council, through his chief secretaries."

But God's people in Calcutta, with the venerable chief pastor at their head, were not satisfied till they made another effort to induce those in power to appoint a day for *national* humiliation, and at length the Governor-General in Council yielded to a petition from all the Christian inhabitants of the city, and directed that October the 20th should be observed, though Hindus and Mohammedans, *i. e.* "all loyal subjects," were included in the official invitation.

A long-suffering Jehovah listened to the cries of His distressed people at home and abroad. It will be remembered that the day of national humiliation in England was October the 7th. From that period, affairs took a turn decidedly favourable, though it will be long before peace and quietness be entirely restored.

Mission work has, of course, been greatly interrupted during this fearful excitement, though less than might have been feared. One writes, December 1857, "Men's

minds are too much occupied with the dreadful deeds around us to see that God the Spirit is silently operating still. Our work is not much thought or spoken of, but it goes forward all the same, and I have been much encouraged during this eventful year, by unmistakeable signs of progress in my own department." Missionaries have gone on, wherever possible, in the usual routine, and have been remarked, at Calcutta and elsewhere, as "the only Europeans who have not worn arms." The native mind is, of course, in a very unsettled state, though it is gradually calming down. The future must be left with Him who has promised to glorify His name in the salvation of a great multitude, among whom we trust many of India's sons and daughters may be found.

It is a speaking fact, that, during the darkest days of the rebellion, one of the Calcutta missionaries was permitted to introduce into the Church of Christ a Brahman from Lucknow, one of the most prominent places in connexion with it.

The Rev. J. Vaughan writes from Calcutta, Sept. 7, "We had a very interesting service yesterday—the baptism of a Brahman from Lucknow. His father was in the employ of the King of Oude's Prime Minister, who has become so notorious. Being cast off by his master, he sought comfort in a pilgrimage to Juggernat. He never returned, and his wife and son set out on the same pilgrimage. The mother died on the road. In the son's mind there arose some doubts about Hinduism. He abandoned the pilgrimage, came to Cal-

cutta, and, in his wanderings, entered our church during service, and at the close opened his heart. We trust that he is a true convert to Christ, and that he will become a useful labourer."

A great part of the distress of our country-people in Calcutta has arisen from the constant arrivals of their stripped and suffering friends, and the dreadful tales of woe all had to relate. So many of these touching stories have already appeared in print, that we will only mention one or two, extracted from private letters:—

"On going on board the steamer, as it was passing down the river," writes a medical man, "I beheld on the decks, and in every part of the vessel, English children, of all ages and both sexes, running about without a single garment of any kind attached to them; and upwards of forty of these poor things are now collected in Calcutta, who are too young to tell their names or parentage, and remain unclaimed. In many instances it is scarcely known how they were preserved, but it would seem chiefly by the compassion of Hindu villagers, who have in many instances been kind and pitiful, and the faithfulness of native nurses, many of whom allowed themselves to be killed rather than resign their infant charges to the murderer's grasp.*

"On descending to the cabin, I was startled by see-

* The writer was informed by a missionary, who had himself escaped from the mutineers, that he had taken pains to trace the causes which had operated on the villagers who manifested sympathy with our suffering countrymen, and he had invariably found that those who had been in some measure influenced by Christian schools or preaching—*i. e.* indirect missionary effort—though nominally heathen, were the persons who shewed some feeling and compassion to the refugees.

ing five ladies huddled together on the floor in one corner, without dresses, and all covered by one sheet.

"One poor refugee, the wife of a civilian, reached in her flight a village of Maitres (very low-caste Hindus). They were very kind to her, and consulted for her safety. She proposed to them to feign herself a corpse, and have flowers strewed over the cloth that covered her, if four of them would carry her to the river, as if for burning, where she knew there was a boat. As these are the very people employed to carry the dead, this plan answered admirably, and they told those who met them and inquired what they had got, that it was a relation of their own."

Thus she reached the river side, found a boat, embarked, and escaped. It was a pure act of benevolence, for she had no reward to give her deliverers; and it shews that the Hindus *can* do a kindness without a mercenary motive, which has sometimes been questioned by their European masters.

"Another arrived who was left, the last European female, among nearly two thousand Sepoys, who had been delivered by the Lord out of their hands, but how she could hardly detail. For a month she and her children wandered up and down the country, living in the jungle, when man refused them shelter, and feeding on whatever they could get. In the morning she would seek some village, and look out among the women in the streets for one with an infant at her breast about the age of her own, which she would hold up to her, to let it speak its own wants and tale of early sorrow.

Some women thus appealed to would gladly nurse the babe, others would turn away.

"How she lived she could not tell, but one day she was sitting under a tree with her children, persuaded that the end of her journey was come. She saw some sowars (cavalry) coming towards her, and, fearing their errand, rose with her little ones, walked quietly up to them, and said, 'I know you are seeking to kill me; kill the children first, don't torture them, then kill me.'

"Their hearts were in the hands of Him who notices the sigh of the sorrowful. They said they would not kill her, but took her to a place of shelter, and an influential native gentleman sent her on to a station, where she was received by some Europeans, who did all they could for her; but then her mind seemed to fail her, and she lost her memory, only knew her baby died a victim to its privations. When able to travel, she was moved to a place on the river, where she heard of her husband's death—a dreadful blow. Her little boy was then seized with cholera, but he was spared to her, and accompanied her to Calcutta with her daughter, where this delicate and nervous female, who had lived through what many strong ones would have sunk under, has rallied, and will, it is hoped, be spared to her children."

CHAPTER VIII.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass."—Psalm lxxii. 6.

And now, turning our back on Calcutta, we seat ourselves in a beauliah—a pretty boat, with a venetianed cabin—and proceed from the ghaut, at which we have entered it, up the river.

As we gradually ascend the stream, we are interested in observing many things peculiar to India. At comparatively short intervals, the ghauts or landing-places descend from the banks into the water. These wide flights of steps are finished on each side with a balustrade, and the head of each is usually crowned by a picturesque building, either a mosque, a pagoda, or a cluster of small Hindu temples, called mhuts, which are of bee-hive shape, and not a great deal larger, and which, when grouped together, produce a very good effect.

We are attracted by the crowds of men and women bathing at these various ghauts. We notice particularly the women, half immersed in the water, with

little bunches of flowers which they have purchased from the priest in the temple, before they descended to the river, and we listen to their affecting prayer, "O holy mother Gunga, accept our offering, and wash away our sins." The little nosegay is then set afloat, and the deceived worshipper finishes her ablution, with the persuasion that she is inwardly and outwardly purified.

The scenery on either side of the river is charming. The moisture of the climate and the nature of the soil concur in producing perpetual verdure, and though the sun pours down so fierce a flood of light, that it would seem as if its scorching influence were sufficient to dry up every blade of grass, the whole earth is covered with a rich carpet, and the moment the sun sets, a refreshing coolness fills the air, and the eyes are feasted with scenery of the richest luxuriance.

The rich foliage descends, in many places, to the very edge of the stream, and the tree often dips its pendants into the water at full tide. The bambu flings its long branches down with all the grace of the willow, the numerous species of palm-trees rise in regal majesty above, and the fine feathery foliage of both are relieved by the bright masses of the neem, the pepul, and a host of others—some bearing resplendent flowers of a thousand dyes.

The mangolia is common in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and, amid a vast number of the acacia tribe, there is one of peculiar beauty called the *babul*—it is covered with a small tufted flower of a golden colour,

which gives out so delicious a perfume to the breeze that one is sufficient to scent a garden.

At intervals, between the pagodas—which generally communicate with villages a little inland, whose thatched roofs are discernible between the trees—pretty houses appear inhabited by Europeans or rich native gentlemen, standing in the midst of beautiful gardens full of gorgeous flowers, which blossom in profusion all the year round, interspersed with groves of mango, tamarind, and other fruit-trees, in attractive variety, and bringing to our minds pleasant recollections of what we heard and read of India in our early days.

But in the midst of such thoughts we are painfully interrupted by noticing the blazing funeral pile, consuming the body of some deceased Hindu of high caste, or by the corpse of one of lower rank, which has been cast entire into the water, and floats past our boat, with birds of prey feeding upon it as it descends the stream. We see Agurparah on our right, and ascending higher, Serampur on our left; and their Christian churches and missionary dwellings seem to whisper a cheering word to us in passing, and to bid us forget the hosts of idol temples that still so far outnumber them, and look forward to the day when "the idols He shall utterly abolish." Our hearts are full of prayerful aspirations that it may soon be said of this land, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Opposite to Serampur, we notice Barrackpur, the

country residence of the Governor-General, and a large military station. The ghaut, the signal-post, the vice-regal palace, and various other buildings, partly embowered in trees, are visible from the river; the town is chiefly inland. A group of temples, built in imitation of Juggernat, has a striking effect in the distance, though as you approach nearer, a good deal of the illusion vanishes.

The name of Barrackpur has of late become very familiar to English ears—the 19th Regiment N. I. having been marched down from Berhampur to this place, and here disbanded for mutiny, at the end of March 1857, as was related in our last chapter. This was the beginning, instead of the end, as was then supposed, of that extensive spirit of entire insubordination which has since dissolved the native army of Bengal.

Leaving these places, we are next attracted by Fulta, on our left hand, recalling to mind the days when the English, driven out of Calcutta, took refuge there, and were ravaged by pestilence and nearly annihilated for the time being. Then comes the French settlement of Chandernagur, and then Chinsurah, where we would fain land, and tarry to examine the noble school connected with the mission of the Free Church of Scotland, as well as to refresh ourselves with intercourse with beloved brethren. We call to mind, with Chinsurah before us, the honoured names connected with its history while it was a station of the London Missionary Society.

It was here that Forsyth, May, Pearson, Lacroix, Townley, and Mundy, with other equally earnest spirits, fulfilled the whole or part of their missionary course from the days when it was a Dutch settlement to those when no more brethren belonging to the London Society could be spared to keep up the station, and it was transferred to the Free Church.

But we must pass Chinsurah, and enjoy the exquisitely lovely reach of the Hughli, above this place. It is now evening—the little lamps have been lighted in the Hindu temples on the shore, and the glimmering of these small beacons through the trees after sunset, adds to the charm of the scene. Many of the trees seem alive with light, from the multitudes of the fireflies which glance in and out. While the sun has still left a soft tint of saffron or crimson upon the river, how pleasant it is to glide along in our boat till we land at Hughli ghaut, where a party of eight bearers awaits us, to carry us in a palanquin towards Burdwan.*

This style of travelling, so totally different to anything English, quite amuses us; we enter our vehicle,

* In a late letter from Mr Wylie, the following affecting fact is mentioned in connexion with Hughli, the civil station adjoining Chinsurah (which is a military depôt). It relates to a very wealthy Mohammedan endowment at Hughli. "It appears," writes Mr. W., "to be administered by the Government in all its departments, directly or indirectly, and it comprises the most magnificent Imambara that has been built in recent times in Bengal. I visited it lately, and was grieved to think of such an institution—a centre of Mohammedan influence, and a nursery of Mohammedan pride—being under the charge of a Christian government. I hope that the WILL under which the trust is administered will be laid before Parliament. The founder was Hadji Mohammed Mohsin. I am told there are similar trusts at Gya."

and four men lift it on their shoulders, by the help of the poles which are attached to the ends of it. Thus we journey on, at the rate of four miles an hour, entertained by an impromptu chant of the bearers concerning ourselves, our appearance, rank, weight, and so forth, which they form into doggrel rhyme.

We soon fancy them to be very tired, for they breathe in a particular way, which gives the idea they are groaning, but the object of this is to enable them to measure their distance, and keep in step. We change our bearers every six or eight miles for fresh ones; and as it is now night, the only time the hot sun of Bengal allows us to travel dak, or post, we must add a massalchi or torch-bearer, to light us on our way, and another man to carry our luggage, which is slung by cords fixed to the end of a bambu, and thus borne across his shoulders.

In this way we make our forty miles' journey inland, towards the west, and at the dawn of morning we find ourselves arrived at the mission station of Burdwan. We might have come here by railway, for there is one now open from Howrah, opposite Calcutta, to the extreme end of the Burdwan district, but we preferred the older and more romantic mode of travelling, such as has been customary for hundreds of years past in this ancient land, and such as Corrie practised when he came here to visit and encourage Captain Stewart, when he made, single-handed, the first efforts to establish a mission at this place in 1816.

We must not do more than make a short call at

Burdwan, though its neat mission-houses and schools, its Christian village and its church, as well as several of its pious and earnest converts, interest us much; but the history of this mission has been so fully detailed in the Memoir of Weitbrecht, that we will reserve our space for other places less generally known.*

We will only state in brief, that the work here was commenced by two vernacular schools, which were founded by the pious and devoted Captain Stewart in 1816; and in two years these had increased to ten, containing a thousand boys.

From these schools came the first converts, who were baptized in the bloom of youth, and grew up to manhood full of faith and zeal. They were spared to labour as catechists many years, and died during Weitbrecht's residence in 1837. Of one of them, named James, he writes, "On Easter-day this dear brother was in full health, and attending Divine service. On Monday morning he was seized with cholera, and faded away as a leaf in the scorching blast. In the evening his spirit was with Jesus, and he saw his living Saviour face to face. He had been eighteen years in the fold of Christ, and four years alone at Bancurah, where he had nearly four hundred youths in his schools, in beautiful order. His pious, consistent conduct, and faithful testimony in preaching, has been a blessing to many; and he was highly esteemed by all the natives around him. I feel exceedingly depressed by this event, but the Lord giveth no account of any of His matters."

* Memoir of Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht. 7s. 6d. Nisbet: Berners Street.

The names of Deer, Jetter, Perowne, Lincke, and Weitbrecht, are associated with this mission, and it is located on the very spot where, in 1742, one hundred and twenty thousand Mahrattas—the Goths of India —were encamped. "They were men whose musunds (thrones) were their horses, their sceptres their swords, and their dominion the wide line of their desolating march." *

In a tank opposite the mission compound, skulls of persons who had been murdered by Thugs were found as late as 1837, and in an adjacent grove numbers of the corpses of similar victims are believed to have been buried. On the approach of the Mahratta cavalry, women plunged into a neighbouring stream, preferring death to dishonour. Now, the same locality resounds with the busy hum of boys and girls, peacefully and cheerfully occupied under the eye of Christian parents and teachers, who are endeavouring to train them for future usefulness.

This district is peculiarly favourable for the labours of the itinerant missionary. It is most thickly populated by a comparatively-speaking intelligent race, the chief part of whom are agriculturists, whose minds are generally found in some measure open to good impressions, especially among Hindus and such of the Mohammedans as were formerly converts from them. The proportion of Mohammedans to Hindus is one-seventh or eighth of the whole population. Large towns and villages, of from forty to fifty thousand

* Long's "Handbook."

inhabitants, are frequently found on the western side of the district, a part that has as yet been comparatively little visited.

The entire zillah is believed to number nearly two millions of people; and, in the last year of his missionary life, Weitbrecht wrote, "There is dense, dark heathenism all around us, even within a few miles of our missionary station—numbers of places where the foot of a missionary has never trod, or the sound of his voice been heard." The importance of this district as a field of missionary effort cannot well be overrated. It is easier to speak of its magnitude and population than to realise it. It is only by comparison we can faintly do this; so we will imagine the condition of a large county in England, if it only enjoyed the benefit of three ordained ministers and a few native catechists.

The incident which follows occurred on one of the latest of Mr Weitbrecht's itinerant tours, and is not mentioned in his memoir.

"Last February," he writes, "I was out preaching, and one evening, on returning to my tent, a young man came forward and said, 'You knew my brother very well; he was monitor in your English school?' I replied, 'Indeed I did. Where is he?' 'Now he is gone to another world.' After ascertaining some particulars of his illness—a malignant fever—I inquired, 'Did your brother on his sick-bed say anything about the Christian religion?' for I knew he had been like many others, *a Christian in heart.* The youth smiled,

and said, 'Yes, he told us a great deal.' 'What were his words?' 'Oh, he very much exhorted us to believe in God, and not in idols.' 'What God?' 'Why, the God you worship, Sahib!' The youth was evidently reluctant to come out with the fact; but so much became clear, that my old pupil, whom I loved, and so much desired to see in a state of salvation, delivered a faithful testimony to Jesus on his dying bed. Thus many a seed of corn is doubtless springing up and ripening unknown to him who is ploughing and sowing in hope."

Four months after the removal of Weitbrecht, some Christian friends visited the station of Burdwan, who write, "We can scarcely realise that this is the Burdwan we have known so long, in our hearts and imaginations, as dear Weitbrecht's home, the scene of his blessed labours, joys, and sorrows. It seems a holy spot, when regarded as that where his Christian character was nurtured and matured for the society of heaven.

"Nothing can be better for one than a visit to such a place, where one's own earthly heart must, as it were, receive some impress from the missionary zeal and love which have been burning so warmly here. Yesterday we went to see the station, and drove along a pretty winding road, bordered with fine old trees; beyond these, however, there was nothing but the flattest paddy fields, now mostly lying under water—very depressing in appearance.

"We went into the narrow streets of the native town,

or bazaar, as it is called, with native shops on each side, and swarms of Hindus everywhere. We passed a group of them standing round a Christian catechist named Thomas, who often accompanied Mr Weitbrecht on his itinerating tours.

"Thomas was preaching in a very lively manner, with his Bible in his hand. This was a sight that did my heart good, and sent me home feeling quite glad. We passed the bazaar chapel where dear Mr Weitbrecht used to preach, as he found he could command more attention there than when standing in the open street.

"Our Sunday was very interesting, though we missed the pastor's voice that day more keenly than on any other. The first sound that we heard in the morning was 'the sound of the church-going bell,' and the first sight which met our eye on opening our windows, was the band of orphan girls walking, two and two, to the early Bengali service, looking so nice and neat, with their smooth black hair and clean white chudders (scarfs or veils), the young schoolmaster and his wife, both brought up in the mission, walking beside them. It was a sight that would have made the tear to start in many a mother's eye in England.

"In the afternoon we went to the Infant Sunday School, where Elijah, their master, was giving an animated Scripture lesson *viva voce*. To gratify us, he made them conclude with singing a hymn in English, first repeating it to them in Bengali. The tones were touching to the ear.

"In the evening about eight of the catechists, readers, and teachers joined us in the mission-house for prayer; their especial object being to ask of God that He would send them 'another faithful pastor like the one they mourned,' whose words, say they, 'pierced our hearts like a winged arrow, and made us feel what we shall never forget.'

"They are as interesting and good-looking a set of men as you would see in any country, with regular features, and a grave and often noble expression. They looked somewhat shy on seeing strangers, but made the usual salutation, which is very graceful. They touch the forehead with the right hand while bowing, and say, 'Salaam' (peace), to which you answer, 'Salaam.' They then seated themselves in a semicircle on the floor. Thomas was asked to pray. They all bowed down their faces to the ground as he prayed in Bengali. There was so much chastened fervour in his tones, that my heart seemed to understand and follow him, though my mind could not. Three of them prayed in succession, after which we sung, 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!' in English, which most of them understood pretty well. English may be called the classical language in India, and most well-educated men know something of it.

"One of dear Mr Weitbrecht's MS. sermons was then read, and we had another hymn and prayer in English. They then took leave, while we seemed to taste a drop of that joy which the angels feel above in witnessing such scenes as these.

"Can we doubt that God will hear their prayers, and send suitable persons to take care of the mission? We feel quite sure that He will."

And God has heard these prayers; for, besides Mr Geidt, the active and diligent fellow-labourer of Weitbrecht, who was left by his removal single-handed for a season, "another faithful pastor like the one then removed" has been added, who is (writes a native convert) "much beloved, friendly, affable, and affectionate to us all; calm, patient, gentle, not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil."

During the year of Weitbrecht's death, the chastening of the Lord seemed to produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness among the native congregation; and they manifested so much tender sympathy and deep respect towards his widow, as to open out a new view to her of the true and sincere affection which dwells in the Hindu believer's heart. Every little token of love they could shew was uniformly manifested, and when she left them, the many bitter tears and sad farewells were most touching to witness. Indeed, the echo of their prayers and benedictions will never cease to sound.

Mr Neele has had one convert of special interest lately, the fruit of some zealous efforts he was led to make on behalf of the upper classes. This is a Hindu gentleman, who attended a course of lectures, delivered in the hope of inducing some of that class to consider the claims of the Christian religion.

He at first entered into correspondence on some points that caused him perplexity, for he had long had

his attention drawn to Christianity, had had conversations on the subject with other missionaries, and had probably often passed by when preaching was going on in bazaars; but his attention was arrested by a lecture in the *English* language, and at length, after correspondence had led to personal communication, he was enabled to decide for Christ.

He is by profession a civil engineer, and was in the enjoyment of a liberal salary as a government officer, for he had received a good education, both in Brahmanical learning and English literature, having passed through the Agra Government College, and afterward the Engineering College at Roorki. He is now employed as head-teacher in the English school at Burdwan, on a comparatively small emolument, and frequently engages in bazaar preaching, in which he succeeds well in argument, being so thoroughly acquainted with the Hindu literature, and the modes of thought common among his country-people.

Thus, in reference to this station, we may reiterate the words of the African convert, "We may die, but the Saviour's work goes on;" and it is our privilege to know that it will go on, until He come, and wear His many crowns.

The storm which has been passing over North-West India has scarcely been felt here. It is situated on the Grand Trunk Road leading to the upper provinces, but contains no regiments of Sepoys; and though numbers of these men must have passed the mission premises after they were disbanded, no attempt at an attack

upon the missionaries or other Europeans has ever been made.

It is true, there was once a whisper of some dreadful plot that was hatching among a few men employed to guard the Treasury. The news of the outbreak in Barrackpur, which reached Burdwan in an exaggerated form, caused something like a panic, and two families went off at once to Calcutta. The missionaries were kept for a few days in alarm, and slept at night, or rather held watch, with arms by their sides; but this plot was discovered, and the suspected persons placed under arrest, and soon lodged in safe custody.

It would, indeed, have been very easy for some of those murderous bands, who must have been for months wandering over the face of the country, to have attacked and annihilated these defenceless missionaries and their converts; and the fact that they have been left unhurt is a speaking one, declaring more loudly than anything else could, that the objects of vengeance have not been missionaries, nor the religion that they preach.

Mrs Cheek, the aunt of the youthful martyr, who usually resides at Bancurah, wrote, in a late letter, that she had taken refuge for the present in the mission-house, having been ordered to leave her own station, and finding the distressing and exciting scenes of Calcutta too painful to endure. "But here," she adds, "in this peaceful spot, all is as it has been ever since I knew it. The schools, the Christians, the beautiful garden, and every other object of interest, remain so

unchanged, that I find myself looking for dear Weitbrecht's face at every familiar spot where, years ago, I was accustomed to meet him." She alludes to her martyr nephew, and details the touching anecdote connected with his death, which we shall allude to by and by.

A Calcutta missionary writes, "There has been a remarkable providence watching over Burdwan. There it lies, that interesting and hallowed little mission station, on the side of the *public road*, and God has kept it quite undisturbed, the work of the missionaries almost unimpeded, and no evil permitted to approach the dwellings of the native Christians *there*. How wonderful!"

During Mr Weitbrecht's missionary course of twenty-one years, he devoted much time and labour to Bancurah, called officially West Burdwan.

It was there the catechist James died, and much good seed has there been scattered. An attempt has been made quite lately to establish a mission by Mr and Mrs Stevenson, sent out by the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Had it succeeded, it would have been the first mission established in India by a colony of Great Britain; but it is feared it has failed for the present, to be resumed, we will hope, under more encouraging auspices by and by.

Dr Cheek, the husband of the lady referred to above, has long been a resident at this station, and the kind and liberal supporter and encourager of every missionary effort, both here and at Burdwan. He thus writes

of Bancurah, between the time of Mr Weitbrecht's death and 1855 :—

"No missionary is located nearer than Burdwan (sixty miles), and the district is a *desert* as regards missionary or religious help. Weitbrecht used to come to us nearly every quarter, and stay two Sundays with us, taking advantage of preaching in the adjacent villages. Since his death, we have been deprived of this privilege, and well may we say, looking at this district, 'Come over and help us.'

"No society having any missionary in the district, I should say that it would be a very proper place for ten Europeans to be distributed, and I pray you think of us, and endeavour to give us the opportunity of hearing the truth, and let us all make an effort that the heathen may not only now and then hear the blessed gospel, but have men among them who will try, by daily ministrations and advice, to lead the benighted into the way of truth. Happy shall I be, to the extent of my power (which is not little), to give my aid." *

This statement still applies, for the attempt to take up this district containing a million of souls, has for the present failed ; and had it succeeded, the feeling on the mind would still be one of disappointment, that it had been done so feebly, by one, where ten individuals, as Dr Cheek indicates, and most correctly indicates, are needed.

In Beerbhoom, an adjoining district, a *single*, though most able Baptist missionary has for many years pur-

* "Bengal as a Field of Missions."

sued his devoted course, and has planted a small but very satisfactory Church of Christian converts. In that district is "a celebrated idol temple, with which the Government was, till lately, in very close connexion. Not many years ago, the collector of Beerbhoom, the late Mr F. Stainforth, was called, in the exercise of his duty, to nominate the chief priest."*

* See Wylie's "Bengal as a Field of Missions," page 184, where many other particulars of the same kind are noted.

CHAPTER IX.

"A LITTLE ONE BECOMES A THOUSAND."

"And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred."—MARK iv. 8.

WE cannot resist the temptation of turning aside from Bancurah, to visit, for a while, the extensive territory called the South-Western Agency, which consists of a series of districts and native states, under the control and partial management of the British Government. In most of these there are no missionaries, but in 1845, a body of German evangelists settled in one locality, called Ranchee, a district in Chota Nagpur.

These brethren are referred to in the Memoir of Weitbrecht as a devoted band who pitched their tent for a few days in the compound of the Burdwan Mission, and then went forward to Bancurah for a few months, till it was the proper season to proceed to the sphere of labour which experienced brethren had advised them to occupy.

In describing a trip from Bancurah to this place, where he once went to visit them, Weitbrecht says, "The country is beautiful, the atmosphere you breathe makes you feel that you are in an elevated position,

but the road through some of the jungles is very trying; and how the poor bearers got over these stones, up and down the creeks and ravines, was to me quite surprising. I crossed two large rivers on hollow trees. Picturesque groups of hills, deep groves, clear and rocky streams, all things that are graceful in landscape, in varying succession meet and charm the eye at every turn. We mounted a lovely hill of four hundred feet, the view from the top of which is quite a panorama; and another called the Rocks, from the broken character of the structure."

Chota Nagpur is a table-land, elevated two thousand feet above the sea. The people are active and intelligent—men of fine stamp, though looked down on in Calcutta. Their moral depravity is great; but the Coles, the name of the tribe inhabiting Chota Nagpur, now shew an eager willingness to receive the gospel. At first the missionaries had to contend with many difficulties. The climate soon affected their health, and six of them died in four years, though the place is not unhealthy, but they had exposed themselves very much, and lived very sparingly.

The variety of language was also perplexing—each village seemed to have one peculiar to itself. When that was beginning to yield, the hearts of the people seemed so hard, that for several years no fruit was visible; but these brethren looked up to Jesus, and laboured on, and as they were doing so, the Lord looked down on *them*, and, when they were least expecting it, caused the Coles to hear.

Then came some to inquire earnestly for salvation, who received the gospel and believed. On the 9th of June 1850, the first-fruits of the mission were gathered in. Persecution followed, wives refused to stay with their husbands, converts' houses were burned down, men were imprisoned and beaten. The missionaries and their converts had apostolic fare, yet apostolic success. Progress was only checked, not hindered—the fire was kindled, and could not be smothered, but burst forth with increasing force, and burns on to this day. Converts are now numbered by hundreds (one might say by thousands), and these newly-planted churches manifest every element of spiritual vitality;* but the mutiny has spread to these parts, and marred for a while these fair prospects.

The brethren had been prepared for the outbreak, had risen every morning for several weeks before expecting it, and had formed their plan of escape; so that, when it occurred, and took the other Europeans by surprise, they had only to follow out the arrangement they had made, and to move away.

They called a selected band of their converts together, repeated to them all the directions they had previously impressed upon their minds, committed the children of the boarding-schools—nearly a hundred in number—to their care, and then knelt down and prayed

* As soon as a village numbers a body of converts, one or two of the most suitable men are selected from among them, and set apart as "elders," by the laying on of the hands of the brethren. These "elders" are the spiritual instructors and overseers of the converts, and likewise go out among the heathen to proclaim the gospel to them.

with them all, commending them to Him who was able to keep them.

It was an affecting parting, for these mountaineers are a warm-hearted, attached race, and both the missionaries and themselves knew there was danger and trial before them; but the faith of the shepherd and the flock was alike strengthened, and they took leave of each other in hope—the former to make his way, with his nine associates, to Calcutta; the latter to the fastnesses and retired spots of their native jungles, where they and the mission-school children would, literally, "hide themselves until these calamities be overpast."

The missionaries travelled on foot, through incessant rains, their wives and children in *dhulis* or palkis, over a road that has been described on a previous page, for ten days and nights; yet not a hair of their heads was injured,* nor did they, totally unprotected as they were, meet the slightest obstruction, though they passed through districts where mutineers were rising. When they reached Calcutta, their clothes were so rotten that they literally dropped to pieces. They were soon cheered by letters from their converts, encouraging and comforting them—people who, before they knew

* The poor women and children suffered much. There were a large company of these, in addition to the ten brethren. One of the females, and an infant of a year old, have since died. These afflicted missionaries demand our warmest sympathies, for they have at present no Society to fall back upon; and the benevolent and generous English officers and civilians who were eye-witnesses to their work, and sustained them by liberal gifts, have suffered themselves, and will be for a time unable, probably, to do as much as before.

them, did not possess the knowledge of a written language.*

As soon as it was safe, two of the brethren returned to their principal station, from whence one writes:—

"We stand just as at the beginning, thirteen years ago! There is nothing left except the ruined houses. The Sepoys destroyed nothing: *they* sought only money. A native chief and his people have done the mischief, and left all a picture of desolation.

"But our sore-tried people have lost more than we have, and are without clothes and without provisions. Their hill-rice was ripening when we had to flee; it was cut and taken by the zemindars. The rice of the low fields could not be attended to, and perished; so there is no food for the coming year.

"At our service we saw their extreme misery. Few women could attend; they were ashamed to appear in their half-naked condition; but they are happy, and can rejoice in the Lord. We had cleaned out our church for the service, as the walls are still standing, though windows, organ, and the choir of lively singers have disappeared. In the midst of all the desolation we praised the Lord, and said, as we left the church, Now we begin to live anew.

"Some of our people did not escape. Such had been tortured, bound hands and feet, and had laid for

* They could understand Hindi colloquially, but could neither read nor write it. The missionaries found the difficulties connected with the various languages spoken among them so great, that they decided on adopting Hindi as the medium of communication, and instructing the Coles through its medium.

days in the rain on the wet ground. All their books were taken and torn. Taunting and scoffing, the wretches said to them, 'Where is your Father, now?' 'Where is Jesus?' 'Why does not He help you?' 'Where are the English?' 'All have fled, and you are in our hands.' Then, with feet, and fists, and iron-bound sticks they smote them, saying, 'Now, sing us one of your sweet hymns!' 'Read us a little out of your books, and we will hear!' None can tell what these poor sheep have suffered. What a mercy that they did not despair, and deny the Lord! They are rallying round us. Every one comes with a face full of joy, and the salutation, 'Jesus, our help and protection.' "

Here is another noble proof of the patient endurance of the true convert, let him be clothed in a dark or a white skin, let him be an acute and intellectual Hindu or a simple-hearted, affectionate mountaineer. These poor people have suffered in the seizure of their money as well as their estates. They were not a poor dependent people, but prosperous cultivators, with savings in cash, cattle, brazen vessels, and clothes, and living in comfort after their own style.

The annals of ancient martyrdom do not furnish a more touching or a more satisfactory story. These faithful and loyal subjects offered their services, freely and unreservedly, to the Government, through the missionaries, and were ready to raise a corps two thousand strong, brave soldiers, as they proved themselves in former days, when antagonistic to the British Govern-

ment. They knew well that the Hindu Sepoys would rise, and informed the missionaries that such would be the case, adding, "We will protect you if permitted." But the Sepoy was trusted, and their offer was not accepted, though we can hardly doubt the value of such true-hearted men will be perceived and estimated ere long.

"Much sympathy has for years been felt in India with the devoted men who have been honoured of God to do this great work among the Coles, and they have been supported by Christians of every Church, who concur in admiration of their patient zeal, their eminent self-denial, and their laborious diligence.

"May the blessing which has rested on their labours kindle anew the missionary spirit of Germany, that the old College of Halle, and other ancient seminaries of that country, may vie with Basle in sending forth a race of simple-minded, godly men to India, in this the hour of her great need. Much, very much, can Germany do beyond all that she has done, great as that has been, comparatively with the work of other countries. There is in her people such a capability of self-devotion; there is, at times, such a lofty and sustained enthusiasm, that the missionary spirit, probably, has no better soil than in that land."*

We must leave this inviting field, and return to Burdwan; but let us unite in earnest prayer, that the missionaries may soon see their blessed work prospering even more abundantly than before.

* Wylie's "Bengal as a Field of Missions," to which we are indebted for some other passages in this sketch of the Chota Nagpur mission.

Was not the blowing up of the gate of Delhi by our brave soldiers a beautiful illustration of the spirit of their missionary work? One and another fell, but the dying man handed his weapon to his comrade, who readily stepped forward to be "baptized for the dead;" and the victory gained has been proportionate to the zeal and perseverance displayed. This mission is, it is hoped, likely to be connected hereafter with the Church Missionary Society. The writer has lately seen the missionary who has led this band of brethren, and several of his faithful fellow-labourers, who told her they had left nine hundred baptized Coles, besides many who had departed to their better home, and some hundreds of inquirers. The congregations in the different stations amounted to upwards of three thousand; and every letter brings the joyful tidings of fresh accessions to the ranks of the converts. One hundred and forty additional individuals were reported as having decided on taking up their cross and following Jesus, since the mutiny; so that the brethren, now returned to them, are rejoicing with unspeakable joy. In many of its features, this mission seems to resemble that to the Karens in Burmah, and it bids fair to become an equally glorious manifestation of the power of Divine grace, and the effectual working of the mighty Spirit of the Lord.*

* According to a late letter from India, the Cole country has risen; and, as they hold the hills from Palamow to below Gangjam, in the Madras Presidency, this report bears a serious aspect, for they are a warlike people, and jungle warfare is always trying to regular troops. The officer who went out to arrest a troublesome chief among them was

Having returned to Burdwan, we must travel eastward on our way to the station of Krishnaghur, and arrive, after a night's trip in our palanquin, at Culna, a large mercantile town on the banks of the river, which we might have reached in our boat had we proceeded in a continuous course from Hughli, instead of landing there to visit Burdwan, Bancurah, and Chota Nagpur.

Culna numbers as many as sixty thousand inhabiants; yet it was at one time merely regarded as an outstation connected with the Burdwan mission. Corrie had long desired to see a missionary here, but this wish of his heart was never effected. In 1825, Deer established two schools, which soon contained two hundred boys, for it was not a first attempt. Missionaries of the London Society had already four schools on the spot, which they gladly made over to Mr Deer.

In another year, no less than a thousand boys were in attendance, besides a goodly proportion of girls. The Bible was freely introduced, and willingly read; and in 1827 a Brahman student, named Manik, was baptized.

Few particulars are preserved of this convert, but both himself and his wife lived most consistent and

led into an ambuscade, and found himself in the midst of four thousand Coles, protected by jungle. He had three officers and fifty Seikhs with him, but advance was impossible, and he retreated, fighting his way step by step, back to his camp. The enemy, armed only with bows, arrows, and hatchets, came on with the greatest courage, so that all the Europeans and half the Seikhs were wounded. The Coles are not to be despised, either as enemies or as friends.

exemplary lives as Christians, and were useful helpers in the mission at Culna and at Burdwan for five years, when both were suddenly called into eternity in one week. In the hour when heart and flesh were failing, the dying woman said to her husband, "Jesus calls, and I am going to Him;" and he departed a day or two after, edifying all around him, and evincing that he possessed a sure hope of glory through Christ. Their names are even now fragrant among all who remember them.

Many interesting circumstances occurred at Culna, and a native congregation was gathered, which at one time numbered above thirty members, including a high caste Brahman, and a wealthy Mussulman, who lost his property, and endured severe persecution. Weitbrecht visited the place at regular intervals, and had, on one occasion, the joy of baptizing the wife of one of the converts, who had withstood the truth for fourteen years, but was at last convinced by hearing her son read the Gospels to her.

A Brahman had, in early days, propagated a report somewhat similar to the one which has produced the late delusion and panic in the Bengal army. He caused it to be proclaimed, that when a Hindu had been persuaded to be baptized, the missionary first compelled him to eat a slice of beef and drink wine, which being effected, he threw water over him.

The baptismal service was caricatured by the natives publicly in one of their dramas. The chief actor was dressed as a European, had his face whitened with

chalk, and an old tattered hat on his head, a china basin, covered with a cloth, was placed on a table, to represent the baptismal font, and the pretended missionary, on being asked whence he came, said, "I lived in England, but not being able to gain my livelihood there, I come to this country to make you Christians."

He then produced some Christian teachers, who wrote down the names of the candidates, and how much each one was to get on his baptism. Some were to receive two hundred, others four hundred rupees. Some were to be rewarded by places, others by presents of wives. The simple and continued preaching of the gospel gradually dispelled all such nonsensical and wicked delusions.*

When, in 1839, the services of the European catechist at Culna, Mr Alexander, were called for at Krishnaghur, in consequence of the numerous baptisms there, most of the converts followed him, and the place has since been occupied and diligently cultivated by native missionaries connected with the Free Church of Scotland.

In the record of a visit to Culna by Weitbrecht, he describes the station as it now is:—"We met there six young converts of the Free Church, two of whom had been itinerating, and related to me several very encouraging circumstances of natives who had received them with marked kindness. How different to the days

* Thus would the fabrication of the greased cartridges have been dispelled, had the poor Sepoys been permitted to hear the preaching of truth.

when *we* first began work hereabouts, and were accused of cramming beef down the people's throats! *

"One told me he had found a man to whom I had given a New Testament last year, who had shewed promise of becoming a sincere believer; another, who is the ordained resident missionary, said, 'In my boyhood I heard you preach the glad tidings of salvation in my native village, Palasi, seven miles north-east of Burdwan. I then united with others in jeering and mocking at you, now we preach the same gospel!' It was very touching, and my heart was drawn out in Christian sympathy towards this beloved Hindu brother in Christ.

* A letter from India, of last year, relates the following anecdote, which we may introduce here, though it does not refer to this immediate vicinity:—"The Free Kirk now sends out natives to itinerate. One of these lately came to a Hindusthani village quite in the jungle, which no European missionary ever seems to have heard of before. Here he saw no idol temple, no mosque, no signs of any of the religion of the country. He asked the people what their religion was. They said, 'We believe in Jesus.' How had they heard of Him? They said, 'A man belonging to our village several years ago went to a fair, where some one gave him two books. He brought them here; we read them, and determined to embrace the religion there taught.' 'But where are these books?" 'Oh, they are so precious that we keep them locked up in a box, except when they are publicly read.' 'Where is the box?' 'It is in the headman's house.' Just then the head-man was out of the village, and had taken the key with him. He soon returned, and the tracts were produced. The remarkable thing is, that these tracts were in Hindi, while the language of the villagers was Hindusthani, so that only a very small portion of the books was intelligible to them. Yet this, and this alone, had been the means of causing them to renounce heathenism, and, at least outwardly, to 'believe in Jesus.' This is one of many circumstances which lead us to think that there are tens of millions, among the outcasts and lower castes, throughout India, who would be quite willing to renounce heathenism, and put themselves under Christian instruction, if we only had the agents to find them out, and to reside among them."

"We went together to the bazaar, and I preached on John iii. 16, 'For God so loved the world,' &c. He followed me, and was attentively listened to by the assembled multitude. He so affectionately wrote to me afterwards, 'Sir, I love every devoted missionary in my unhappy fatherland, but I look at you with feelings of peculiar esteem and gratitude, for you preach the gospel in the place of my nativity, the scene of my earliest recollections, and the home of all dear to me. The Lord crown your noble exertions with complete success.' Oh, what cheering words from a genuine Hindu! I thanked God, and took courage.

"This dear friend, Lal Behari Dey, has one co-labourer stationed with him, the other four were only sojourners for a time. Their English school is beautiful, and all the various branches of their mission seemed prosperous."

At Culna, the palanquin is put on board a ferry-boat, and we cross the river to Santipur, another town as large and populous as Culna, with a more aristocratic set of inhabitants, but here the work of missions has been much more recently attempted, and everything bears another aspect, though not one less encouraging. A fair proportion of the population are rich Hindu gentlemen, engaged in mercantile business in Calcutta, and keeping up large domestic establishments here, where they reside as much as the claims of business allow.

At Santipur, we find the missionary, Mr Bomwetch, who located himself there in February 1855. He re-

moved from one of the stations of the Krishnaghur district, where he was in charge of a most interesting school of Bengali boys, the sons of the converts in that district, as well as of a native congregation.

We will describe this school; the character of it has not changed, though its locality has. Bomwetch has transferred it from Solo, his former station, to his present one of Santipur:—

"Well-selected native Christians, both those who have already been acting as readers or teachers, and younger ones, who give promise of becoming useful in such capacities, are sent from the other mission stations, at the discretion of the missionary, to Mr Bomwetch's care, and there enter the classes in training, living, during the period of their stay, with the other elder pupils of the schools in the simplest native manner, attending the lessons of Mr Bomwetch; and, when deemed by him sufficiently qualified, giving lessons to the younger scholars under his eye, until they become well enough acquainted with the principles and modes of teaching adopted by him, to conduct a school, or assist in conducting one themselves.

"If we are accustomed to associate the idea of a normal school with a stately edifice, large establishment, fine lecture and class-rooms, well-paid professors, &c., we shall feel inclined, in coming into Mr Bomwetch's school, to ask, 'Where is it?' But let us stay there a few days, and see the teacher-pupils coming, at the regular hours, from their simple native dwellings to the missionary's lessons in the mission-house or the schools;

let us hear those lessons given, even though we may not understand the Bengali language; let us watch the intelligence that soon lights up the native countenance, and the prompt replies which start forth to the teacher's rapid questions, whether they be on the map, the globe, history, the grammar, the music-board, or the Bible itself; let us observe the hour of the lesson come to the end, and yet teacher and class alike unwilling to separate from an engagement so interesting to both; let us further listen to the ordinary lessons and singing in the schools, even in the infant-school, and sit down with the native flock on a mat on the floor of the odd-looking chapel, where they assemble for worship; and let us observe, yea *feel*, the spirit which breathes through the whole, and we shall ask no longer, 'Where is the training-school?' We shall know, we shall feel we are in the midst of it. We shall have learned that, without display or extravagance, without cloistered walls, surpliced students, or any dwarfish mimicry of English collegiate apparatus, which would be absurd if it were not so pernicious, because destructive of what we want to cherish—native simplicity in native churches—an effective and valuable school can be carried on for the training of teachers, both for the schools and the chapels, for the young and the old of the growing native congregation.

"But the whole of the training cannot be seen at the station. If we wish to witness a most important part of it, we must go out with the missionary and his selected band of helpers and learners, on his missionary

excursions into the scattered towns and villages of Bengal.

"We must stand with him under a tree, or in the open bazaar of the village, whilst he preaches to the people Jesus and His salvation, meets their objections, bears with their perversity and ignorance, endures their insolence, their reproaches, and their taunts, and pleads with them for their souls; whilst the learners stand by, and the more advanced of them take a share, when they can, in the animated discussions.

"We must accompany the party back after nightfall, weary but not disheartened, to the tent, and hear the conversation wherewith they—the missionary and his disciples—beguile the way across the plains. We must there share the missionary's simple evening meal, and be present when the neophytes gather again in the tent to read the Scriptures for their own soul's good, and hear the missionary's exposition and application of them to the circumstances of the hearers, and perhaps also to the events of the day, and when they kneel together to implore, with a fervency which in such circumstances only is easily experienced, grace for themselves, and mercy and salvation for India and a perishing world.

"In the morning we must unite once more with them as they seek to sanctify and strengthen their souls by the Word of God and prayer, in anticipation of the labours of the day.

"And, as we witness all this, let us remember that it is continued day after day, and month after month,

and we shall be able to form some better judgment of the character of the training influences which may be, and which in this instance are, brought to bear on the minds, character, and habits of those to whom we are to look for usefulness in the settling churches of Bengal. These are the influences in which we may feel most confidence, and without which all the scholar-craft in the world will leave missionary or pastoral labours for the native, or indeed for any flocks, no better than 'sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'"

Such is the recorded testimony of a friend of missions, who visited the training-school while it was carried on at Solo.

Since Mr Bomwetch has come to Santipur, he has opened his training institution on a new and more regular footing, and in June 1855, twenty-five select youths, sons of the converts of the various districts, were presented for admission, and upon a careful examination, were all received. Upon this large accession, Mr A. Stern, a younger missionary brother, who had himself been regularly trained in Germany, joined Mr Bomwetch.

"In the December following, six of the elder pupils, who had been now in training a sufficient time, were considered qualified to engage in a probationary course of school-teaching. Of this number, two or three remained at Santipur, as assistants in the work there; the others returned to the districts from which they had originally come, to labour in them.

"In July 1856 an examination was held in Bengali,

by some friends who attended for the purpose. It was highly satisfactory in theology, sacred and other history, geography, Sanscrit, arithmetic, art of teaching, singing, &c. There were then, out of thirty youths who were present, six more nearly ready to be sent out as teachers, and about twelve fine and promising new lads, who were considered fit for admission, while some of the boys who have gone out really shew that there is a germ of new life in them, and prove it by faithful service.

"Some of the letters they write to their instructors shew how far they are raised, in intellect and spiritual life, above the level of their parents and poor fellow-Christians in the district.

"Thus these young men, instructed almost without text-books, and without one word of English, have acquired not only a thorough knowledge of the art of teaching, but a thorough grounding in mathematics, history, geography, astronomy, Sanscrit, and theology. I never examined a class of Bengalis with more satisfactory result, while the intelligence and acuteness of those lads, the sons of *low caste* native Christian villagers, were most remarkable.

"The Government and the public owe much gratitude to those who have made this most important experiment; for now there can be no doubt that it is possible to give the requisite kind and degree of training in the course of two or three years, without an English education, which would occupy twice as much time, and be more than twice as costly."

The above is the satisfactory testimony of the Govern-

ment Inspector of Schools, in his Quarterly Report to the Council of Education.

Connected with the training institution, a vernacular school has been formed on the same premises, with a view to exercise the future teachers in the practice of teaching, under Mr Bomwetch's own eye. This practising-school numbers some hundred and twenty heathen boys, most of them sons of Brahmans, and other respectable native gentlemen at Santipur.

The missionaries are encouraged in their work. Mr Stern speaks of "one of the trained pupils, who is now his assistant, as giving the best hope of becoming a most useful labourer, both for teaching and preaching. Notwithstanding his youth, he commands the respect of his pupils, and exerts a very beneficial influence over them. He is not only a diligent and gifted young man, but a humble-minded and pious Christian."

Mr Stern adds, "During the last two years, two new classes have been admitted, but as the course lasts five years, we cannot hope to send out any of our new scholars as preachers till three years hence. If we are spared, we may hope to furnish ten young men every year, who will have had every advantage human instruction can impart; but what we desire is, their true conversion. Should the young men who leave, prove, after a few years' trial, truly converted men, they will be brought back into the college for a special theological training, with a view to their being ordained as native ministers."

Two great difficulties stand in the way of the pro-

gress of this institution—the want of vernacular educational books, which throws so much on the genius of the teacher, and the want of sufficient previous training in the youths sent to Santipur. Both these difficulties will be gradually remedied, as Bengali school literature increases, and preparatory training institutions are formed by the missionaries in the different stations. Meantime, we may rejoice at the very signal blessing which has rested on the efforts made.

In 1853, the missionary, Mr Hasell, attempted successfully an English school at Santipur, but it was after some time necessarily relinquished. It was a most interesting school, containing about four hundred fine intelligent native youths, the vast majority of them being Brahmans, and a good many Gossains, or what used to be called Gentu Bishops, who were scarcely ever known to attend a Christian school before in these parts. This was two years before Mr Bomwetch came; and it is pleasant to hear Mr Hasell's ingenuous, valuable, and brotherly testimony to the superiority and success of the latter plan above his own.

He writes, "The work at Santipur is really progressing there, where for ages Satan has reigned. Two missionaries are labouring, and there is the influence of the training-school, too, bearing indirectly upon the place. The gospel is being preached daily in the bazaars and other thoroughfares. The *cautious plan* I had conceived of gradually undermining old prejudices, and so working by degrees upon the minds of the people by an English school, has been abandoned,

and an open attack made—results which I never even ventured to contemplate, when three years ago I first visited the town."

The two missionaries preach diligently, and exercise the pupils in the same work; for "*Preach I must,*" says Bomwetch, "even though there were ten schools on my shoulders."

It is worthy of remark, as illustrating a principle found correct by all who have had the courage to try it, that when, in consequence of Mr Hasell's cautious policy, Mr Bomwetch first stood up to preach in Santipur, some native gentlemen of high standing opposed him, and tried to frighten him and put him down. He, however, manfully and courageously assured them that he cared for their souls, and must preach. "I have," said he, "a message from the God of heaven, concerning a Saviour whom you need, and must proclaim it." Seeing his undaunted firmness, they soon yielded, as Bengalis always will to honest consistency, and the very men who were at first most bitter have become some of his warmest friends.

We are tempted, before we bid this interesting station—so different to any we have yet seen—farewell, to take an evening walk through its populous thoroughfares with our missionary friends, and mark the cordial greetings and pleasant salutations they receive on all sides.

We sit down with them on a cherbutu (terrace), where a native gentleman is smoking his hukah in the

cool of the evening, and invites us to converse with him.

He is a Brahman, but finding trade more profitable than priestcraft, is engaged in a mercantile house in Calcutta; but as his visitors are Padri Sahibs (missionaries), he at once takes up the subject of religion, and enters on an argument, which he seems thoroughly to enjoy. The Hindus delight in discussion, and have no objection to speak of Christianity, or any other religious faith, in an open, friendly way. They rather seek it, and delight in it, if you may judge by the zest they manifest. Their keen and acute reasoning struck us much, and the calm, patient, affectionate manner in which our friends met it was admirable. We were beguiled on in our absorbing talk till the evening had completely closed, and the bright beams of the moon reminded us we must make our salaams and depart.

Surely, was the involuntary feeling of our minds—surely it is men like these, honest, loving, faithful, who have the confidence of the natives, and if there be any European they will love and trust, it must be the missionaries.

There are a few particularly interesting facts connected with female education at this station, which we must reserve, merely remarking here, that the same singular encouragement has been afforded in this branch of work as in others, and that Mr Bomwetch has actually been admitted to visit Hindu ladies when sick, at the

request of their own husbands, and has had an opportunity, never perhaps afforded to a missionary in Bengal before, of ministering to the bodily ailment and the soul's need of the secluded Hindu female of rank at the same time.

We have not heard that any interruption has arisen to the work at Santipur, in consequence of the present Indian disturbances.

CHAPTER X.

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not."—ISAIAH xxxv. 4.

ON leaving this station we make our way fifteen miles by boat towards Nudya, the celebrated and sacred place of Brahmanical learning, which lies just at that point of the river where the Bhaguretti and Jellinghi unite their waters and form the Hughli; that being, in the estimation of the Hindus, a peculiarly sacred spot, as in the junction of the Ganges and Jumna at Allahabad.

Fallen as Nudya is from its high position of former days, it is still the place whither numbers of Brahman youths resort for education as pundits, spending, or rather wasting, many precious years in poring over their abstruse Sanscrit, and learning the mysteries of the Hindu philosophy and logic for after practice. As we pass their *toles* or colleges, we see the students occupying lines of simple mud dwellings, and the lecture-halls of the sages are mere bambu sheds, in which the learned professors sit on mats, surrounded by their disciples.

Into one of these Mr Hasell was one day invited in passing. After some conversation, one of the pundits, the most distinguished professor of Hindu law in the place, entered into a discussion with the missionary and his catechist, and displayed very great skill and acuteness in argument, whilst a hundred Brahmans gathered round to listen.

They were, on the whole, polite and respectful, though evincing no small contempt at the foolishness of the gospel (1 Cor. i. 23). The discussion was terminated, on the side of the missionary, by his solemnly repeating, "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me," thus casting a seed of truth into the active intelligent minds of the pundit students, one which, if brought home to the heart by the Spirit of God, contains enough to enlighten the understanding of a dozen future guides of the people of Bengal, and effectually shake their confidence in their superstitions.

At Nudya, a short time ago, there did not appear a spark of desire for European knowledge—the very look of the place seemed so thoroughly Hindu, so significant of the stagnancy of Brahmanism, so wrapt up in indifference. But a change has come over the spirit of the place now; for as we approach it, and set our foot on the shore, the attention is at once arrested by the appearance of above two hundred of the finest Hindu youths that can be seen, congregated in an English school established some years since, but greatly extended of late by the zealous labours of Mr Hasell, who

removed from Krishnaghur to this place, where he inhabited for a time a small native house, as Mr Bomwetch does at Santipur.

Many of these youths are sons of the great pundits of that "Oxford of Bengal," men whose fathers would have scoffed, in the loftiest scorn, at the bare idea of their descendants seeking instruction in a Christian school, or so much as sitting down within its walls, or touching its teachers and its books. Now they sit—even the very highest pundits in the place—on the same benches with Christian and other boys, and read the Bible and other Christian books without objection. These boys have a look and a bearing indicative of their high birth and pretensions; in fact, quite *gentlemanlike;* spirited, yet quiet; respectful, but highly intelligent.

As we gaze on these interesting youths, and recall the days when missionaries, chosen from among such, were sent from Nudya to propagate their faith among the hill tribes of Assam, our hearts ascend in earnest petition to God, that He may so bless the Christian instruction they are now receiving as to lead to their conversion to a purer faith, and to their becoming ambassadors for Christ to some among the numerous tribes of their vast native land who need evangelisation.

We are encouraged to look for this, by hearing how greatly Mr Hasell has been favoured in his native catechist, Koylas Chunder Mukerjea, who, like these youths, was the son of a Kulin Brahman, and like

them, educated in a missionary school. He became a Christian at the age of twenty, notwithstanding the violent opposition of his father and the rest of his family, and was eminently furnished with the gifts and graces of an evangelist.

Nudya requires a man of peculiar gifts, and Koylas was possessed of such, being kind and gentle, yet bold in declaring the truth.

He entered on his work heartily, but humbly. Nudya afforded him ample scope. He taught Scripture and history for two or three hours in the schools, and all the rest of his time he devoted to conference with adults, or preaching to mixed crowds, and was invariably acceptable.

He had a fair knowledge of Sanscrit, and a considerable acquaintance with the systems and modes of thought of those about him. Hence he was always at his ease; and in preaching never wasted words, but was plain, personal, and practical, adapting his remarks with singular felicity to the mixed nature of the crowd. For the sake of his family, he would have been glad to be in another place, but he "wished to be settled where he might be able to accomplish the greatest good to men, and for that, to sacrifice family comforts, and to do the Lord's work with contentment and hope, till He vouchsafed success in converting souls." He considered "the schools very hopeful, and taught them the word of God in faith, hoping to gather fruit in time."

Koylas' words testify that, for the simple love of souls, Hindu converts can endure self-denial. *He* en-

dured much, but his bright course was soon closed, and in the midst of his usefulness he was rapidly carried off by fever, in a season of unusual sickness.

In 1854 Mr Hasell was enabled to report "that the number in the English and vernacular schools in Krishnaghur, Nudya, and Santipur, consisted of more than a thousand youths, none of whom exhibited any unwillingness either to read the Bible at school or study it at home; that all the pupils make monthly payments; that there are no scholarships, or any advantages held out to the pupils, beyond a better education than they can obtain elsewhere."

But Mr Hasell does not confine his efforts to these schools. His earnest desires for the salvation of the poor Hindus lead him to spend the whole of the cold season in a tent, travelling about from village to village; and, during the heat and rains, he goes out daily into the town of Nudya, and the villages round, to preach the gospel.

Humanly speaking, it is not a hopeful place in itself, for it is one of the very darkest spots in heathendom, and one of whose inhabitants it may be said, that "God has given them up to their hearts' lusts:" they will never believe! But as this discouraging conviction enters his mind, he pauses, and says, "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" He feels comforted in the thought that he has the prayers of many earnest friends, and can trust the result to the Hearer of prayer, and labour on in faith.

When Yates, the Baptist missionary, visited this

place in 1821, the pundits would not receive even Sanscrit tracts from him near the river, but sent a person to procure them at a proscribed distance from its banks; and, when an English school was first established there, about 1834, it was difficult to get any decent attendance, so that the missionary, Mr Kruckeberg, sometimes felt inclined to give it up. Remembering these things, we take courage, and bid Mr Hasell God-speed, as we again enter our boat, and proceed onward to Krishnaghur.

Leaving the muddy Bhaguretti, in which the Hindus consider all the holy virtue of the Ganges concentrates, we turn up the quiet Jellinghi, and admire its clear and pellucid stream, enabling us to watch the fish, as they glide about beneath its surface.

We soon reach the station, which, though it is the capital of the district of Nudya, and about the centre of the Zillah, is not nearly so populous as Santipur, numbering about forty instead of sixty thousand inhabitants. The district contains about a million, and thousands of villages.

To those who have never traversed a thickly-populated country like Bengal, it is impossible to convey an idea of the way in which human beings are seen springing up on all sides, almost like the grass beneath the feet. Every missionary is more or less conscious of an overwhelming sense of responsibility, especially when he *first* sees the masses by whom he is surrounded, and feels that to him alone they have to look for the communication of light and truth.

The deep sense of this is so depressing, that he dare not allow himself to contemplate it too vividly, or he would be inclined to sit down in despair. The holy Martyn and others have most affectingly alluded to this point, and we could fully enter into it, from the experience of our own minds, as we journeyed on in dark heathen India, from day to day.

There is much going forward in the district of Krishnaghur, with its nine missionary stations, to cheer the mind and animate the heart of a visitor who passes from station to station, and takes a glance at what is going on in each. Such visits have often been paid by Christian friends who are interested, and have been encouraging to the missionaries, whose spirits are sometimes depressed by the disappointment of hopes and cherished anticipations.

Those who live continually among a people who have been converted from such a degrading idolatry as Hinduism, find that the work of sanctification goes on very gradually, and it does not do to compare such converts to European Christians, who have by birth and education, long been habituated to walk according to the precepts of the gospel. Those who know their own hearts best, are best able to perceive the reality of a work of grace in such poor weak people as Bengalis; and the older missionaries, who know many of their customs and modes of thought, are less often found discouraged than their younger brethren, who have to be initiated in them, after getting fully acquainted with the language.

We had to bear all this in mind as we traversed this district, for the trials of the brethren here have been very great, in consequence of the peculiar circumstances under which the greater number of converts were originally baptized.

We must now go back for a few moments to the commencement of the Krishnaghur mission many years ago.

As early as 1804, one of the Baptist missionaries, Chamberlain, who is called "the prince of preaching missionaries in Bengal," because he itinerated so very widely and preached so continually, came to Krishnaghur, and records in his journal, that he "addressed an attentive congregation there, but he was grieved to hear a Bengali utter a dreadful oath, which he had learned from his Christian master."

Krishnaghur was then a much less important place than it afterwards became, for it was jungle a century ago. A great rajah—Rajendra Krishna—cleared the site, and built a handsome palace in the town, but his descendants, who still live there, retain little but "the pride of former days."

Rajendra Krishna had contributed very much, by his influence, to the ascendancy of the English power, at the period of the battle of Plassey, and was honoured with some high-sounding titles as a reward, but he was a dreadful idolater, and spent on one sacrifice alone more than £10,000. He gave his name to this town, having received it himself in honour of one of the favourite Hindu gods—Krishna. The latter syllable, *ghur*, means

dwelling; so we may translate Krishnaghur as the "Dwelling of Krishna."

It was also the dwelling of a much more interesting individual, Sir William Jones, who had a "charming retreat" there, whence he often went to visit the learned pundits at Nudya, and conversed with them in Sanscrit, "the language of the gods."

Krishnaghur is a really pretty Indian station, with a park-like aspect; and the soft flowing river on whose borders it stands, adds much to the effect of the houses, situated among trees, with verandahs in front, sustained by rows of pillars, with green-painted Venetian shades fixed between them, giving them quite an imposing appearance. The climate, too, is not quite so sultry and trying as some parts of Bengal, and it is regarded as a healthful locality.

It was not visited by Church missionaries till 1829, when Mr Deer, of Burdwan, was attracted there, and in 1831, Weitbrecht went, and established a school, which soon contained a hundred pupils. The English residents at the place encouraged Weitbrecht much, by the kind interest they manifested, and a year later, Mr Deer determined to leave him alone at Burdwan, and locate himself at Krishnaghur.

A few months after, Mr Deer writes, "We have had the joy of laying the foundation-stone of a congregation in Krishnaghur, the first-fruits of this place. Five adults were baptized, who stand connected with three large heathen families. The publicity of the act caused it to spread immediately over the town, and the rage

is great. On the very next day, the principal men decided that if the parents or relations of the converts allow them to come into their houses, they will be denied the use of the barber, the washerman, and the hukah. In short, their caste will be forfeited; so the poor converts are at once cut off from their own people, but they confess Christ, and willingly bear His reproach.

"They were assailed in the bazaar by a crowd, who asked them what induced them to embrace Christianity, and they attempted to explain, but the mob soon got excited, and began to ridicule them by taking up their words, 'Repent, brethren, repent! the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' I find repentance, faith, and the cross our most effective themes. No argument comes home so well as the simple statement of these truths, though we must argue sometimes.

"Two of the converts were enticed away for a short time, and were maltreated, but managed to return, and are all safe with me. Before this event occurred, I was visited from morning till evening, and every one courted my friendship; now, I am forsaken, but not discouraged. Rather do I rejoice, for a spirit of inquiry is stirred up, and I see reason only to praise the Lord."

The same year seven other families were baptized by Mr Kruckeberg, who had joined Mr Deer; and when the latter left for Europe, Mr Häberlin took his place, and set to work, with fresh European energy, as a zealous young missionary.

He visited various places along the banks of the rivers, with which the district is intersected; preached much in the numerous villages, founded schools in them, and carried on spirited discussions with the pundits. He also succeeded in inducing several indigo-planters to establish schools near their factories, and tried to shew them how *they* might, under God, be a great blessing to the country.

Häberlin gained considerable influence by his wise and conciliatory course; but, in the midst of all these successful preparatory labours, he was called to Calcutta, and left Mr Kruckeberg in charge of several schools, here and at Nudya, containing five hundred boys, and a Christian congregation of fifteen persons.

One of these had been educated in the schools, and had early received impressions which had touched his heart, but, under his mother's influence, he had resisted his convictions for seven years, when God graciously visited him afresh, and affected him more powerfully, so that he decided on giving himself to Christ.

Mr Deer returned in 1835, and found several individuals of a particular sect, called Karta Bhojas, or worshippers of the Creator, inclined to accept Christianity. One of these being suspected, had poison introduced into his food by his relatives, which prevented him from moving his tongue for four days. The Hindus can calculate to a nicety the particular effect a certain kind of poison will produce. In this case they wished to stop the *tongue* of the poor inquirer for a time only, alarm him, and induce him to

draw back. They also deprived him of his wife, and as he had no legal redress, he could do nothing but quietly submit; and his persecutors, delighted with their success, offered a sacrifice of thanksgiving to the sanguinary goddess Kali, who delights in such deeds.

The young wife of another inquirer, a girl of eleven years old, was taken from her husband and consigned to a life of infamy.

Still inquiry went on, and one striking instance of rage and fear combined must be mentioned. The enemy set up a heathen school in opposition to that of the missionary; and, *to induce attendance*, introduced the Christian Scriptures as a text-book, thus shewing themselves superior in discernment to their rulers, who take the contrary course to effect a similar end.

In the following year thirty were baptized, and though they were deprived of wives and children, and all that they had, Christianity prospered.

In 1838, the head-men of ten villages were received, and established public worship in their villages, and there was a great deal of natural excitement among the people of other places, lest "those who had turned the world upside down should come hither also." Two brothers ran away from their home lest they should be infected, chapels were burnt down, and other violence offered; but the work was, as far as could be perceived, quite healthy in its character, and very hopeful, fulfilling the bright anticipations which Häberlin and others had formed respecting the promising character of the district.

But in this year began a new era in the mission. The river Jellinghi overflowed its banks, laid waste the country, and destroyed the crops. The poor people who had embraced Christianity were among the sufferers, and were aided in their distress by the benevolence of Christian friends. The boats went over the fields from village to village, for all was as one wide sea, distributing rice and other necessaries; for many had been without food for several days. Heathen were also relieved; and, in keeping with the abject and deceitful spirit so attaching to the Bengali character, many of these heathen, and of the poor Mussulmans, professed to inquire after Christianity from interested motives, that they might obtain temporal aid, which, under such circumstances, could hardly be withheld.

Some measure of gratitude may have been mixed up in the minds of a small proportion of the people, and a *very few* were, no doubt, sincere characters, but the majority were not so, and were also extremely ignorant. The missionary, whose naturally sanguine temper inclined him to be too trustful, accepted all who offered as catechumens; and, after a short probationary course of instruction, he admitted many hundreds into the Church by baptism, conceiving he would thus have the opportunity placed in his power of instructing them more fully.

This course was not regarded as a prudent one by most of his brethren, though all tried to hope good might spring out of it; but, among a people like the Bengalis, a sandy foundation will not bear a super-

structure; and this has since been painfully proved in Krishnaghur.

The catechists employed were clever but insincere men, and this added greater difficulty to the affair. There were no faithful or good teachers to be had, except a few who could ill be spared by other missionaries. The baptized were scattered over a large extent of country; and were not only ignorant and deceitful themselves, but had been deceived by the untruthful catechists, who had imitated Romish priests, and promised them all kinds of temporal advantages if they would only submit to being baptized. They had, too, by this act lost caste, and were doubly helpless, persecuted by the zemindars and forsaken by their heathen friends.

Under these circumstances, none can wonder at the result. Rather may we be thankful to find that there was a little wheat among much chaff, and that the labour and care which has since been expended on these people, by the brethren who have been located amongst them, have been so blessed as to produce a certain degree of hopeful result.

The Church has year by year been weeded, either by death or removal, of many of these unfruitful members, and this painful process is still going on. Yet among those who remain are found a proportion of such as bid fair to become the missionary's crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

As soon as it was possible to obtain additional missionaries, the district was divided into stations; and

churches, school-houses, and missionary dwellings were raised at several different places, which imparted quite a new appearance to the landscape; so that when a missionary from a distant part came here, and made a circuit of the stations, his lively emotions of joy in beholding these church spires for the first time, can hardly be conceived by those who have not dwelt for years together in a desolate heathen wilderness.

It is the usual plan to proceed at once into the district, merely stopping a few hours with Mr Blumhardt, at the mission-house of the Sudder station, where the schools and native congregation are soon visited, as they are situated near.

The English school has had some excellent superintendents, and has often been in a very encouraging state of efficiency. Mr Reynolds, who was there in 1846, was much beloved, and when compelled to leave India on account of his health, his resolution was nearly overcome by the earnest pleadings of some of his attached scholars, who besought him, if he cared for their souls, not to forsake them, and nothing but stern necessity drove him away. Mr Hasell has since been equally successful, and much longer resident in this sphere.

A government college, which was commenced about this time, would, it was feared, injure the missionary school, but it had the contrary effect, and nearly doubled the numbers of its attendants. That college is, alas! rearing up its crop of unbelieving sceptics, to help to mar the efforts of believing men.

The Roman Catholics made an incursion in the same year, and succeeded, for a time, in drawing away one hundred and forty native Christians; but the good among them soon found they had been deceived, and returned to their own Church. The priest eventually became discouraged, and left the place.

The Bishop of Madras confirmed fifty adult converts during this year.

It adds interest to this locality that the church and mission buildings are within a hundred yards of the ruins of the house where Sir William Jones dwelt, who looked on "the conversion of the Hindus as an impossibility." Nor need we wonder at this when we hear Henry Martyn exclaim, that "the conversion of a Brahman would be the nearest approach to a miracle of any event he could hear of." Martyn seems not to have heard that Kiernander had more than one sincere Brahman convert.

CHAPTER XI.

TREES YIELDING FRUIT.

"Shall take root downward, and bear fruit upward."—2 Kings xix. 30.

The palanquin is now again in request, and when we are ready to leave it, stands before the mission-house, and we step in, and proceed first to Chapra, six miles distance, where we are welcomed by the missionary, Mr Kruckeberg, who is quite a veteran, and the spiritual father of some of the first and best converts.

In connexion with Chapra is Dwipehunderpur, where Kruckeberg has sometimes resided in the native chapel for weeks at a time, and which answered for a school-house too. At both places the schools are good, and every outward manifestation is pleasing. Rich spiritual fruit has also been gathered in: we will subjoin one instance in the missionary's own words:—

"Chandi had been a Vaishna, and according to the principles of that sect, expected a deliverer. When he visited Mr Kruckeberg first, he was anxious to be shewn God. According to the notions of his sect, an inward eye was necessary for seeing God. Jesus graciously manifested Himself to him, and enlightened his dark mind. He was sitting in a verandah with two

others of his acquaintance, when two native preachers from Burdwan passed by. 'Why have you come here?' said Chandi. 'We bring you *good news*,' was their reply. These two words sunk into his heart. He searched the Scriptures, as they advised, and there found that the gospel was indeed the *good news* his soul needed.

"After his conversion he was remarkable for his affection to all who love the Lord Jesus, and proved it by his disinterestedness and kindness to his brethren, who were always welcome at his house. The first attention paid to them was the washing of their feet, for he never forgot this true sign of Eastern hospitality, of the omission of which our Lord reminded Simon.

"A meal was then prepared, and though it was not 'the fatted calf,' but a simple dish of rice and curry, it was given with love, and enjoyed with comfort. The hukah was then placed in readiness, as the Hindus esteem it the greatest token of regard to smoke together from the same pipe.

"Chandi also shewed his Christian character by his forbearance which, in numerous instances, shone out brightly. He was remarkable for his wisdom, and the first pundits would yield to his reasoning; for though by birth a blacksmith, he was a man of intellect, and commanded respect, as he knew the Shasters well.

"But the application of his wisdom was shewn most beautifully, in his invariably finding in the gospel information and advice under every case of trial and difficulty. He had much contrivance, and much fore-

sight, which natives rarely possess. His faith was strong, and manifested itself with increasing evidence shortly before his departure. In any danger or difficulty, he would say, '*The Lord is at hand.*' Often would he comfort those who were in trouble with these words.

"He had a firm hold of the vital truths of Christianity. He was simple in his manners, and would not adopt any new European habit, if not prompted by a sense of duty. He preferred the habits of his country, in as far as they were not connected with error.

"As to eating and drinking, he had overcome every scruple, but would, for conscience' sake, carefully abstain from such things as would make his religion hateful in the eyes of those without, and make their conversion, humanly speaking, more difficult. He used to observe to those who laid much stress on the exterior, 'It is the heart, my friends, not the dress, that is to be changed.' The New Testament was his constant companion.

"Chandi had been ailing nearly a year before his death, and when the time of his departure drew nigh, he was so fully aware of his state that he ordered his coffin to be prepared, and selected the place of his burial; for what had he to fear? Was not the righteousness of Jesus his own? He drew that robe closely round him, and laid him down to die. In the presence of many fellow-converts, he called upon his Lord to take him home, encouraged the fainting, reproved the weeping, and closed his eyes full of joyful hope of eternal life through his blessed Saviour."

With our Mukerjeas and our Chandis among our native Christian converts, we may not doubt that the haughty Bengali Kulin Brahman, and the degraded Bengali Sudra are capable of being transformed, by the grace of God, into humble-minded, devoted, gifted evangelists, and well adapted to the wants and woes of their people.

We attended service at Chapra, and one man, with handsome features and a long black beard, attracted our particular attention by his pleasing, affectionate manner, and the smile that played on his interesting countenance. One might have fancied him an Abraham. The whole number of Christians connected with Chapra is five hundred or more; but only three hundred reside close to the station, and these are all visited by native assistants, and well instructed daily.

Kapasdanga is the next station we visit on leaving Chapra; and, as we journey in our palanquin from the one to the other, we may be cheered, as the missionary Weitbrecht was on this trip, in being addressed by a poor man, labouring in his field, with the words, "Sir, I am a brother."

The outward appearance of the mission, as you approach it, is most inviting. It was here the devoted missionary Krauss laboured most assiduously and faithfully for ten years, and left the place only to die, as he was travelling towards Calcutta; and it is here that his equally faithful successor, Mr Schurr, carries on the work in the same spirit.

There are about nine hundred nominal Christians

attached to Kapasdanga, scattered in numerous villages, most of which can be pointed out from the mission-compound. The house stands on the shores of a beautiful river, whose banks are richly ornamented with fine trees, and, so few of them are of the kind peculiar to an Indian landscape, that, were it not for the bright sky above, and the gorgeous tints of the clouds as the sun descends to the west, we might well imagine ourselves by the side of a stream in our native land. The church in the background confirms the illusion; but very soon the eye catches a splendid banian in the centre of the compound; and this, with the little Hindu children who congregate around us, remind us where we are.

At Kapasdanga we have a fair opportunity of seeing the plans usually adopted by a missionary in the training of a newly-formed Christian flock. He meets them every evening in the church, reads and sings with them, then catechises and explains the portion read, and concludes with prayer. If he be absent, a catechist takes the duty.

To a visitor, this looks fair and hopeful; but he does not know the sorrow that often well-nigh overwhelms the heart of this missionary pastor, who feels that he occupies a trying post in the Lord's vineyard; for he no sooner begins to rejoice over some whom he has reason to believe are fairly in the way of salvation, than his fairest hopes are crushed again, and he has anew to labour, pray, and instruct. It is only through the sustaining power of Almighty grace that he has still courage to press forward in this work of faith.

This Mr Krauss often had to experience, though Anundabas, "The Village of Joy," was among his villages, and, singularly enough, contained at first some of the most promising converts; and many interesting traits of character were sometimes exhibited by one and another among them. An aged man might be observed in tears during service; and another, who brought water for the household, would not consent to be paid, saying he had all his wants supplied—a wonderful triumph of Christian principle in a covetous, money-loving Bengali. Another old man begged for time to attend service on week-days, "for," said he, "I have but a short time to live, and prepare for eternity."

The boys and girls in the schools, too, are very encouraging; and no sight can be prettier than that of these children, when they stand in rows to receive a visitor, so clean, so neat, so orderly, and then walk two and two towards the house, and sing, as they walk, a beautiful Bengali hymn to some well-known English or German tune. It is, indeed, a refreshing and inspiring spectacle; and the missionary tells us how gratifying and encouraging it is to him to observe "the great intellectual superiority of such children over their untutored parents and heathen neighbours, which may still be perceived even after they have been living years among them;" and then, after mourning "the lack of more decidedly spiritual work in the heart of his flock, though ignorance and superstition are greatly overcome," he tells us that one little circumstance has lately given him some hope:—"One night he had about

twelve Christian ploughboys for instruction, and he asked them whether they were in the habit of praying? Some replied in the affirmative. He then inquired whether any number of their families prayed? Almost all of them said, Yes. On inquiring for the names, he found that, with one exception, all these families had been formed by girls who had married from the school."

This he felt encouraging; for when people pray, it evinces a sense of spiritual need, that God alone can supply; and he trusts they will become His true children. "Our schools," said he, "are the groundwork of our hopes; they are bearing precious fruit. May we be allowed to reap it more fully!"

We must, in connexion with Kapasdanga, and its hopeful flock, of upwards of five hundred Christians, immediately around the mission-compound, notice the death of a catechist and his wife, who were sent from Burdwan eighteen years ago, to assist Mr Krauss.

The woman was particularly pleasing and affectionate, a good and active mother to her large family, and a real help-meet to her husband, who was not so strong-minded as herself, though both gave evidence that "the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts."

One Sunday afternoon this woman was seen sitting at church with her eyes fixed on the missionary, while he discoursed on the joys and happiness of heaven. He could not but notice her remarkable attention, and was struck by it. In the evening he was called to see her dying of cholera. His utmost skill availed nothing. In the morning she was gone, leaving on his mind the

sweetest assurance of her happy state of preparation for that home of bliss, in hearing about which she had seemed so ravished. Her husband was heart-broken, and soon followed her, with two of their children, leaving their pastor a deep mourner over this sad bereavement; but such are not unseldom the peculiar trials of the Indian missionary; and at last, single-handed and alone, he, but for God's sustaining power, would sink and die too.

In the more distant villages, where converts reside, there is not much to encourage. Out of the large number who live around the mission premises, in houses which they have built themselves, Mr Schurr says, "They attend church regularly, and at the daily evening services for instruction as many as forty are often present." They "also send their children willingly to school, and when he compares them with the people of other places, he sees a striking and pleasing difference."

Their houses are kept in nice order, and when visitors come they appear before them with happy faces. About twenty women collect for reading the Scriptures with Mr Schurr, and their looks are bright and hearts cheerful; "it is not without reason and evidence that he believes this reading to have proved a blessing." The people live, too, more peaceably together than formerly, and assist each other in brotherly love, though not to the extent he would fain have it. He remembers the wickedness and darkness from which they have emerged, and thanks God for the good that exists. At the monthly missionary prayer-meetings, these poor

people contribute fairly, according to their ability, for all are really poor, though, through their industry, they are gradually rising in prosperity, and many are obtaining a few acres of ground of their own, which will make them independent of the mission, and able to aid somewhat towards its support.

Their contributions already meet the extra travelling expenses of their own missionary brethren, *i.e.* readers; and many who formerly placed their children as boarders in the school, now support them at home, and merely send them for instruction. When Mr Schurr's seraphine was destroyed by falling into a river, as he was crossing it, they at once subscribed to the extent of their means, and collected the rest from friends, to purchase a new instrument for the church.

The moral tone of the whole community rises. Seventy-four have been regular communicants, and during the celebration of the Lord's Supper, a holy solemnity pervades the assembly, not a whit inferior to any in Europe; while several really demonstrate their faith and love to a crucified Saviour by a consistent life. There are really devout people among them, and one couple came on Christmas-day a distance of thirty miles, to enjoy the privilege of partaking of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper with their fellow-believers, the only instance known to the missionary of a hungering after righteousness of this intensity. They have volunteered to defray the chapel expenses, and paid a year in advance.

It is not always that this candid and truthful mis-

sionary ventures to speak thus encouragingly. His pictures have their light and shade, but so it is with the minister in a professedly Christian land, and so it must ever be, while the war between light and darkness, truth and error, continues to wage.

It is pleasant to hear from an indigo-planter, who lives quite near the Kapasdanga mission station, and whose mind was once full of prejudices against Christian converts, that "when by personal observation, and his acquaintance with their language, he really enjoyed the opportunity of beholding the actual fruit of the mission, as seen in the schools, the Christian services, and the general improvement of the native population about the missionary station, he had become conscious of the false estimate too generally entertained of the mission," and he expressed his belief that "the results which he himself had seen, were sufficient to repay all the labour and expense ever incurred in the whole of Bengal."

We must leave Kapasdanga, and we do it with the conviction that a work is going on here over which angels rejoice. We cannot believe otherwise. The Spirit of the Lord is beginning to move on the face of the deep, a few souls are enlightened, and who knows what blessings are in store for many others?

We can heartily unite with the Bishop of Victoria, who writes, "It was a delightful time which I spent with the devoted Mr and Mrs Schurr; it afforded a really refreshing sight to behold their admirable combination of energy, cheerfulness, and hopefulness, with

a modest self-diffidence, and disposition to underrate the value of the missionary results which they and their predecessors, Mr Krauss and others, have contributed to effect."

Rattenpur is another of the stations, where the missionary, Mr Lipp, baptized during his fourteen years' residence above eight hundred persons, one half of whom were adults. Many of these have removed to other stations, and the present congregation numbers nine hundred, under the supervision of nine readers, who see to the religious instruction and orderly conduct of every individual Christian.

When Mr Lipp came in 1840 to select his residence here, he climbed up a tree to survey the ground for a site; he lived for three months in a mud hut, with a palanquin for his bed and cupboard, the top of it serving him for a table.

During that period, several of his sheep were carried off by leopards, for this part of the country had long been used as a hunting-ground for boars, and tigers and leopards abounded also. Worse enemies had likewise existed in this and the adjoining districts, in the shape of *dacoits*, or bands of robbers, though they had then been greatly suppressed. Thirty years before, a famous leader among them had headed a band of four hundred men, and another used to carry a spear in each hand, and a sabre on his shoulder. In an attack he killed every one within his reach, and one of his followers boasted of having put thirty-three to death with his own hand, some quickly, but the favourite plan was

by roasting them with tow dipped in oil. The Hindus have certainly a natural taste for protracting torture, as they have too painfully exemplified during the late rebellion.

But it is now otherwise at Rattenpur, and Weitbrecht wrote in 1847, "Here you see Bengali Christians living in their own natural simplicity, in neat and comfortable cottages, each of the more respectable containing two or three rooms, with nice verandahs in front.

"To every cottage some ground is attached, which the people cultivate, raising therein fruit, vegetables, and other useful productions, which in some cases provide support for their families. Bright-coloured flowers, such as grow spontaneously in Bengal, enliven the garden, especially that part of it near the cottage, and the people are seen of an evening working there, or sitting in their verandahs, the men reading, the women spinning thread, the girls sewing, and the little children playing around, while the chickens and other live stock, but especially the cows, feeding somewhere near, give you the idea of comfort and plenty.

"If you enter the cottage, the first thing that strikes you is a humble library of suitable books, and most likely a wooden desk, and a chair or two, which at once bespeak Christianity, for no heathen of that rank in society would possess such articles. Most of these people are *ryots*, and the aim has been to keep them, in regard to position in society, exactly where they were found; only to raise them morally and spiritually, and teach them to live more comfortably.

"This they can do easily when once established as Christians, and entirely out of the hands of the *talukdar*,* whose aim it always is to keep them in debt, and thus dependent on him—in fact, though not in name, serfs of the soil.†

"Thus these poor people experience that godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

The schools at Rattenpur are large and flourishing, and are, of course, yielding their own fruits. Another plan which proves beneficial to the Christians is a loan fund; a few remarks connected with which will throw considerable light on the social condition of the people, not only here, but throughout the district of Krishnaghur.

The first object of this fund is to assist in settling the educated boys and girls, by teaching the former a trade, and thus enabling them to get a respectable living out of their own peculiar line of life. Thus their school education will be turned to practical account; the Christians will be no longer dependent on heathen shopkeepers, and another innovation is made on Hindu custom, which enjoins that every son, whatever be his tastes or talents, must follow the same calling in life as his father before him—a dreadful barrier to all improvement.

The second object of the fund is to assist the deserving agricultural Christians in their agricultural pursuits,

* The estate-holder, who lets out ground to the *ryots*, or cultivators.

† See the Hon. A. Kinnaird's pamphlet, referred to at page 78.

to obviate any necessity they might, under a pressure, be tempted to fancy existed for applying to the *talukdar* for a loan; thus again entangling themselves, and endangering their return to that dreadful system by which they have so long been held in bondage. Lastly, it is to enable them by degrees to build new villages, with a view of collecting the Christians, as opportunities may offer, into distinct localities; and also of raising their outward position and condition.

It is clear that it is useless to expect much spiritual advancement from congregations almost entirely composed of day-labourers and very inferior cultivators of the soil, living in abject poverty, as all the Christians do, except those gathered round the mission-compound.

The encouraging feature in it is, that the plan emanated from the elders, who had been selected from among the people to assist the missionary in his pastoral duties; it has thus sprung out of the native Church itself, and is, as it were, the first dawn of light, and of their being alive to their duties as Christians. The fund is raised by subscriptions among both themselves and their European friends, and is adopted at more than one place. Mr Schurr mentions that at Kapasdanga he "finds it a great help to his people; that the readers manage it most faithfully and capitally, and it is considered common property, though no one can alienate it from its legitimate objects."

A butcher, a barber, and a bookbinder, have been established at Rattenpur by its aid; and there is a bazaar now commenced by Christians, half-a-mile from

the mission premises; but all these plans take many years to develop. It is one thing to plant, another to nourish, foster, and ripen. Heavenly influences, as well as earthly efforts, are needed; and for these the missionary sighs and prays.

This place, and Joghinda, another of the stations, have both, since the departure for Europe of some of the brethren, come under Mr Schurr's superintendence; and he says that he perceives how "several stations under one missionary can, with efficient native help, be worked more uniformly and satisfactorily than by different missionaries."

He had often felt it painful "to report from year to year what he was doing single-handed," but now finds it most pleasant to record "what the native helpers have effected under his guidance and superintendence." He is "not instructing individually so much, but keeping others active and cheerful, by constant intercourse, often coming upon them unexpectedly in the midst of their employments, and communicating not only encouragement and direction, but spiritual influence, uniting with them in prayer and the study of God's Word."

It has been thought, and even said, by many well-wishers of missions, that the degraded, cunning, and fickle Bengali, can never be employed in offices of trust; but this is not the experience of the missionary. He has seen, that if properly instructed, guided, and influenced by grace, the Bengali believer is as useful and faithful a labourer as the European—yea, infinitely superior among his own native brethren, being perfectly

acquainted with all their native peculiarities, a knowledge which no European can attain.

It is true we want hundreds of missionaries for India, but we want them as evangelists, to traverse the length and breadth of the land, and permeate it in every direction; not as "pastors and teachers," for such, through God's blessing on the broad and deep foundation that has been laid, have been, in some measure, prepared in all the older stations.

Weitbrecht says, "We have our Timothy and our Titus among our native brethren, who can do the office of preachers and overseers of congregations; and as soon as we have village congregations, I shall propose our good pious native helpers to be ordained for out-stations." This was written in reference to Burdwan, and Mr Schurr is now rejoicing in the same experience, which is, in the case of this district, still more encouraging; for, as we remarked at the beginning of our sketch, at the time of the reception of the hundreds of professing Christians, there were no native helpers to be obtained. All have had to be educated and trained, and this *has* been done, and might well be considered a *great work* if it stand quite alone, instead of, as it does, in connexion with the care, instruction, edification, and building up of such masses of ignorant people.

European superintendence is the right thing; let the native carry on the daily routine of work.

The oppression and ill-treatment of many centuries past has rendered the native character desperately false

and crooked; none feel that more painfully than the missionaries, and no events could have made it so palpable to us all, as those which have lately happened; but the gospel, and an impartial administration of justice—which is still a desideratum, not a fact—will correct it; and many children will be born unto the Lord. Let our British patriots unite their efforts to get rid of the grinding oppression of the Zemindari system.* Let instruction be afforded to *all* the subjects of our Indian empire, especially the *poor*. Let the Word of God be preached, and spread far and wide, and the gospel will make its way into the hearts of the Bengalis.

We must next visit Joghinda, to give a hasty glance at the work going on there; but the resident missionary has left, and we should but be repeating the same thing by describing particulars. It was one of the places where two or three hundred were baptized eighteen years ago, who have, from the utter lack of spiritual teachers, been left very much alone for a long period, till it was possible to spare them a missionary, who formed them into a congregation, and had a hundred and fifty in attendance at church. Kindness, instruction, and discipline did something for them, but Mr Ansorge's health failing, he left, and all is now superintended by Mr Schurr, who employs native agency under his own direction.

We now pass on to Solo, which contained at one

* It is not meant that the Zemindari system itself should be abolished, as it is in many respects a suitable system to the country and the people. It is the abuses connected with it that need to be corrected; and if this be done, the system itself may work well.

time the largest schools, and a fine congregation. It was here that Mr Bomwetch laboured, till he believed that the work could be left in the hands of native catechists, under the eye of Mr Lincke, who is at an adjacent and more recently formed station.

When Solo was first visited by Mr Cuthbert, he was much struck by the school children, and describes them as "highly intelligent, tractable, and interesting, and, notwithstanding the rudeness of their early associations, surprisingly gentle and affectionate in their dispositions." Of the adults he uses a most significant expression: "Their minds are *materialised*, or carnalised, to a degree scarcely conceivable by educated persons." On such a soil the missionary has had to work; for none knew, when he came, more than the great outlines of Christianity.

This place was a refuge to various Christians from the district, who were persecuted by the merciless zemindars. We must give one instance; it so clearly illustrates the system.

A poor Christian had a debt laid to his charge which he did not owe, and was imprisoned by the zemindar, in order that he might be compelled to pay. On his inquiring the price at which he would be released, he found that he must give all his property. He did so, and obtained his liberty. He had a crop growing on his field at the time, and he hoped by the proceeds of the sale of the grain to be able to continue to live in his own village; but the zemindar had not done with him yet. Arrangements were made by this persecuting

landlord for seizing all the crop as soon as it was ripe. The poor man, seeing that his case was thus desperate, and knowing that no way of retrieving his fortune remained to him in his own land, took his bullocks and drove them away by night, leaving his cottage and fields to be seized by the *zemindar!*

Would that this were a solitary case. Alas! it is not. The pen of a Mrs Stowe could detail scenes so harrowing among this poor oppressed class of British subjects, that they would rival some in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, if generally known, would rouse the feelings of British people to the highest pitch of indignation.

In the same station, one poor man was incarcerated for two years by the instrumentality of false evidence; and another had his ears nearly wrung from his head by a blacksmith's tongs, and his back covered with stripes till he fainted, because he had refused to give false evidence in favour of a heathen *talukdar*, who was in the habit of defrauding Government. These things are not much perhaps, if at all, known to European officials, who, if aware of them, would not permit them; but the blessings of English legislation have as yet only touched the surface of Hindu society.

But Solo is now an out-station attached to Bollobpur, and the interesting training-school which had its birth here has been removed with Mr Bomwetch to Santipur, and described there. Let us therefore travel onward and visit Mr Lincke, a missionary who has been labouring for five-and-twenty years at Bollobpur and

other stations, and let us hear how humbly he speaks of his work and its results. Amid much of external appearances and activity, it is evident that he feels no little anxiety as to the spiritual character of his labour :—

"A full church is a very pleasing and encouraging sight; but so long as the doctrines taught in church are not exhibited and exemplified by the people in their houses, and in their daily life and actions, the attendance at church is but of little benefit to the hearers, and proves but a small and fleeting comfort to their pastors and teachers."

Yet an experienced brother missionary, Mr Leupolt, coming soon after this was penned to this very station, writes, "I should be thankful if the whole district of Benares become a Krishnaghur. There is a great work of God going on there, and a great deal of wheat below the chaff. Brother Lincke has, perhaps, the most gloomy views of all the brethren in the district; yet, when I asked him whether he had any one attending his weekly prayer-meeting, which is entirely a voluntary meeting, and usually a test, he had to state that a large number attended, though he thought not all were truly pious."

Weitbrecht also records a similar impression made on his mind on his last visit to the same place, not a year before his death :—"I preached on Sunday in Lincke's pretty church; about three hundred and fifty were present. It was a cheering sight to me, the people are so improved, and their attention was very satisfactory." He had been in the habit of visiting them from the beginning, and could therefore trace

progress, and he adds, "There is the groundwork for a fine body of believing people. The children, all sitting together, and so neatly attired, looked most interesting. We see a foundation for prosperous churches all through this district."

Our minds are matter of fact, and we always long for purely practical results. The Hindu is highly imaginative, and speaks in figures, but his figure is often scripturally correct, as well as extremely beautiful, being founded on a true and perfect analogy. Thus one of the native assistants, on asking the prayers of the Bishop of Victoria, when he took leave of them after a visit, said, "Should you hereafter hear any bad tidings of us Christians—of any falling away from the faith—don't be led to think that God is not amongst us. The statuary who has very rude materials is long in fashioning the object into perfection. It requires many a hard blow, and many a nice and skilful touch; and whenever a tool gets blunt, he repairs and resharpens it, while, if one break, he throws it away and gets another. But he does not desist from his work until it is completed."

It is true, as the bishop adds, that "spirituality of mind, superiority to the world, and a victory over sin, are the clearest mark, and form the soundest test, of missionary progress. But, when we read of the feeble beginnings of Christianity in those lands of old, from which, in these modern days, the light of the pure gospel shines forth upon the remotest regions of the earth—in not a few instances, some half-barbarous

and royal convert receiving baptism, and bringing over his nobles and subjects to the profession of Christianity, and, from this weak commencement and obscure origin, handing down those essential principles of Christian truth, which, in their increased vitality and purity, contained the seeds of a nation's greatness and a world's conversion—we learn to estimate hopefully and to judge charitably the first buddings of Christian principle, promising in a more advanced season of maturity more decisive proofs of the spirit of grace and holiness."

In exemplification of these sentiments, we have here, as at other mission stations, a rare and beautiful example of personal holiness and deep devotedness of heart placed upon record, in the brief biography of Luke, a native catechist, or unordained pastor, who was regarded by Mr Lincke as his great staff and stay in his work.

Luke was baptized in 1834, and proved so faithful and efficient as a schoolmaster that he was gradually advanced to a post of considerable trust and usefulness, and when Mr Alexander died, and Solo, then a large station, was left without an ordained missionary, he fulfilled the duties connected with it, including that of preaching, for a considerable time, with wonderful tact and ability.

Mr Lincke, who knew him best, and whose testimony may be received with implicit confidence, says, "He was honest, truthful, and upright, and though so much elevated in his condition and circumstances, yet he never shewed pride, but was, and remained, humble to

the last; for he did not forget that by the grace of God he was what he was.

"That 'godliness has the promise of the life that now is,' was most remarkably exemplified in his case. Yet it was grace that made him what he was, and it was the exhibition of it, in his consistent Christian life and conversation, which gave him such a weight in society; for he was a leading, if not *the* leading man among all our native assistants in this district. It was likewise grace which procured him honour and respect from all with whom he came into contact,—a favour which he so extensively and remarkably, but also deservedly, enjoyed.

"He had 'a good report of them which are without,' and was frequently quoted, both by Hindus and Mussulmans, as 'a Christian indeed.' A Hindu Babu, hearing of his death, remarked, 'If Luke had been a Mussulman, he would have been made a *peri* (saint), and honoured and worshipped as such.' People could not but perceive that he lived not for himself, but for the good of others; not grasping after money, or desirous of accumulating riches—a prevailing passion among Bengalis—but laying out himself and all that he had for the benefit of his fellow-men, thus proving himself a good and faithful servant of the things entrusted to him. His simplicity, and remarkable anxiety to hear and learn as much as possible of 'the things that accompany salvation,' afforded an illustration of the words, 'Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;' for his

own soul seemed, as it were, 'satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord.'"

He died under an attack of cholera, after a few hours' illness, saying to Mr Lincke, with his departing breath, "My labours on earth are finished, and the promised rest is at hand." Some lines of a Bengali hymn, conveying the beautiful idea thus expressed in English,

> "Jesus, the Saviour whom I trust,
> Shall place upon His servant's head
> A crown that fadeth never,"

were also on his lips in his last moments. Could we desire a more satisfactory course, and a more blessed termination of it, than that afforded by this instance of a poor Bengali rescued from heathenism, and wrought upon by the all-powerful agency of the Holy Spirit?

On the same dark night of sorrow which deprived Mr Lincke of this beloved brother and fellow-helper, his valuable and devoted wife was also laid low by the same dire disease; yet so did his spirit rise by faith to the emergency of his position, and so near did he feel the presence of the Shepherd who accompanies His flock along the valley of the shadow of death, and remains, when they are safely through it, to comfort the bereaved ones left behind, that the dear afflicted brother could lift up his head with joy, in the midst of his deep tribulation, and sing a song of thanksgiving to the Conqueror of death, and the God of our salvation.

It would be pleasant to bring other ripe fruits to notice, that have been gathered at all the stations of

the district, but we must stop our sketches, and hasten back to Krishnaghur.

From the little that has been related, we cannot but hope that "the enlightened eye may assuredly see something beneath the surface, and perceive that God is preparing for the spiritual emancipation of this district. Missionary tours to the heathen, in which the brethren have, of late years especially, been much engaged, plainly shew that the indirect efforts of the Krishnaghur mission are beginning, but only beginning, to manifest themselves in the remotest parts of the district."

One of the brethren was last year absent itinerating nearly three months, and visited fifty-six different places, some two or three times, and at others he lived for a week. "Looking back," he says, "on the work done during these months, my conviction is confirmed that practically, except in a few places, the work is scarcely begun, even in our own neighbourhood. Thousands have never heard, village after village has never been visited. Do what we may, our efforts are puny, compared with the magnitude of the work. We want more of *native agency*, not so much highly educated, as faithful, fervent, and holy; and I do devoutly trust, that, ere long, we may see some fit men raised up, who, not counting their lives dear unto them, will be willing to spend and be spent in teaching and preaching to their perishing fellow-countrymen the glad tidings of salvation. The first generation of missionaries have indeed been sowing in tears; may their successors, ere long, reap in joy!"

The work in this part of the missionary field of India, as in Burdwan, remains undisturbed and unaffected by the rebellious spirit of the people of the North-West, and untouched by the disbanded Sepoys and other desperate characters who are traversing the country. "We have heard the rough sound of the tempest," writes one, "but the cloud has not burst over our heads." Several of the brethren and their wives, obliged to leave Benares for awhile, took refuge at Burdwan and Krishnaghur, and the native Christian orphan girls have accompanied those who had the superintendence of them till the disturbances subsided, when all returned, to go on with renewed vigour in their old homes.

The address of the Krishnaghur Christians to the Governor-General of India on the outbreak, will be read with much interest. There are upwards of *five thousand Christian subjects of Government* in this district:—

"TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

"The humble address of the native Christians, residing in the district of Krishnaghur:

"It is now one hundred years that, by the Divine favour, the illustrious English have, in a very wonderful manner, brought under their dominion and good government a great part of the world, by which the people of Bengal have enjoyed great security, and lived in happiness and safety. The Government have promulgated very beneficial laws for the punishment of the wicked,

and the protection of the peaceable inhabitants, and by many kinds of gifts and honours have manifested this affection towards their subjects, and rendered them illustrious; the very relation of which benefits almost produces tears.

"But what painful circumstances have now arisen, that suddenly, like thunder, in the midst of the territories of such powerful and very just English, danger has arisen! Alas! their own forces have revolted, and manifest treason in many parts of the Honourable Company's territories; especially do they slay persons connected with the Government [*lit.* royal persons], with their wives and children. These bad news we have learned through many of the newspapers, and in the trouble of our governors we are troubled; and with troubled minds we give our signatures to state, that, in case any further troubles should arise, we native Christians in the Krishnaghur districts, if called on, will be ready to aid the Government to the utmost of our power, both by bullock-garries and men, or in any other way in which our services may be required, and that cheerfully, and without wages or remuneration.*

"If a letter be sent to the missionaries in the Krishnaghur district, what we have said shall be cheerfully done: they will exert themselves to give their people, or to aid in any way that may be required. We native Christians, being happy in the prosperity of the Govern-

* It should be taken into account that this offer was made by poor labouring people, who thus offered *all* they had. A more loyal or patriotic demonstration could not have been made.

ment, desire also to share in the troubles that may come upon it.

"It may be right to ask one question of our illustrious governors, Why, after so long a time, has Almighty God so suddenly permitted troubles to arise? He does nothing without a cause. It may be, perhaps, that, in the Honourable Company's territories, there has been some injustice towards the ryots permitted to continue, on which account God has caused difficulties to arise.

"However that may be, we shall, day and night, continue in prayer to Almighty God that He may pardon whatever is wrong, and restore the blessing of peace to the country.

[Signed by many of the native Christians residing in the Krishnaghur District.]

"28*th May* 1857."

We regret to say that the address of these converted Hindus was not so graciously received as addresses presented from bodies of natives still in an unconverted state.

CHAPTER XII.

SCATTERING THE SEED.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—Isaiah xxxii. 20.

And now, having done with our palanquin trips through the district of Krishnaghur, we bid the kind and hospitable Mr Blumhardt—who cheers us by the expression of bright anticipations in reference to his mission, akin to our own—farewell, and betake ourselves once more to our boat. We must retrace our way to Nudya, and again encounter the rough water formed by the junction of the rivers at the point where it stands, and then we proceed up the Bhaguretti, which leads us in a few days into the great Ganges. We soon arrive at Cutwa, on the western bank, which is the only station in the vast and populous district of Burdwan occupied by a missionary, besides the town of Burdwan itself.

The Cutwa mission was commenced by Chamberlain, who, in early days, laboured here in solitude, compelled to bury his wife with his own hands, and to toil in the erection of his own dwelling. We shall meet with notices of this devoted man again, as we pursue our journey, for he was one of those indefa-

tigable evangelists who widely penetrated the vast plains of India, declaring his message wherever he went.

He occupied the field at the period when a missionary of peace might be arrested under a nominally Christian government, as the apostle had been hundreds of years before by the heathen powers of Greece and Rome, as "a mover of sedition;" and he was actually so arrested, and sent down as a prisoner to Calcutta, but, "finding nothing whereof they might accuse him," he was released, and permitted to return and resume his labours.

To him belongs the honour of being the *very first* to carry the gospel to the North-Western Provinces, and as a preacher of it he was eminently powerful and successful, and is in some distant places remembered to this day. His beautiful Bengali hymns will ever continue to be sung in the native churches, for he had imagination and pathos as well as power. Henry Martyn spent a day with him in passing his station, on his way to Dinapur in 1806, and writes, he "was filled with his company;" for these were kindred spirits. The sweet and gentle Corrie delighted in holding communion with him, and discussing those grand and comprehensive plans for the spiritual good of India which lay so near the heart of each.

Such was the fervour of spirit of this apostolic man, that, when going forth on a tour, oppressed with a heavy weight of domestic affliction, faith enabled him to say, "I am so fully satisfied with my situation, that

I would not change it for that of the greatest emperor in the world, nay, I sometimes think, not even for that of an angel in heaven. Oh, what a prospect! A preacher of the gospel—not to hundreds, or to thousands, but to myriads of immortal souls, now covered with the grossest darkness! I may not live to see the work of conversion greatly prosper, but I am firmly persuaded that it will do so; and to be able only to *begin* a work, which shall finally succeed, and issue in the everlasting salvation of an innumerable multitude of souls, fills me with inexpressible joy."

Chamberlain might well write thus, for he actually itinerated from Calcutta up to Hurdwar, where the Ganges gushes through an opening in the mountains, and whence it flows with a smooth navigable stream to its mouth, a distance of twelve hundred miles, receiving in its course eleven other rivers, most of them larger than the Thames, and innumerable smaller streams. The population of this Gangetic valley exceeds that of all North and South America. He saw, in imagination, a great multitude which no man can number, brought out from among those myriads, and his spirit exulted in the wondrous contemplation. Who can say how many are now his companions in glory among those myriads; for he *preached in every city and village* on the river bank, throughout its whole course?

William Carey, son of the venerable Doctor, ministered to the Christian flock gathered by Chamberlain, when he went forward to another station. Carey was a

simple-minded, faithful man, who held much brotherly intercourse with Weitbrecht of Burdwan, and remained at Cutwa till his death at an advanced age. Chamberlain wrote to him, for his encouragement, "Remember that God does not commonly perform His wonders in haste; only wait in the exercise of faith and patience." In this spirit did each of these men, and in this spirit will every true missionary, fulfil his course; for though "the Lord is not slack concerning His promise," He does not reckon by months and years as we do; our simple duty is to be faithful, to plant, to sow, to water —His to give the increase.

We found it good to indulge in these thoughts in passing Cutwa, where the native church is still "a little flock," though many have there been born and nurtured for the Church triumphant, who are now with the goodly company gathered there.

The next missionary station we see is Berhampur, where Micaiah Hill and others have long and patiently sowed the seed of the word, with about the same measure of success as their Baptist brethren at Cutwa. Mr Hill was a very zealous itinerant, and finished his course alone in a boat, near Benares. He was one to whom it was given so to realise "the joy that was set before him," that he could "endure the cross;" and he is now in his place at "the right hand" of the Father.

The station of Berhampur is sanctified in the memory of many by the touching story connected with it— "Little Henry and his Bearer"—which gives so vivid and graphic a picture of life in India as it was, some

years ago, among Europeans. Little Henry's tomb is still pointed out to the passing traveller, in the European burial-ground of the station. It is a military station, and was kept in much alarm during the late rebellion; but it was spared any of those tragical scenes which have occurred in so many other places, by the timely disarming of the mutinous regiment.

Mr Bradbury, the resident missionary, and Mr Hill, son of the former one of that name, who is associated with him, did not forsake their post of labour, or their native flock, in the time of alarm and distress; but stood near Colonel Campbell as he disbanded the troops, witnessing the stirring scene. The brave, energetic, and prompt manner in which this disarming was effected, will be fresh in the memory of our readers.

Immediately adjoining the military station of Berhampur, is the large populous native city of Murshedabad, where the missionary finds so much scope for his most energetic efforts. The Nawab of this place is of an ancient Mussulman family, a descendant of Meer Jaffeer, who was placed on the throne after the defeat of Suraj-ud-Dowlah. He has been suspected of feeling considerable sympathy with the ex-King of Oude and other movers in the late rebellion.

We cannot but remember, in passing Berhampur and Murshedabad, the appalling fact that this whole district has but *two* missionaries, and the adjoining zillahs of Malda, Bograh, Rayshaye, and Pubna, have *none at all!* So that, destitute as other parts of Bengal are on the western side of the river, those on the

eastern side are almost more so, for the places enumerated contain upwards of *four millions* of inhabitants.

The palace of this Nawab is a princely building, and its imposing situation on the banks of the river adds to the impression it makes on the traveller; so that one can scarcely pass it without being tempted to land, for the bright sun of Bengal enables one to view so magnificent a structure to perfection. There is a happy mixture of Oriental splendour and Western adornment, that gives a beautiful finish to all you see.

You enter the central hall, with a cupola, under which the Nawab holds his durbar; you see a silver chair, supported on the pedestal by four lions of silver, with divans and elegant Persian carpets spread beside them, intended to afford accommodation to the courtiers. There is in one wing what might be called an English drawing-room, and in another a similarly-sized apartment, furnished entirely in Oriental taste; and every room is adorned with splendid pictures in gorgeous frames. Among them you recognise Lord Moira and William IV., in full length, and many historical ones, as that of Napoleon's Death, Poniatowski's Death, the Battles of Waterloo, Essling, and Wagram, with others, that bring you back in imagination to Europe, and afford an illustration, almost amusing, of the amalgamation of Hindu and English customs.

Travelling in our boat towards Bhagulpur, we pass other important and populous places, where the missionary can go ashore and preach, as so many have long been doing; but we grieve to say that we leave the

Bhaguretti, and enter the dark-flowing Ganges, "whose waters, as they roll their course towards the vast ocean, wash one line of provinces immersed in superstition, and whose stream, from its source in the great mountains to its junction with the mighty deep, is *one testimony* to the demoralised condition of the land through which it runs;" but we pause at no more missionary stations, where men of God are preaching or praying, either on our right or our left.

For fifteen days we journey through a desolate heathen wilderness, not literally as it regards life and fruitfulness, for we behold at various spots the clustered cottages betokening a large village, which we know contains its hundreds, if not its thousands, of dark heathen souls; but actually as regards spiritual culture and effort. We remember the sad fact that England gained a firm footing in the land more than a century ago. We have passed on our trip the plain of Plassey, on which the battle was fought that gave us this footing; and still it remains a mournful fact, that we proceed onward, day after day, without being cheered by the trace of any sign that India belongs to a Christian nation, and has been known and acknowledged as a vast and fair field for evangelistic effort during this long period.

Oh, may England's Christian people now be led to lay these things to heart, in a way which they have never done yet! Surely the time is come for it, when these our idolatrous fellow-subjects have risen up so barbarously against us, in their bitter heathen hatred

and revenge, and when scarce any amongst them but those who have adopted our faith are found really trustworthy.

We will lift up our hearts in hope that thus it may be. We believe we may hope, spite of all the sadness that now oppresses us, that great things *are* in store for India. We cannot think of what God has done already, little though it may seem, without a glance forward; and as we remember the noble army above, and their labours of love while here, we rejoice in the assurance that we have as yet only beheld the dropping before the shower—the first-fruits of an abundant harvest!

When we reach Rajmehal, where the Ganges is at the widest, and looks, even in the cold season, more like a sea than a river, we observe the approach of beautiful scenery, and are tempted to land to explore the celebrated ruins of several fine buildings, erected by the son of Shah Akbar.

We can just discern that one room has been built of black and another of white marble, but historical associations sink into insignificance, and the prevailing feeling continues one of deep sadness, that while we see earthly kingdoms fade and pass away, we have been so apathetic in laying the foundations of that kingdom in India which shall never be removed.

On a hill in the midst of a wood, we see a heathen temple, with a spire like a Christian church; but it is only an illusion, for no temple to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has ever reared its head here.

We see the rocks of Colgong, each about fifty feet high, looking as if they would dispute the passage of the river with us, and on the top of one of these rocks is the tomb of a Mussulman saint, while another is cut out in the shape of a Budhist temple.

We ascend a hill, and see others higher, rearing up their heads behind them, which we know are inhabited by multitudes lying in *utter darkness*. The magnificent river flows majestically before us, but no trace can we discern of Christian worship, though while we are gazing on this morally mournful prospect we see a Hindu son descend to the river bank with the corpse of his deceased father, and deposit it in the stream, and when we ask him why, he tells us it is to ensure his entrance into a Hindu's heaven, for the holy water of the Ganges will wash away all his sins.

We look a little longer, and see a man in full health, a poor Sudra, who had been persuaded by a Brahman that it would ensure his salvation to drown in the Ganges. He descends to the edge of the stream robed in a red cloth, and crowned with a garland of flowers. A band of music accompanies him. We observe him sit down beside the stream, and hear him pronounce the name of his idol, and proclaim that he is about to renounce his life to obtain salvation. It is a vain effort we make to undeceive him. "I am going to heaven," he says, "and want nothing."

Two Brahmans step with him into a boat, carrying with them rope and water vessels. Having reached the middle of the stream, we see the vessels fastened to his

neck and shoulders, and he leaps into the water; then, with the frantic zeal of a deluded heart, he and the Brahmans fill the vessels, until, being too heavy longer to float, they sink, and drag him to the bottom, amid the incantations of the priests, the rejoicing of friends, and the shouts of applauding multitudes on the shore.*

We had no more heart to look, and were turning away, when some young men appeared, roughly carrying a sickly female in their arms, saying, "O mother, we will give you up to Gunga, that you may go to heaven," and they plunged her in. This was scarcely over, when the plaintive cry of a father and mother reached our ear, endeavouring to soothe the dying agonies of a child they seemed fondly to love, for in this instance the tears streamed down the mother's face, as she cried, "'Tis blessed to die by Gunga, my son;" and then, pouring muddy water down his throat, both parents united in flinging him into the stream, saying, "Mother Gunga, receive his soul!"

While this poor mother's mournful wail is still sounding, we remember, for our consolation, a story

* When Government or humane persons try to prevent a sacrifice of this kind, those who desire to make it watch their opportunity, and, after a little delay, consummate it a little lower down the stream, in a more retired place. No humane interference of Government in isolated cases can amend such a system as Hinduism. It must be struck at the root. It is a many-headed monster, and no end is effected by cutting off one or two of the heads. The monster itself must be attacked and destroyed by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God—that Word which Government have so blindly excluded from their schools and colleges. These river-murders have long been crying to Heaven, and yet they have never been forbidden up to this day.

told us at Calcutta by a native Christian preacher, who was stationed near the river.

He was going out one day to preach, and meeting some people carrying a dying relative on a charpoy to the river side, he stopped them, thinking the young man might yet recover. He administered some medicine, the poor fellow revived, and was able to listen while his Christian countryman preached unto him Jesus. He asked, "What are your hopes for eternity, if you should die?" "Hopes! Oh, I have none." "Whither are you going?" "I don't know where; I will go where God leads me." "You are a sinner." "Yes." He then unfolded to him the mystery of Christ's redemption in concise and easy language. "Sir," said the dying Hindu, "I believe in that Saviour. I will cling to His feet, if He save me," and he began to shed tears. "I shall soon die," he added; "Oh the pain of dying!" "Be patient, and look to Jesus," said his friend. "Yes, I will not leave Him; I believe on Him."

Soon after his relatives bore him away, while unobserved, to the river side, and he was seen no more. His Christian countryman could only hope that he, like the dying thief, had found mercy at the eleventh hour, and that he should recognise him among the redeemed of all nations and kindreds who are before the throne of God.

A cheering sight now meets our eye, and tells us that those who felt as we feel have been here before us, and that Christian parents, travelling in a boat as we

now are, were, in this very neighbourhood, sustained under a bitter bereavement by the Christian's hope. It is not quite all heathenism, thought we, as we observed a little tomb rising on the bank. There has been a sowing in corruption, to be raised in power, even here. The inscription on the tomb runs thus :—

"Dear little babe, thy spirit fled,
Thy tender frame lies here,
And o'er thy loved remains we shed
The bitter, bitter tear.
But faith, within the Saviour's arms,
Views thee removed from pain,
And faith the sting of death disarms,
And says we'll meet again ;
When we, through Christ, shall be like thee,
Heirs of a blest eternity."

On reading this beautiful effusion of faith on the banks of the deified Ganges, we cannot but regard it as a promise of the time when a similar hope, full of immortality, shall possess the mind of the now blinded Hindu, and we proceed on our way to Bhagulpur, where we conclude our melancholy journey, and tarry to describe the mission there.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH."

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—PSALM ii. 8.

ALTHOUGH the station of Bhagulpur is one of recent formation, as far as regards the Church Missionary Society, several incipient efforts had been made there during previous years. It is a prettily-situated place, and thought to be one of the healthiest in India.

Corrie fixed his eye on it twenty-four years ago, and staid there for some little time to ascertain its particular features, and the most inviting points it presented for missionary effort. Bishop Heber also entered warmly into the same subject, for he, too, visited the place, and was deeply interested by the hill tribes who inhabit the ranges, to which we have before referred, adjacent to the station. Corrie was interested in them too, but particularly desired a missionary to the Hindus of the plains, though both he and Heber regarded the hill people as more promising; and, in 1825, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was induced, at the bishop's earnest request, to appoint Mr Christian, a German missionary, to commence the

work among these wild races, who had, till the end of the last century, been quite the terror of the lowlanders.

These people, who are one of the numerous hill tribes of India, so well worth being sought out and evangelised, are called *Puharis*, and are supposed by some to be the aborigines of the country, who fled to these places many hundreds of years ago, to escape the oppression of the Hindus who had conquered and settled themselves in the plains. Many doubt this theory; but it is a fact which no one doubts, that there they are, and that both the Hindus and the Mohammedans, who succeeded as conquerors, alike failed to subdue them, though their measures were no doubt severe enough.

But kindness at length reached the strongholds of the Rajmehal highlanders; for when the districts around came under the influence of the British Government, those who at first endeavoured to curb them by violence, without effect, determined to try what conciliation would do, and invited the chieftains and their dependants to meet them, and attend some feasts, which they prepared for them. The invitation was accepted, and they received presents of beads and other trifling articles, which gained their good-will, and inspired them with confidence.

At this juncture, a young man in the Civil Service named Cleveland, who possessed peculiar gifts for such a work, offered to use his efforts to tame and soften these turbulent people.

He soon shewed he understood the mission he had undertaken. He went amongst them unarmed, except

with the law of kindness, and almost unattended. He rigorously forbade and promptly punished all violence from the lowland zemindars, who, in this case, as in many others, were most frequently the aggressors against the mountaineers. He got some of them to enter his service, learned their language, and, after much patience, by distributing presents judiciously, feasting them by hundreds at a time, and settling small pensions on all the principal chiefs, he completely overcame them, induced them to become the honorary guides of the post and road lying at the foot of the hills, friends with the lowlanders, and well-wishers of the Government.

Mr Cleveland subsequently raised a regiment of archers from amongst them, who were, after some time, entrusted with fire-arms, and became a fine body of troops. It is a remarkable proof of his sound judgment and discrimination, that he chose for their first native commandant, in opposition to the remonstrances and entreaties of the zemindars of the plains, a chief, named Jowrah, who was the Rob Roy, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, the Roderick Dhu of the Rajmehals, the most popular of all others among his countrymen, and the most dreaded by the lowlanders. Jowrah remained through life a bold, active, and faithful servant of Government, in different enterprises against outlaws.

The *Puharis* are middle-sized, or rather little men, but extremely well-made, with remarkably broad chests and long arms, fairer than Bengalis, but not so good-looking, having broad faces, small eyes, and rather flat noses. The expression of their countenance is decidedly

cheerful and intelligent, and their women have a sort of sturdy smartness about them, which the lowland women do not possess. They are not forced to marry in childhood according to the wretched system of the Hindus, and are generally chaste and industrious as wives. The men are musical, and make good fifers. The race are truthful and brave, are said to be admirably adapted for soldiers, and having no caste, they will eat food indiscriminately, and find no difficulty in many things which impede the efficiency of the Brahman Sepoy.

Mr Cleveland encouraged them to bring down the productions of their hills for sale, and established regular bazaars at the villages nearest to them, gave them wheat and barley for seed, and allowed none but their own chiefs to be their zemindars. So strong was the feeling of attachment towards this excellent man, that when he died in 1784, at the early age of twenty-nine, a monument was raised to his memory, at the joint expense of the highland chiefs and lowland zemindars, and was endowed by them with some lands to keep it in repair. It is in the form of a Hindu mhut (small temple of a beehive shape), in a pretty situation on a green hill, and they usually met around it once a year, holding a pooja, or sort of religious spectacle, in honour of his memory.

Mr Cleveland set on foot a school, and formed several other plans for the benefit of the *Puharis*, which greatly languished after his death. The pensions which he had promised to the hill chiefs, in consideration of their maintaining peace, were regularly paid by the

Supreme Government, but never reached their destination, being embezzled on various pretences, and the old encroachments of the zemindars on their frontiers were allowed with impunity for many years; but Lord Hastings interested himself much for them, and justice was again done them. To their credit they had remained loyal and obedient to their oath of allegiance, though often complaining they were forgotten.

When Heber and Corrie met at Bhagulpur, in 1824, they saw one of Cleveland's surviving pupils, who was then acting as native commandant, and was much reverenced by his countrymen. He was at that time useful in bringing the school together again, under Lord Hastings' patronage.

These tribes have a regular administration of justice among themselves, by the ancient institution of a "*Punchaet,*" or a jury of five old men, in every village.

They offer up frequent prayers to one Supreme Being, and sacrifices of animals to inferior deities. They have no idols or images, but consecrate a black stone found in the hills, and use it as an altar. Several festivals are kept among them, and they live much in fear of evil spirits, whom they try to propitiate by various means.

Their hills are very beautiful, and extremely fertile; but water is scarce, though this might be easily remedied by digging tanks. Much more that is interesting might be added, but we will rather speak of the missionary effort that has been made for them, which, it will be seen, has been hitherto lamentably small.

Mr Christian reached Bhagulpur in 1825, and soon

gained some acquaintance with the hill language, of which he compiled a vocabulary.

The influence which he quickly acquired among the people was very great, for though he could only spend three months of the year entirely among them, on account of the peculiar malaria of their climate, which fatally affects a European constitution, he had the art of winning the regard and esteem of natives of every class; so that he was considered by these simple highlanders as a superior being, and the attachment and confidence manifested towards him by them was quite touching.

They confided their children entirely and absolutely to his care, and allowed him to take them with him to the station of Bhagulpur, far distant from their mountain homes. His hope was to educate them, and prepare them to return as instructors to their countrymen; but his plans were all frustrated by his early removal, after only two years' labour. During that period he made two excursions to the hills, and in his journal kept during one of these we find the following paragraph, so indicative of a cheerful, happy, spirited missionary:—

"My people are all very ill with fever, and no one to cook my dinner. I went to the top of Bursey to see two sick persons, and in descending, the prospect before me was enchanting. To the west a chain of mountains, as far as the eye could reach; just hanging under the last light of the departed day, the moon, like a silver line, was just visible, sinking below the summit of a hill; an immense plain of jungle lay to

the south; and on the east Teen Pahar, lifting itself alone, like three majestic rocks, from the bosom of the ocean. My spirits were raised by the grandeur of the scene before me, and I pleased myself in singing the praises of Him who causes the desert to smile, and makes all nature glad before Him.

"I stood and looked at my little cottage and school-room, and as I gazed, how happy, I thought, I ought to feel myself here, in the midst of such tranquillity, envied or hated by none, and envying or hating nobody! Well content should I be to renounce the world, and the advantages of society, and spend my days in this lone retreat, to teach these children of nature the hand that made them, and prepare a people for the Lord."

On a Sunday he writes, "This has been one of my happiest days. I arose pleased and grateful to the Giver of all good; the beams of His sun, that came just then darting over the dark foliage of the hills, seemed to shed on me, as on nature, an enlivening influence. I found myself with every external comfort that can minister to our earthly ease and contentment; at least so I felt. The day seemed altogether a Sabbath: the wind, which for several days had been blowing a breeze, was still; the clouds ranged themselves in the horizon; no voice of busy men disturbed the air; and the only sound to be heard was the cooing of the turtle, and the distant noise of ox bells, which had the effect of the gurgling of a rivulet."

The following passages refer to the close of 1826:—

"Gave directions for moving into the hills. We got

to the ground about eight o'clock in the evening, cleared away the jungle, and pitched the tent. While this was going on I stood and admired the wildness and interest of the scene before me. The night was a beautiful moonlight, and shewed the mountains on all sides, and from its faint light added to their height. There were low forests on all sides of us. My people busily employed in setting up the tent; some *Puharis* observing them at a short distance; and here and there among the trees a group of people sitting round a fire, with the stillness and serenity of everything around, presented such a picture as I have seldom seen. In the evening, I took a walk to the burial-ground; the graves placed east and west, side by side, in a line along the foot of the hill; they had stones, picked up from the side of the mountain, arranged decently over them, to prevent wild beasts tearing up the bodies.

"I asked my hill-man how his people buried their dead. He said, when a person died the corpse was washed with water, and then anointed with oil; after that, laid on a bed till the day following, when at evening it was borne to the grave, and laid in it quietly. Immediately over the body sticks were laid across; on these was spread a piece of linen, on which stones are carefully laid, that there might not be a passage for the earth to fall on the dead. The grave was then filled up with earth, when the nearest relative pronounced the funeral oration, in these few words, in *Puhari*:—

"'Thou wast born—thou hast died—thou hast departed: keep him safe, O God!'

"The grave is visited every day for the first fifteen days after interment. I asked if they ever exposed the dead in the forests to be devoured by wild beasts? He said he had never seen or heard of such a thing. I asked him what they thought of the souls of the deceased. He said that they did not know very well; some said that they died with the body, and others that they had gone to the sky."

The following anecdote, related by Mr Droese, though it belongs to a later period, will give us a picture of the hill-man in his domestic life, which, though saddening to the feelings, evinces that he is susceptible of gratitude as well as love:—

"A hill-woman died, leaving two very young infants, twins. The father, as is not unusual among hill people, made up his mind to bury these helpless infants in the grave of their mother, but the missionary sent him word that he should not do so cruel a thing, for *his* wife would come in the evening, and take the children off his hands. They were found lying on a dirty rag, and brought to the mission-house.

"The poor father came daily a distance of three miles to see how the two little things were thriving, and each time he came he brought them something to eat, and several friends accompanied him, to see how well the babes were cared for. He sometimes stopped above an hour turning their little bodies to and fro, inspecting everything about them, and expressing his gratification.

"It may appear singular that this father, after an intention apparently so inhuman, should exhibit such

marks of unfeigned affection, but this is easily explained. Had the babes not been buried they would inevitably have starved, as no other woman would nurse them, from the superstitious fear of dying herself in consequence. The hill-man knows nothing of bringing up an infant without a nurse, so he thinks it least cruel to let it die in the grave of its mother."

Mr Christian's journals during his brief missionary course contain many interesting allusions to the customs and dispositions of the *Puharis*, by which it really seems apparent that Heber and Corrie had judged correctly in believing them to offer a promising soil for evangelistic labour; but on his third visit to the hills, having attempted to go a little too early in the season, Mr Christian fell a victim to jungle fever, and though he returned immediately to Bhagulpur for medical aid, it was unavailing: he died on the 15th of December 1827, in his thirty-first year, beloved, esteemed, and regretted by all who knew him.

His wife lingered till the 11th of January, when she followed her husband to his rest, calling on that Saviour in whom she devoutly trusted, and they lie side by side in the burial-ground at Bhagulpur. *His three children, his catechist, and seven servants,* fell victims to the same complaint, and a stone in the graveyard records the mournful fact, that *thirteen individuals,* composing the whole party, sunk together under this dreadful malady.

Thus the cherished plan of making an impression upon the wild people of the Rajmehal hills was for the time being disappointed, as many other promising

missionary projects in India have been, for want of agency. The *Puhari* children who had been entrusted to Mr Christian's care relapsed into superstition and ignorance, and for *twenty years* Bhagulpur and the interesting people of the hills were left without a missionary.

During this long period, many journeys were made among them by the zealous Baptist missionary, Mr Leslie, of Monghyr, who learnt their language; but in one of his excursions he too got a dangerous attack of fever, which necessitated his return to Europe for the restoration of his health, and he never again laboured in the same locality.

In 1846–7, Mr Hurter, a devoted Swiss from Schaffhausen, came to Bengal, purposing to seek a field of labour, and to support himself on his own little property. Upon the advice of experienced brethren at Calcutta—among others, Mr Leslie—he located himself at Bhagulpur, and soon acquired Hinduwi and the hill language, as well as English, and preached in all three with fluency and unction.

A church had been built by the zeal of the residents, who were stirred up by the earnestness of Mr Brown, the judge, a son of David Brown, and they had occasionally the services of a chaplain, but, when without one, gladly accepted Mr Hurter's kind ministrations.

When he perceived the mass of work to be overtaken, he longed to see an additional missionary, and a more powerful agency brought to bear upon the people, and he hailed with a joyful welcome a visit from Weitbrecht

in 1848, who had come by the invitation of Mr Brown to help in the organisation of a plan for the establishment of a Church mission. Mr Vaux, the chaplain, whose services were divided between this place and Monghyr, was also full of happiness in the prospect of enlarged efforts ; and a missionary sermon was preached by Weitbrecht.

They then held a meeting in the church, and had several speakers. Mr Brown was in the chair, and Mr Vaux gave out a hymn, and offered prayer. Mr Hurter said in his speech, "England owes a duty to India, and that is, *to strive for her conversion to Christ.* In the apostolic days, the whole Church did missionary work, but in our days it is expected to be done by a few *detached officers,* while the *Church, the privates,* remain behind. How, then, can we expect it to be accomplished?"

This meeting produced a strong effect, and every European resident at the station came forward liberally with subscriptions, and earnest letters were written to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society.

Of Mr Hurter, Weitbrecht remarks, "This good man has set a noble example, and I see with thankfulness that he is heard attentively by the people. I went with him to the bazaar—he knows the language well, and preaches eloquently. He has built himself a bungalow partly with his own hands. The Europeans respect him exceedingly. Such an instance of self-denial is very beautiful, but, alas, how rare! He is very unpretending, but a really superior, clever man."

Captain Don, a pious officer, and Mr Brown, instructed a class of hill-boys; some of the hill-people were baptized, and prospects looked bright. Mr Hurter seemed so vigorous in body, and so fitted for the hill-people, to whom he purposed devoting his chief strength, that many warm hearts were made glad, but again had the oft-repeated lesson to be learnt, that "God's ways are not as man's ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts."

Mr Hurter set out on his accustomed excursion to the hills at the season thought safe, but was notwithstanding struck down with hill fever, and returned, as Mr Christian had done before him, to die; mourned most deeply by those who knew his worth, and valued him for his work's sake. "So sinks one labourer after another into the dust," writes Weitbrecht, "and India is not converted! but the Lord's time will come." His designs are bright even when treasured up in the hidden mines of His unrevealed purposes!

Thus was Bhagulpur again left for two years without a missionary, and the Lord's people there were taught to wait in faith and patience upon Him. He enabled them to do so, and in March 1850, Mr Droese, another German, who had providentially come into connexion with the Church mission (from the inability of the Berlin Society to continue to maintain him), was happily brought, with his energetic wife, to this long-tried, oft-forsaken station.

During the period that had intervened between Mr Christian's death and Mr Hurter's arrival, a very large

addition had been made to the population, in the admission of another tribe of people called the *Santhals,* who cultivate the valleys and low grounds among the hills, where the *Puharis* will not dwell;—thus the station is now still more important than it was twenty years ago. The *Santhals* are shy, laborious, industrious, and enterprising; their only similarity to the *Puharis* consists in the great simplicity of social and religious life among them.

We will now turn to the bright side of our picture, and relate a little of Mr Droese's experience in his missionary labours. In speaking of the hill-people in 1852, he says, "They are open to conviction, and more easily impressed with the weighty simplicity of the gospel than the Hindus, whose minds have been distorted by an artfully wrought-out system of false religion. If the missionary dwells on the theme that the Son of God left the glory of heaven, and came on earth to suffer for sinful mankind, and to die for us a most painful death, the hill-man will generally listen with an expression of astonishment or awe, as if he were about to exclaim, What do I hear! O God! is it thus that Thou lovest man?

"I have met among them with much encouragement, and have occasionally seen them so deeply moved and affected by the truths of the gospel, that I found great difficulty in preserving within myself the needful calmness of mind.

"Almost all the converts here are from the hill-people; and if God be pleased to continue His blessing

on the work carried on among them, they may soon form a numerous Christian congregation at Bhagulpur; and we may also see the gospel speed its way to their hills, where at present the dreariness of a half-savage everyday life is relieved by nothing except feasts, dedicated to drunkenness, in honour of the being they worship; where drinking songs resound from rock to rock, but the praises of God remain unsung.

"It is true it may never be possible for a European missionary to settle among those hills, for to live there is death to any but hill-men themselves. Yet this obstacle is likely to be greatly lessened by that continual communication which is kept up between the hill-people now residing at Bhagulpur, and those living in the hills.

"Most of the people here, though they may not think of ever returning to their hills for good, continue to look upon them as their home. There they retain their fields and other family possessions; to the hills their savings go; to the hills they repeatedly send wife and children; to the hills they themselves repair whenever they can obtain leave; and to the hills they will also, please God, carry and spread the glad tidings of salvation. In fact, some feeble beginning has already been made. Some of those whom I am now preparing for baptism, persuaded by their Christian relatives, have left their hills for the sake of receiving further Christian instruction here.

"There is now at Bhagulpur a little flock of fifty souls, some of whom have been gathered through the

zealous exertions of those kind Christian friends to whose deep interest in the spread of Christianity the Bhagulpur mission owes its origin. I found, on my arrival, six adults and one child already baptized, and have since gradually been adding to the number. An elderly woman, seeing a little congregation springing up, came to me one day, and professed herself a *Christian.* I had long known her, and often admired her activity and good behaviour—*she had been baptized by Mr Christian twenty-four years before!*

"Maheshah Shama, the first hill-man I baptized, became acquainted with the truth through the Baptist missionaries at Monghyr, and subsequently sought and obtained further instruction from Mr Hurter during the short period he pursued his zealous labours. In Maheshah I found not only a sincere inquirer, but a lover of truth. Even before he was baptized, he used to collect the children of his class in the government school (the school originally formed by Mr Cleveland), where he was teacher, around him, praying with them and reading to them the Word of God.

"I received him into our church six months after my arrival, and as he is a man advanced in years, and graces his profession of the gospel with a truly consistent life, he enjoys the esteem not only of his own people, but of all who know him.

"He is remarkably acquainted with the Word of God, which may well be said to be his sole delight. Oh, how many born in a Christian country, who have from their earliest childhood enjoyed the best Christian

education, might learn from this man to love the Saviour, and to serve Him! He has lately, of his own accord, commenced a prayer-meeting at his house, conducted in the hill language, to which he invites such as cannot well understand the Hinduwi."

Thus these sturdy mountaineers, who never bowed to the ancient conquerors of Hindusthan, have been brought into subjection to the gospel of Christ, and manifest its power to subdue the human heart as satisfactorily as the Hindu of the plains.

"But," writes Mr Droese, "as yet our mission stations are but watch-posts—the missionaries the watchmen, trying to awaken the people for the coming morn, as also to keep awake and prepare the blessed few who have risen to life.

"A Christian congregation is to be to the missionary a crown of joy. Our heavenly Master wore a crown of thorns. Should we then think it strange when our crowns sometimes prove such? The servant is not greater than his master; and yet our crowns are not altogether crowns of thorns, but here and there roses too are seen, and the time will come when all the thorns will have dropped off, and a crown of glory instead will be our portion. Such thoughts sustain us, and enable us humbly to submit to our trials; they animate and cheer us to hold on, pleading for the perishing multitudes around us. My congregation is often the cause of much anxiety to me, but also of pure and holy satisfaction. It is my flock and my garden, which I try to cultivate with earnest prayer."

The state of a congregation so recently gathered from the heathen cannot be expected to have advanced beyond the stage of spiritual childhood, and the faith and patience of the missionary are frequently put to a severe test, as his journals manifest, but he knows that thus it must be, and that he who "goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing sheaves with him."

The fulfilment of this promise Mr Droese has indeed been permitted to experience far more rapidly than most Indian missionaries, even among hill tribes. The devoted German brethren on the west, at Chota Nagpur, though a large and compact body, had to sow, and watch and wait for the springing, seven long weary years, before they baptized their *first* convert, who has since been followed by so many hundreds of others, and several of their number closed their eyes in death without seeing anything. But Mr Droese has reported, year by year, encouraging numbers of admissions into the church, and was already at the end of 1853, able to tell us that his congregation consisted of one hundred and twenty-five members, twenty-eight of whom were communicants. But then we must remember there had been waiting, watching, and praying, for years before he came.

The late venerable Bishop of Calcutta, after visiting the station in 1854, writes, "This mission is one of the most striking instances that I have seen of solid and yet rapid success. I confirmed fifty converts, and took possession of a commodious church, which is being erected in the name of the Church Missionary Society.

Mr Droese has deeply felt, like all single-handed missionaries, not only how much he must try to do, but how much he must neglect and leave almost unattempted. "Without another missionary station at this place," he writes, "the Hindu and Mohammedan part of the population cannot but be extremely inefficiently attended to. I do not say, as some, where one missionary is, there let a hundred be, but only, where one is, there let a second be stationed, and, by way of superabundant favour, also a third;" but the Church Missionary Committee had for six years to reply, "Earnestly as we wish to do this, we cannot, on account of the paucity of labourers."

Hindu Woman giving her Child to a Missionary's Wife in a time of distress.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."—PSALM lxxvi. 10.

IT was while the mission was in the promising condition we have described that the *Santhals* broke out into open insurrection against the British Government, and checked for a time some of the best plans of the missionary. His hill schools were broken up, and the poor girls fled to Mr Droese's house in the station; for, said they, "if the insurgents attack Bhagulpur," as it was known to be their intention to do, "the *only place of safety will be the missionary's house.*"

Happily the station was preserved, though a host of eight thousand *Santhals* was, for nearly fourteen days, encamped about twenty-five miles off, ready to fall upon the place. The only thing which preserved it was a small hill-stream, which, in consequence of an unusually heavy rain, had risen to such a height, and was running along so violently, that the *Santhals* could not cross it.

So strong was the current, that the buffaloes, which they repeatedly drove in to test its force, were all of

them carried down the stream, though they live much in water, and swim very well. Had these animals succeeded in gaining the other shore, the *Santhals* would, as they are accustomed to do, have crossed the stream on them, and a day's march would have brought them to Bhagulpur, which was protected only by a small body of hill-rangers, scarcely sufficient to guard the jail.

But the Lord looked down upon His people in their distress, heard the cries of the missionary and his trembling band of converts, and kept the waters at their height by incessant rain, till troops arrived for their protection, and soon after the *Santhals* were compelled to evacuate their position near the river.

It appears that these poor people had many grievances, especially from the native officials, in collecting their heavy ground-rents. This is the sad story universal in India, and must ever continue so under the present system of sub-letting, as well as while European officials are so few as to be compelled to trust to native agents responsibilities for which they are unfit, from their habits of bribery and corruption.

The wily Hindu money-lenders helped to goad on these poor simple hill-men by their cheating and chicanery. They had also been much provoked by the underlings employed in the railway works passing through the country, who engaged their services as coolies, and failed to pay them fairly. They could not obtain justice, any more than the peasant of the plains groaning under the zemindar oppressor is able to do so.

He is abject, and tamely submits; but the brave mountaineer, possessing a nature that is easily wrought upon, breaks out into open violence, plunders the neighbouring country, and commits those atrocities which ever characterise the excited passions of the heathen, until put down by a military force, against which he cannot contend.

"Missionaries labouring among them," writes Mr Droese, "might have served to help them to a more extensive knowledge and a juster appreciation of the character of their rulers—might also have helped them to get some of their grievances noticed. And there is no doubt that the preaching of the gospel through the missionaries would have infused into the race notions more humane than their demon-worship inspired them with, so that their rising would not have been attended by the perpetration of such dreadful cruelties as were practised on most of the victims who fell into their hands.

"The people of those villages in which schools had been commenced, acting under the influence of the Christian teachers, were the last to rise in insurrection, and only did so at length on being forced by the main body; and they first gave warning to their teachers to withdraw, and secure their own safety in time, as the friendly villagers among whom they were living were no longer able to protect them."

When the children of these people fled to Mrs Droese, they told her "their mothers were crying at home night and day." We can faintly conceive the sor-

rowful scenes that then passed in those mountain homes, or the dreadful penalty they had to pay for indulging in rebellion, when the Government soldiers executed vengeance upon them.

Had the station been kept up from the time of Mr Christian till now, Mr Droese felt assured that the labours of the missionaries would have been blest to the conversion of thousands, whose sympathy for rulers holding the same faith as themselves would have kept them from rising, and, through their influence over their heathen neighbours, the rebellion would have been altogether prevented.

These races, once converted to Christianity, would more effectually secure the internal peace of the Indian empire than all the war machinery man can provide. Now every outlaw has a refuge among them, and a mixed race springing from such is in existence, bearing a distinct name, and notorious for being clever, good-looking, and bent on mischief—the most daring robbers to be found.

Soon after the suppression of the insurrection, a plan was suggested to place the *Santhals* under the instruction of Christian teachers in schools formed by the Church Missionary Society's missionary, and supported by Government. In a letter dated May 1857, it is spoken of as a settled thing, that Mr Droese was to establish as many schools as possible at once, and for the buildings, teachers, and books, Government would pay. The correspondence regarding this plan and its details occupied a long time, and it seems at

length to have been decided, that although the scheme was sanctioned by the Supreme Government in India, "the Home Government interposed to prohibit the carrying out of the plan, adhering to the conviction that it would be altogether opposed to the rules hitherto observed, to take any steps which might have the appearance of uniting the Government with a Missionary Society, in measures having the aim of converting any class of the population to Christianity."

The despatch closes with the following paragraph:— "We see no reason for applying to the case of the *Santhals* a different principle from that which has been applied to the general population, and we accordingly direct that a scheme may be prepared for affording to the inhabitants of the *Santhal* district the means of education through the agency of the government officers, who must be most strictly enjoined to abstain from any attempt to introduce religious subjects in any form."

This paragraph needs no comment. Taken in connexion with what has been stated before, it conveys internal evidence of the existence of a suicidal policy. The local authority has not, however, yielded to this view, and the schools which were commenced have not been abolished.

It was at Rohni, near Deogurh, in this district, that, on the evening of the 12th of June 1857, three English officers were drinking tea together outside the house, when suddenly was heard a rush of feet towards them. All were immediately and desperately attacked by men bearing the appearance of Sepoys in undress.

Two were badly wounded, and one, Sir Norman Leslie, was killed. Poor fellow! he lived but half an hour, and "felt it very hard to die in this manner."

It being a dark and cloudy night, the murderers could not be traced, but it was believed, from circumstances afterwards ascertained, that they were some of the disbanded Sepoys, who were known to have come into the district to talk over the *Santhals*, and induce them to join the rebels. They probably thought that if they deprived them of their officers, to whom they were known to be much attached, they would get disheartened, and be persuaded to coalesce with the mutineers.

The latest missionary accounts from this interesting station are contained in a letter written on the 25th of May 1857, by Mrs Droese, who says, "Our mission at Bhagulpur has now been exactly seven years in existence, and a vineyard has been planted, which has already borne rich fruit. A good sized mission-house, an orphanage, a church, and several schools, shew to the bodily eye what we owe to the help and co-operation of those interested in our mission, and the Lord has shown us that His holy Word has the same power as it had in earlier times, and that He works as He did of old.

"We have a Church of about two hundred souls, without reckoning those who have been called from the midst of us to the church above. If we look at individual members, we cannot say the greater number are all we could wish. Most of them are but as children

in understanding, and must be brought before the Lord as children. Some give us cause for uneasiness from their lukewarmness and instability, and but few could be taken as examples of matured Christian character.

"My desire is very earnest that our friends in Germany, and also in England, may be stirred up to pray for our mission specially. Many probably are impressed with the mistaken idea that the new converts from heathenism are models of holiness and piety. They forget how many hindrances these converts have to contend with, and to what evil examples they are exposed from childhood.

"This is the case with all missions among the heathen; but our Christians in Bhagulpur seem particularly to need, in this respect, the intercessory prayers of our friends at home. Most of them are soldiers in the corps raised from the hill-men; and therefore they cannot, like other native Christians, live apart from the heathen, but must dwell with their families in the barracks, where a Christian and his wife must often live in the same room with ten or twelve heathen soldiers.

"Here Satan exercises his power—these lambs of Christ's flock are surrounded with wolves, ready to entice them to the grossest sins, and, if they cannot succeed, persecuting them with scoffs and mockings.

"If our friends could see how often the members of our church are tormented by their nearest relatives, and exposed to every kind of scorn and persecution, they would put up redoubled prayers for them. How can we wonder that persons so circumstanced should often

fall? We must look on it as a special grace from the Lord when the bruised reed is not quite crushed, nor the smoking flax quenched; and yet we have many Christians in whom the Lord's power has been gloriously shewn forth, and who bear witness of what manner of spirit they are, and that the Lord works mightily in weak vessels; who walk in His footsteps, and are an example of all we should desire to see."

In this letter a clear and distinct view is given of the *exact* condition of the mission, *as it was after the Santhal outbreak had been entirely quelled,* and before the excitement arose consequent on late events. It is certainly, on the whole, an encouraging view; and it is further cheering to find that a brother missionary, Mr Erhardt, was at the beginning of 1857 associated with Mr Droese, to share his toils and anxieties.

There has been much alarm and excitement felt at Bhagulpur during recent events. In June, no European knew if the next hour would find him living or dead, and the feelings of all were kept in a terrible state of suspense for a lengthened period.

"Cleveland's House" was fortified as a shelter for all Europeans, in case any necessity should arise to seek such a refuge, and the missionaries proceeded with their daily labours, calmly waiting on Him who has promised that no hair shall fall from the heads of His people without His permission; determined to continue with their native flock as long as possible, hoping that all was permitted to accomplish God's wise purposes, and to prepare the heathen of India for the extensive

reception of the gospel, as well as to shew the English nation how needful it is for her to use increased effort on behalf of her Indian subjects.

"Surely," wrote Mr Droese, "after all that has now occurred, no Englishman will venture to say, as has too often been said, that the people of this land are better with their own religion, and that it is a pity to make them Christians."

At length the mission families were compelled to leave their house for safety every night, and all the ladies and children in the station were, by order of the Government, sent down to Calcutta in a steamer. The missionaries' wives remained, and hoped to be allowed to do so, but were told soon after it was their imperative duty to go. What they felt at having to leave their home, their mission, and, above all, their beloved husbands, He who sent them this trial alone knew; but their trust was in Him—they felt assured He would do all things well, and their faith was honoured. By various mistakes as to joining the steamers, they were prevented from starting till the people gained more confidence, which *they* considered as a sign from the Lord that they should not go at all.

Thus they were left the only ladies in the station, and were greatly supported by perceiving, that these days of anxiety had not produced a bad influence upon the converts, but, on the contrary, had quickened their prayers, and made them more careful. "I am much pleased with the spirit our orphan girls have shewn," writes Mrs Droese. "They are not only content with

coarser and commoner food—they have meat only once a week now—but the elder girls, of their own accord, work in their leisure hours for the clothing they want. Their troubles teach these poor girls valuable lessons of self-dependence." The day-school, which was emptied for a fortnight, again filled, poor orphan children were sent in, and up to the latest accounts, were continuing to be received.

This was one among many other instances, in which missionaries and *their wives* remained at their posts, and continued their work, even when the very frame-work of society was disjointed, when friends were failing—for their kind friends were cut off, or spoiled of all they possessed—and danger the most appalling surrounded them on all sides.

The expected mutiny never took place, for the soldiers were so alarmed by a visit from General Outram, and by observing the digging of some entrenchments, which they thought was to lay a mine to blow them all up, that on the very same evening they all ran away, and from that time the fear of danger subsided.

Mrs Droese adds, "The Lord deals very wonderfully with His people. We are often tempted to ask why He has allowed all the bloody and cruel deeds lately committed, and why He permits Satan and the people who sit in darkness to lift up their hands against the people of the Lord? He knows why. Brighter days may after this come for India—days when they who now know not the Saviour will come to ask for that Christ whom they now want to crucify in His poor followers."

If we cross the river on leaving Bhagulpur, and drop down to Caragola Ghaut, a little lower on the opposite side, we again land, and, mounting an elephant, the common mode of travelling in this locality, we journey through the district of Purneah, a rich and populous country, intersected with numerous rivers, and thickly dotted with towns and villages; but we do not in our course mark any missionary stations, for here no Protestant missionary has ever set his foot, except to itinerate in the cold season, though in this and the adjacent districts of Dinagepur and Rungpur, there are more than four millions of immortal souls all lying in utter darkness.

At the station of Dinagepur, indeed, an aged Baptist missionary has long laboured most indefatigably, and gathered in a flock of converts. The Roman Catholics are here likewise, and have baptized many nominal Christians; but until within the last few years even the numerous indigo-planters and other Europeans, scattered over this large area of country, were quite destitute of any means of grace, and several among them had not heard a sermon or seen a minister for twenty years.

The Bishop of Calcutta, concerned for the spiritual destitution of this and similar districts, took measures to provide, in 1845, an English clergyman, who was located at the station of Purneah in January 1847; and, being a man of missionary spirit, he got a native catechist from Benares, and commenced a school and vernacular preaching.

It was an encouraging beginning—the school was

well attended, the catechist was faithful, and in 1848, Weitbrecht, who was visiting the place, writes, "Mysari, a youth belonging to the hill-rangers, was baptized by Mr Dicken, who preached a very appropriate sermon after the solemn ceremony, which was witnessed by the congregation with deep interest, it being the *first* baptism of a heathen convert among Protestant Christians at this place, though the Roman Catholics have many. Thus, a good beginning is, I hope, made in missionary work."

Alas! it was but "a beginning," for in less than four years Mr Dicken's health broke up, and he had to leave India; the school, the catechist, and the native converts were all dispersed; and it remains a melancholy fact, that no Protestant missionary agency, not even of the feeblest kind, is now at work in the whole district of Purneah.

We pass right through this district till we reach Titalaya, which lies just across its border in Rungpur, where it will be remembered Mr Schrœter proceeded in 1817 (see page 49). On our journey our eyes have been feasted with the sight of that portion of the magnificent range of the Himmalayas, in which is situated the highest peak. The snowy summits, illuminated by the setting sun, look so bright and beautiful, that we unite with Heber in exclaiming,

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

During Mr Schrœter's brief missionary life of four years, he could do little but what was preparatory. Of that sort of labour he accomplished much for the time,

and he also preached and conversed with the natives. Major Latter, the pious officer through whose influence he had come to the spot, describes him as "most zealous and indefatigable." The Marquis of Hastings stated, on the occasion of his decease, that "his death was a real loss to science and humanity, for in such a course he was zealous and unremitting."

After his death, another German missionary, La Roche, succeeded him; but he, too, was soon worn out, left the place, and died on his journey home. Others were to follow, but, before they could reach, Major Latter died in 1822; and from that time, now thirty-five years, no effort of any kind has been made in this direction, though in this case the Government of India were willing to pay the salary of any agent the Missionary Society might send, in consideration of certain benefits they had been led by Major Latter to believe would arise from his location there.

We cannot leave this neighbourhood without referring for a moment to the devotedness of one individual, Mr Start, who in 1831 came to India, and has since brought out more than twenty German missionaries at his own expense, and laboured in many ways to promote the spiritual good of its people, throughout a wide extent of country, in these districts. Whatever may be said of a want of missionary spirit in the Church of Christ at large, no lack of it exists in this apostolic, patient, self-denying man, and his efforts have been largely blessed.

It may be added that he considers a great change to

have become apparent in the spirit of the people during his sojourn in the country, even in the neglected district of Purneah, which he has traversed frequently on his way to and from a station he has formed in the lower range of the Himmalayas, beyond Titalaya, at the Sanatarium of Darjeeling. This must be in consequence of the light diffused by missionary itinerancies. Mr Start has translated the Gospels into the Lepcha, the language of one of the tribes near Darjeeling, and has published them at his own expense. This was one of the works at which Schrœter and La Roche had aimed so many years before.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE SEED TAKING ROOT.

"For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."—HEB. x. 36.

WE now return to the banks of the Ganges, and pursue our journey till we reach Monghyr, the station next above Bhagulpur, where there is something to refresh the spiritual eye and heart of a passing visitor.

The work here was commenced by Chamberlain, and the present missionaries are men of the same spirit, who make extensive tours in the cold season, over the neglected districts from which we have just returned.

It was to *a native Christian*, who came forward and revealed to the magistrate the existence of a plot which had been formed by a rich Mohammedan to kill them all, that the Europeans in this place owed their lives in the late rebellion. Government servants (natives) of high standing, and many Mohammedans, had taken part in that conspiracy.*

* The *Friend of India*, of August 13, 1857, remarks, "Of all the native officials in the disturbed districts who have been high in office, scarcely one has proved faithful, and all have sided more or less with the insurgents. Few have rendered any valuable information, and some have behaved with the greatest villany. The deputy-collector of Futtey-

"By an incredible leniency, the culprits were dismissed; on the other hand, the native Christian was treated as if himself guilty. He was arrested, and ordered off from the station to Mozufferpur, the place of his residence. On arriving at Mozufferpur, Inayat Hossein, the native Christian, was ordered not to leave the station, and to appear twice a-day at the police-office. This continued until the arrival of the new Commissioner at Patna. He entreated the Commissioner to release him from restraint, which was done, and the magistrate was ordered to give this Christian man his liberty.

"Although the order was passed, it was detained by the magistrate, and it was not until the interference of the missionaries that it was made known. Inayat Hossein at once went to Monghyr to his family. But he was again arrested by the magistrate there, kept for a day or two in jail, and then forwarded from police-office to police-office, back to Mozufferpur.

"Thus his reward for his loyalty was imprisonment, banishment from his family, abuse, ill-usage from the police, and a rigid surveillance which prevented him from following his avocation for a livelihood. Yet the Mohammedans, who were sworn by the magistrate's own officers to have tampered with them for the purpose of raising a rebellion, are held in honour, retain their employments, and are trusted by the servants of

pur was the real murderer of Mr Tucker, the judge of that district. This is only one out of many instances of treachery and villany which are known."

the Indian Government. The only reason given by the Monghyr magistrate for his cruel conduct is, that Inayat Hossein had left Mozufferpur without leave, which was entirely contrary to fact. It is no new thing for the Indian Government to sacrifice Christians, and the rights of Christians, whether natives or others, to propitiate Mussulmans."*

Weitbrecht mentions in his journal how greatly he enjoyed intercourse with the Monghyr missionaries in 1839, and alludes to their brotherly kindness and attention to him, when he spent a few hours at their mission-house.

It is only in these parts that the scenery is picturesque during a long trip up the river. We soon lose sight of the hills after leaving Monghyr, and journey on again for nine days, without anything to interest either the eye or the heart, for there are no more signs of missions till we reach Patna, where the Serampur brethren, in early days, began a work, and Mr Start settled here in 1832. Some excellent Baptists now occupy the place.

These missionaries appear to have escaped injury, though not alarm, during the mutiny of the troops at Dinapur, the large military station adjoining Patna, rendered sacred to memory by its having been the place where Henry Martyn exercised his ministry for nearly three years, and made the first attempts at missionary schools, five of which he instituted and carried on, solely at his own expense.

* Copied from the *Baptist Missionary Herald* for February 1858.

It was during his residence here that he completed the translation of the Prayer-book into Hindusthani, and commenced the performance of Divine worship, according to the forms of the Church of England, in the vernacular language of India, to a congregation composed of two hundred women, Portuguese, Roman Catholics, and Mohammedans; and here he finished another useful work, which he calls "The Little Book of the Parables," designed for the use of his pupils, and commenced his translation of the Scriptures into Hindusthani and Persian.

Regarding them, he writes, "My part in the blessed plan in operation to bring about the glorious day of the Lord, though not at first exactly consonant with my wishes, is, I believe, appointed me. *To translate the Word of God is a work of more lasting benefit than my preaching would be.*" These words were quite prophetic; for Martyn's translations, unlike those of most other first essayists in this difficult department of missionary labour, have never been superseded.

It was here, too, that his faithful ministrations were so much blessed to the souls of some Europeans, and that his righteous soul was vexed from day to day by many trying causes, as is touchingly described in his Memoir. "A more tender plant than Martyn was never reared in the garden of the Lord."

Now congregations of native converts are gathered in, in connexion with the Baptist missions; but oh, how small, compared to the extent of these vast cities! Patna, alone, extends eight miles in length along the

banks of the Ganges. Had the cultivation of the human inhabitants of the soil been as industriously and perseveringly attended to as that of the poppy, which produces the opium for which these districts are celebrated, how blessed a result would have ensued, and how painful a result would have been avoided!

In 1840, Leupolt of Benares visited this place, and wrote, in a letter to Weitbrecht, a singularly interesting notice of the days he spent there. It was on the occasion of an assembling of eighty thousand to worship a particular idol, that he, in company with two or three of Mr Start's missionaries, entered the place. They soon found that the people were most willing to listen to their preaching, and eager to receive tracts and portions of Scripture.

The next morning they again went among them, and in an hour had expended all the tracts they took with them, and had to return to their boats for more. Coming out, they saw a few persons collected round, and thought they might as well speak to them from the boat. Being thereby elevated, they could better be seen, and as the bank sloped gradually, they could also better be heard. Leupolt began to address the people, who stood in a half-circle round the boat, but soon found that he had to raise his voice, for the circle enlarged, and within half an hour three thousand persons were before him.

After speaking for an hour and a half, he was relieved by his brother missionary, who took a tract, and read it aloud. A third brother joined them, and they

preached and read alternately nearly five hours. It was then mid-day, and though it was the Indian cold season, the sun blazed fiercely from the cloudless sky, and Leupolt told the multitude he must have rest. "If you are tired," said they, "go within and lie down; we will sit on the bank, and rest too, for we have stood the whole forenoon."

The brethren retired, took some refreshment, and being very weary, dropped to sleep, but in half an hour were awoke by a noise made by the entrance of two men of the congregation, who said, "Sahib, the people think you have slept long enough, and that you might come out again, and tell them something more of what God has done for them." After such an invitation, what could they do but go, and continue to preach till four o'clock?

Next day the same scene was repeated, and again the people listened, with a short interval for repose, from six till four, many standing up to their waists in water, fearing to lose one word. One young man for a length of time laid hold of the boat with both hands, lest the stream might carry him away. It was a glorious time.

So long as the excitement lasted, no inconvenience was felt, but when that was over, Mr Leupolt could hardly speak audibly for a fortnight; yet he adds, "Should such an opportunity occur again, I should act as I did then, and speak as long as I had strength and grace to do so." A surging sea of human faces is always an overwhelming sight. Can we wonder that

the zealous missionary rejoiced in heart? and we who read it will rejoice with him.

We may follow these multitudes in imagination to their homes, and see them reading, as doubtless hundreds did read, those tracts and Gospels in their obscure villages. They might never see another missionary, never hear another sermon, but doubtless some among them will be found hereafter at God's right hand. The numerous instances that have transpired of secret believers made through such efforts, warrant the hope that so it will be.

In this district is Gya, an important place of pilgrimage, to which the Hindus resort to make offerings to deliver their ancestors from purgatory. The offerings made are sometimes very large—as much as a hundred thousand rupees (ten thousand pounds) have been given at once. These heathen devotees far exceed Christians in liberality in many respects.

At one time missionaries were very ill treated at Gya, and taunted, as they have been in other places, with the fact of their Christian Government being in intimate connexion with the shrines; but now the feeling towards them has very much changed, so that the Hindus often say to an old missionary, "Only a few years more, Sahib, and your religion will prevail;" but they not unseldom add, "Your Government are robbers and liars."

There are Hindu missionaries attached to Gya, called Gyawals, who go to all parts of India, and try to bring people to the place. They are sometimes absent four

or five years, and by their eloquent description of the virtue and merit attaching to this pilgrimage, they succeed in persuading many thousands to come, and particularly some great and rich people, who will make large offerings. If they bring a rajah, they are highly applauded, for it is customary in India to perform pilgrimage by proxy; the rich staying comfortably at home, and paying the poor to go, supplying them with the means of making a liberal offering, the spiritual benefit of which is to be enjoyed by the sender.

A Christian missionary, in the habit of visiting this place, says, "Were Christians generally to undergo as much for their faith as the Hindus do for their false deities, we should soon see missions in a different state in this land. I speak from what I have seen in Gya. Some years ago a rajah laid an offering of five thousand pounds at Vishnu's feet. The Gyawal who had brought or induced him to come said, 'There is no heap;' so the rajah ordered two thousand five hundred more to be added."

The same missionary adds an important observation: — "A general change has taken place in the people's feelings; and our almost complete want of other success, in numerous conversions, is not without its important benefit. As things are now, the people hear the gospel without fear, and it undermines their *whole fabric;* whereas, if we had what may be called personal success, numbers would be alarmed, and would not listen to us or read our books. Our sowing is in hope that the fruit will come."

These cheerful words, from one who has been labouring in faith and love, unostentatiously, patiently, and effectively, nearly twenty years—brought out from Germany by Mr Start, but self-supporting—cannot but brighten hope with regard to the conversion of the poor Hindus, who will be made willing in the day of Jehovah's power, and converts will then "spring up as willows beside all the water-courses."

In this neighbourhood a great deal of European property has been destroyed during the late mutiny. A friend remarks, in a letter just received, "The mutineers let loose the prisoners, burnt down the jail and the gentlemen's houses, and then attacked the fortified house in which they had taken refuge. As the English ladies had all been previously sent away, they found none to practise their atrocities upon, so they seized hundreds of native women. Nothing was done to check them—they had their own way entirely." This extract manifests the cruel spirit which actuated these poor wretched mutineers and released felons. They actually committed atrocities for the sake of violence and wickedness, even when their European victims had escaped.

Opposite Dinapur, on the other side of the river, is Hadjipur, where Mr Start located his German brethren on their first arrival for some little time. Weitbrecht found seventeen brethren, fourteen of whom were single men, and three married, living there, in one bungalow, in 1840, engaged in studying the language.

Those brethren have since gone into various locali-

ties; and in the province of Behar, through which we are now passing from Bengal to the North-West, out of fourteen missionaries labouring among the eight or nine millions it contains, only four of them are at this moment supported by British Missionary Societies, the other ten by Mr Start and private friends. Some of the seventeen mentioned above are no longer living, others have joined Societies; but in the fertile district of Tirhoot, usually styled "the garden of India," and the districts of Shahabad and Sarun, there are no missionaries but those connected with this devoted man.

Our next station, in proceeding onward, is Buxar, which formed the limit of Clive's conquest. The battle of Buxar confirmed Behar to the English. We are first interested in this place by Henry Martyn, who paid it a visit in 1807, while acting as chaplain at Dinapur. He relates that he "walked to a pagoda where a Brahman read and expounded. It was a scene descriptive of the ancient times of Hindu glory. The Brahman sat under the shade of a large banian near the pagoda; his hair and beard were white, and his head most gracefully crowned with a garland of flowers. A servant of the rajah sat on his right hand, and the venerable man sang Sanscrit verses, and explained them to him without turning his head, but only his eyes, which had a very dignified effect. Martyn waited for the first pause to ask the Brahman some questions, which led to a long conversation, and an attempt to give them a history of redemption. The old Brahman

expressed his surprise and pleasure at finding *a Sahib who cared anything about religion!*"

Here Corrie came, formed a school, and placed a catechist, in 1819, and two years after we read of forty native Christians at the place, under the charge of Karim Massah, who also acted as schoolmaster. Corrie felt and said that "the most efficient native missionaries were schoolmasters, who, in teaching the Scriptures to others, had themselves received the truth in the love of it."

Touching experiences of this fact had come to his knowledge: we will mention one or two. "A son of a Brahman, nineteen years of age, who was dying of consumption, was taken to the banks of the Ganges, and, while lying there, was heard to call upon the name of the Lord Jesus. His friends rebuked him, and desired him to invoke one of their gods. He replied, 'You may call on whom you please, but Jesus is the name that brings peace to my soul.'" A precious dying testimony this from a young schoolmaster, heathen by name only. Another, in similar circumstances, was heard uttering this prayer, "O thou Son of God, Thou knowest that I have believed Thy gospel, and taught it faithfully to the children," and almost immediately expired. "Thus," adds Corrie, "many obtain a saving knowledge of Christ, and silently pass on to heaven, without any profession before men."

The congregation at Buxar were chiefly the wives of the invalid soldiers who had retired there. When Bishop Heber visited the station in 1825, he was sur-

prised and pleased at finding this nice little church; for though the modest Corrie was travelling in his company, he had told him nothing of his efforts there. Among the native Christians was a widow of one of the soldiers, who, having become unexpectedly possessed of three hundred rupees, dedicated one hundred towards building a chapel, as a thank-offering to God for the blessings she had received through Corrie, and the agency he set to work. The "widow's mite" was followed by other donations, and a chapel was built. Other catechists followed Karim, and some missionary effort continued to be made for many years, but the station is now quite abandoned by the Church Missionary Society. Other claims have been more pressing, and the labourers too few. Two of Mr Start's missionaries now occupy Buxar.

Let us repeat our Saviour's words, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." Then the day that Martyn saw by faith, and the prospect of which cheered him so much in his desolate loneliness that, as he wrote of it, "hope and joy sprung up in his mind," will speedily overtake us. "Yes, it shall be," said Martyn, as he looked from his window, and saw the river quietly pursuing its course; "yonder stream of Ganges shall one day roll through tracts adorned with Christian churches, and cultivated by Christian husbandmen, and the holy hymn be heard beneath the shade of the tamarind."

As we still trace our way onward, after leaving Buxar we notice, before reaching Benares, the large

city of Ghazipur, where three German missionaries were for some years located. Their work there was chiefly preparatory, and had to be abandoned just as it might have been expected to bear fruit, because the Society with which they were connected was no longer able to support them. Two of their number joined the Church Missionary Society, one of whom was Mr Droese, whom we met at Bhagulpur; another, Mr Reuther, went afterwards to Juanpur, a station we have yet to notice; the third left the country on account of his health.

Ghazipur is a large Mohammedan town. It offers a fine field for missionary effort, and, though it must be acknowledged that it is much more difficult to make an impression on a Mussulman population than on one composed of Hindus, this offers no reason why effort should not be attempted, but rather an additional motive for making the attempt with increased vigour. A missionary, in a letter lately received from Calcutta, says, "I do feel to my heart's core, how shamefully and disgracefully we have neglected the Mohammedans. Oh, where are the men, Hebrew scholars, imbued with Oriental lore, and a love of souls, who will come out as missionaries to the Mohammedans especially?"

About three years ago, three of Mr Start's German brethren located themselves at Ghazipur. They have four converts, and a large school under their charge, containing eighty or more boys. It was formerly a government school, but is now in the hands of the missionaries, with a "grant in aid" of its support from

Government. Its teacher is a converted native, an able man, who was educated in Calcutta; and the Bible is in this, as in every missionary school, freely used, nor did it diminish the number of pupils when it was first introduced.

These missionaries are diligent spiritual husbandmen, and cultivate this sterile soil faithfully and perseveringly by constant itinerancies; and though not yet much encouraged, they sow in hope till the harvest comes.

We are now at Benares. Had we travelled here by land instead of by the river, we might have made the journey in a week from Burdwan along the Great Trunk Road. The distance travelled over would have been three hundred and fifty miles, and we should not have passed *one missionary station along the whole route* after leaving Burdwan; so that, though portions of our river journey have been desolate enough in that respect, our readers will perceive that the inland journey would have been far more desolate, as far as the spiritual landscape is concerned.

The Hindu name for Benares is Kashi, "The Splendid," where Shiva, a famous Hindu god, is said to have reigned. The people assert that it was built of gold, silver, and precious stones, but that, as we are now living in the iron age, the houses appear to us as if constructed of brick, mortar, and mud. They consider it as lying in the centre of the earth, and all other countries lying round it. It is eighty thousand steps nearer to heaven than any other part of the world, and for ten miles round it is so holy that all, even the unclean

beef-eating European, who dies within these precincts, is sure of going to heaven, though he may be the greatest sinner in the world.

We land at Rajghat, a place that has of late been so strongly fortified, in case of an attack from the mutineers, that it presents a most warlike appearance, and it is believed that fifty thousand men could not take it, even though it were defended by a very small force of Europeans.

As we step on shore we see the humble bungalow of a veteran Baptist missionary, who has occupied this portion of Benares for many years, and diligently planted, watered, and cultivated it. Occasionally he has been cheered by the presence of a brother, as was the case in 1850, when a terrible catastrophe happened at this ghaut. Several boats laden with gunpowder blew up, and among other lives that were sacrificed was that of the missionary's wife, who was struck dead with the shock, while the bungalow and premises became a mass of ruins.

Thus solemn thoughts fill the mind on touching at this spot, which are deepened by the remembrances suggested by the fortifications.

Our hearts are at the same time filled with adoring thankfulness, for it was at Benares that God worked so wondrous a deliverance for our countrymen, on the first manifestation and outbreak of the mutinous spirit there, and caused an almost actual fulfilment of the promise, that "one should chase a thousand, and two put two thousand to flight." Before we quit this city,

always one of interest from its varied and peculiar associations, we will allude again to this subject, but for the present will proceed to give some sketches of the work we have more particularly in view—the establishment and progress of the mission.

We trace the former to the beloved Corrie, who, when chaplain at Chunar, made some incipient efforts for Benares, and caused, in 1809, a church to be erected.

In January 1818 he became chaplain at this place, and at once set to work as a missionary. Schools had before been formed for the children of native Christians attached to the drummers, and Hindusthani worship had for some years been held. Corrie had sent Mr Addington (whom he had educated himself) the year before, and stationed him on the western side of the city, at a place called Sigra or Secrole, where some of his schools were located. At this place a memorable massacre took place in 1781, when four companies of Sepoys were cut to pieces by the infuriated populace, and the arrest of the rajah "kindled a flame that went well-nigh to consume Warren Hastings, and with him the fortunes of the English in India." * †

* Long's "Handbook."

† "One cannot but observe that, when a purpose of interest was to be served, the East India Government acted with characteristic vigour, and was not afraid to goad the prejudices of its subjects to the quick, trying tremendous experiments on their endurance. Warren Hastings did this on more than one occasion, the most astonishing of which, perhaps, was planning and accomplishing the death of Nuncomar, a high-caste Brahman, on an accusation of petty forgery, and hanging like a dog the representative of India's religion and highest caste, though he knew its nations shuddered at his contemplated deed, and that, as he struck his victim, he struck to the core of the heart of India. Those familiar with Indian

We are told by Mr Leupolt, in whose company we make the tour of this interesting city and its environs, that "Sigra, the spot now occupied as a mission site, was formerly a jungle, with large tanks and numerous wells; a chief resort for common thieves, *Thugs*, and highway robbers. Every crime was practised here, and towards evening no man ventured to travel alone that way, for fear of being robbed and murdered. Many a poor traveller met with an untimely end in this place, which was one of terror to the people, a moral wilderness, where Satan, who has his throne at Benares, and his most zealous agents, went to and fro.

"But now, from this very spot, the citadel of Satan is attacked by the two-edged sword, and his throne begins to shake. From hence the gospel of peace is promulgated. In the midst of this wilderness of Satan, a garden of God is being planted, and streams of healing water, flowing from an Almighty Saviour, promise to convert this awful desert into a fruitful field. Peace reigns there. The bread of life is freely offered to the hungry traveller, and the water of life, drawn from 'the wells of salvation,' is presented to the weary and fainting pilgrim. The Lord's day is kept holy by many converted Hindus, and where once the curses of the wicked, and the shrieks of the murdered, and the blood of the dying, ascended to the throne of judgment, to call, like Abel's blood, for vengeance, there now the

history will readily remember other facts of this kind, but in religious matters the delicacy observed towards the feelings of its subjects has always been extreme. It is *here* they have strained at a gnat: in politics many camels have been swallowed."

plaintive, humble voice of supplication and intercession, pleading for sinners, interceding for enemies, mingled with songs of praise, ascends to the throne of grace."

This famous Hindu city contains more than half a million of inhabitants, and among them no less than eighty thousand Brahmans, and a thousand Shiva temples; besides two hundred mosques for its Mussulman population, numbering some eighty thousand. It has eighty Sanscrit colleges, containing students from various quarters of Hindusthan; and more than one hundred thousand pilgrims visit it annually, twenty thousand of whom may be seen at one time rushing into the river at a given signal, to lave in its purifying waters, at the auspicious moment of an eclipse. The swell thus produced is so great, that little boats are often upset by it.

Yet this stronghold of Brahmanism was once a Budhist city, and Parsanath, one of the most distinguished Budhist saints was born here; now the only remaining monument of this exploded faith is the ruins of one of its temples in the vicinity of the city at Sonaat. May the day rapidly hasten when the same tale may be written of Brahmanism, and when, in place of the twelve hundred structures for the votaries of a false and cruel heathenism and sanguinary Mohammedanism, there may be twice twelve hundred Christian churches, filled with sable faces, and ministered to by Hindu preachers of the truth as it is in Jesus!

CHAPTER XVI.

ASSAULTS UPON SATAN'S STRONGHOLDS.

"Their land also is full of idols."—ISAIAH ii. 8.

BEFORE we enter on the history of the mission, we will accompany Mr Leupolt on a walk through the city, for conveyances can hardly find their way through its tortuous avenues, nor do the sun's rays penetrate in many places, the houses being in most of the streets several stories high.

As we proceed we see Brahmani bulls walking beside us, and stopping here and there to regale themselves with some of the Hindu dainties, set out on the front boards of the open shops. No Hindu will drive this sacred animal away, and he feasts where he likes, to his heart's content. He is a handsome creature, and so tame, from the indulgent usage he receives, that his appearance excites no fear; but were it not that the Mussulman inhabitants of the city slay many of them secretly in the dead of night, they would quite overrun the place. The alarm and danger is greater on seeing an elephant, with some great man on his ponderous back, and we must escape into a verandah, to

allow him to pass without crushing us with his mighty feet.

At length we stop at one of the principal idol temples, called Bisheswar. It is a very handsome structure, one of the largest temples in India, and is considered to stand on the *very* spot where, some hundred thousand millions of years ago, Shiva had his throne; it is therefore the most sacred spot in the world.

The temple occupies the centre of a large court, which is surrounded by a high wall, covered in like a verandah, and divided into cells, all of them containing an idol. In the centre of the court rises the principal building, elegantly carved, and richly painted. In this temple the chief idol stands, in the form of a round black stone, with a large bell suspended above it, and a small room to the right, called the holy place.

We take our place beside the officiating priest, who is friendly towards our missionary, and, as this temple is visited by every pilgrim who comes to Benares, we halt, and watch the multitudes as they approach, and are strangely struck at the despatch which the Brahman has attained by constant practice, for no single worshipper seems to remain more than a minute. All preliminaries must have been accomplished before he presents himself; such as bathing in the Ganges—from which he brings some holy water in a small brass vessel—and providing himself with the necessary offerings of flowers, rice, cloth, or money, the latter being understood to be by far the most acceptable.

On entering the court the worshipper bows towards the idol, and then walks round the temple once, twice, or three times, the priest meanwhile muttering prayers in Sanscrit, which the poor worshipper does not understand; but the language of his heart is, "Give me riches; give me children; destroy my enemies; let me have my heart's desire; let me enjoy this or that, without being discovered." Not a thought about grace, or forgiveness, or holiness. How can he pray for things of which he has no idea?

The prayer being ended, they advance towards the idol, ascend three steps, present their offering, and pour the Ganges water upon the idol and upon the offering, so that we are in danger of getting rather wet as we stand close by. At this moment the officiating priest strikes the bell, and all is over; the poor worshipper departs, and believes his prayer is heard.

The place around is strewed with flowers, floating about in the holy water. The Brahman regards all with a haughty, self-satisfied look, and, turning to Mr Leupolt, says, "Behold our god, how great! In your churches you have only a few worshippers, but here thousands, yea, tens of thousands adore: consequently, our god is greater than yours." Alas! he has undoubtedly more worshippers in Benares!

From the Bisheswar we proceed to a most sacred well, where, in former years, stood a magnificent Hindu temple. Its situation being beautiful, one of the Moslem emperors wished to erect a mosque on the spot; broke down part of the temple, and a mosque was built; yet

the remains still existing shew its ancient splendour. The Hindus say the god left the temple when it was broken, and leaped into the well, where he was absorbed into the water, which has become so holy that every pilgrim tries to obtain a few drops of it. Pilgrims have been met two thousand miles from Benares, carrying this and Ganges water, to pour on some sacred stone in their own immediate vicinity.

We walk to another renowned well, where we are told that the great god Mahadeo, who reigned at Kashi, went, in company with Indra, the king of the gods. The physician accompanied them, with a medicine chest on his back. Mahadeo was given to intoxication, and, in passing the well, lost his balance, fell, and knocked the physician head foremost into the water. By great exertion he was drawn out, but his medicine chest was destroyed, the bottles broken, and their contents spilt. The fragments were recovered, but the drugs mixed with the water, which has ever since retained the property of Indra's medicine.

So puerile and ridiculous are the lying vanities by which Satan, in the form of Brahman priests, deludes the minds of myriads of people.

We now visit the largest temple in Benares, dedicated to a goddess here called Durga, the wife of Shiva, the deity we have lately left. We have spoken of Durga before under another name, Kali. The name of Durga was bestowed on her because she destroyed a mighty giant, who came to meet her with a hundred millions of chariots, ten millions of horsemen, twenty thousand

millions of elephants, and an innumerable army of foot soldiers.

On this memorable occasion she sent from herself a host of dreadful beings, who swallowed in an instant the whole formidable train, but the leader remained. He broke mountains in pieces, and hurled rocks at her, but she returned them so that the earth shook again. At length she seized him, carried him up into the air, and from thence flung him to the earth; but he was not killed. She then drew her bow, and sent an arrow through his body: rivers of blood issued from it, carrying away towns and villages; but he died, and she received his name, and is honoured every year with numerous sacrifices.

The above is an absurd, rather than a disgusting story; but the character of the Hindu gods is so vile, that no one can read of the deeds of darkness attributed to them, without deeply feeling that the mind which could conceive such characters must have been under the influence of the prince of darkness, and that the hands which could pen them must have been guided by the same power. No sin ever entered the heart of any human being which is not ascribed to these gods. No one, therefore, can witness their worship without being fully convinced, that "that which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to devils, and not to God."

"The wisdom of their gods is foolishness; their power, weakness; their love, hatred; their mercy, cruelty; their holiness, sin; their chastity, licentiousness. They are a true picture of sin. What, then, can we expect from

their worshippers? for a people is never superior to its gods."

Such was the awfully truthful picture drawn by Mr Leupolt of the scenes we were witnessing. We felt its truth, and wished our countrymen and countrywomen in England, who call these Hindus and Mussulmans their *fellow-subjects*, could see and feel it too; though, after what has been seen and heard of the late doings in India, no one will, we hope, be disposed to question its accuracy. Now, mark the contrast. Those who gaze upon Christ, become like Christ. "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." The effect of worshipping cruel and pitiless gods is, to harden the heart, and put thoughts of crimes into the mind such as would not otherwise be conceived.

"A people is never superior to its gods." What a comment have those deeds of darkness, which we are afraid to think of and ashamed to name, been upon this sentence! "The missionaries will no longer be accused of blackening the native character," remarks Mr Leupolt, in a letter just received; and another truthful utterance, from the lips of this devoted man, made fifteen years ago, now bears the appearance of prophecy:—

"The Government are nourishing vipers in their bosom, and if they should one day be stung by them, they must not be surprised. They educate young men all over the country, expand their minds and fill their heads with knowledge, *leaving the heart empty and void.*

Heavenly wisdom is carefully excluded from their schools. The young men become proud and haughty —despise their ignorant parents—and, what is more, despise and hate their *English conquerors. Foreign rulers, proud tyrants*—such are the terms they use. Could Greece, they say, resist a Xerxes, what could India not do? They demonstrate clearly that the Hindus could in one night destroy all the English throughout the length and breadth of the country." *

Thus speak the students of government institutions in the presence of a missionary, and so, as late events prove, did the leaders of the Sepoy rebellion speak too. Mr Leupolt adds a striking and affecting contrast :—

"In missionary schools, the minds of the young men are equally expanded, but the *heart is not left void.* To honour parents and to obey authorities is taught from Scripture, and you may hear *them* say, 'God has given you India; beware how you use your power, for *He* can take it from you!'"

We continue our walk a little further, and visit a mosque with minarets, a splendid monument of the Mohammedan dominion. It was built by the Emperor Aurungzebe above two hundred years ago, who destroyed a Hindu temple to make room for it. Ascending one of the minarets, we obtain a fine view of the

* On this subject Dr Duff remarks :—"Nor is it to be disguised that, among Hindus who have been educated in government institutions, and many of whom are now in government employ, a disaffected and treasonable spirit very largely and widely prevails, smiting with contagious influences all who come in contact with it." The details given at pp. 232, 233 painfully illustrate the verity of this remark.

city and its narrow streets; of the Ganges which runs just by; and of the surrounding country, a flat uninteresting plain, not so fertile or richly wooded as Bengal, or quite so thickly studded with villages.

As we return towards Sigra we see the pleasantest sight that has yet presented itself—one of the largest of the missionary preaching chapels. There are several in different parts of the city, where the missionaries go morning and evening to deliver their message, and call upon the people to repent and believe the gospel.

Mr Leupolt told us he had once preached on a house-top to the people assembled in the court below, for the larger buildings have all flat roofs, with a parapet around the outside. Our Saviour was most likely in the courtyard which lies in the centre of such a quadrangular house, when the people let down the sick man to be healed, in a light bed, such as is called in India a *dhuli*, always used for carrying sick people.

These preaching scenes are exceedingly interesting. The missionaries feel that the preaching of the unsearchable riches of Christ is the principal means by which the world will be converted, and that, while several other plans are subsidiary to this, and greatly helpful to missionary agency, as schools, &c., this was the method adopted by Christ and *His* apostles to disciple all nations. If you ask them what they preach, they will tell you, "We are determined to know nothing among the heathen but Christ and Him crucified;" so that they have often received the appellation of "Jesus Christ's men." What an honourable title!

They do not always preach in chapels. We described, in our last chapter, Mr Leupolt doing so on the top of a boat, and sometimes the back of an elephant has been used. But, though the place differs, the theme is always the same; for they know that if a sinner is to be convinced of sin, he must be brought to Calvary; and if he is to be taught repentance, he must look at Him who was pierced there, and learn to mourn. If he want to obtain pardon, they shew the poor Hindu how "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin," even the deepest defilements of his idolatrous heart; and then they go on to teach him to draw power from that same crucified One to live a holy life; and they prove to him, that if he wish to join the holy choir hereafter, he must now learn to sing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

And the missionary knows that such subjects have power to touch the hearts of his hearers, Hindu idolaters and Moslem scoffers though they be; and he sometimes hears the solemn sigh that tells of a heart oppressed, and observes the attentive ear that assures him "He who has the key of David, and openeth so that no man shutteth," is causing His word to penetrate.

But though the preaching is sometimes listened to, there are occasions when it is otherwise, and there is a great deal of disputing and controversy; but this is now much less the case than formerly, and the attention the people pay is frequently very great.

One day Mr Leupolt preached on the words, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you,

will seek to enter in, and not be able." He explained the meaning of the terms, the disposition required, and the different characters who wished to enter and could not. First, the worldly-minded: "Behold, there comes a man, he cares for nothing; he thinks not on God, or the salvation of his soul; cares not for heaven or hell; his mind is engaged in the enjoyment of pleasure. Yet ask him if he expects to enter heaven, and he will regard you with astonishment, and reply, 'Of course I do.' There, look at him on his elephant, surrounded by his numerous followers, and in the enjoyment of all the comforts and delights of this life. He approaches the strait gate, believing he will pass through without difficulty; but will he be able to pass through?" One of the hearers arose and exclaimed, "No, never! He must come down from his elephant, or he will never be able to pass the low and narrow gateway." "You are right," said the preacher. "We must descend from our elephants of carnal pleasure and worldly-mindedness, or we shall never effect a passage through the strait gate." Thus he continued to illustrate, and the people to rise and reply, throughout the whole discourse, which made an evident impression.

This method of preaching is well understood by the native assistants, and gives them much power over an audience. Mr Leupolt heard one of them use the expression, "the well of sin," was struck with its applicability, and afterwards used it himself thus:—"We are all sinners. Adam fell into the well of sin. We, too, were born there. The well is deep, and none can get

out without assistance." A Hindu will answer, "We have our saviours; our gods will help us out." "But," rejoins the missionary, "the works of your gods shew they were in the well too; and if they are there themselves, how can they extricate you?" Then he goes on to shew them that "the depth of the well makes it so dark, that those who are there are ignorant of their miserable condition, and, if they are not drawn out by a Saviour from above, must all inevitably perish. This Saviour must be a Sun of righteousness, and must shine into the well, and shew them their wretched condition; then throw them the rope of His gospel, and give them power to seize it, and thus draw them out. Then they live in a new and bright atmosphere, and are cleansed and purified by their gracious Deliverer, not with the muddy water of their own well, but by His blood and Spirit." He goes on thus to illustrate for a long time in the same lively way; but when any desire to become serious inquirers, they are at once brought under a regular course of scriptural instruction.

Before quitting the subject of preaching, we will give, in the words of a newly arrived missionary, his impressions of a preaching scene in Benares:—"Four of us drove to one of the preaching chapels, for it was Monday, the day when several brethren go together. The chapel was in the centre of the city, in a street so narrow that conveyances could not pass, but foot passengers were numerous. A native preacher had already commenced, and was reading a tract and explaining it.

"This service is usually commenced by all the missionaries who come to preach uniting in singing a hymn together, and concluding with another hymn and short prayer, that the heathen may see how they pray, and hear for what they pray.

"One of the brethren took his place next this man, the others stood behind. The catechist ceased, all united in a hymn, and then the missionary commenced in a very animated manner. A crowd collected, but many were constantly moving away, and others coming; about fifty were generally listening.

"A tall thin man stepped forward, and asked a question, he was answered; then another, who was requested to wait; then another dark, well-dressed handsome man started up, made a long speech, and was answered. The first missionary was tired, a second took his place, and then a third, answering questions, and preaching the gospel with earnestness.

"Some of the hearers were very attentive, others evidently intent on shewing their powers of argument. Presently a young beardless youth pushed his way through the crowd, and with a most impudent face, folded arms, and naked legs, stood at his full height directly before the missionary. He wore a sarcastic smile, and was intent on turning all into derision, but could not induce the crowd to laugh.

"In a short time music was heard, and a marriage procession advanced. First, a band to produce the discordant sounds. Then a dozen matchlock-men, with their long matchlocks and drawn swords. Thirty or more

friends followed, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow —loose red and yellow garments, for these colours predominated—flowing robes, and turbans on their heads; then the bridegroom, quite hidden by ornaments, riding on a white horse, a little bit of a lad some ten or twelve years old, and his bride, a little girl of eight. These halted for a short time and passed on; then came an elephant, and its riders stopped for a moment to listen."

One can easily conceive that preaching carried on thus must often be extremely trying to the spirit of the missionary, and produce a painful effect upon his heart and mind, often striking at his spiritual life, his faith, love, and hope. Let us glance for a moment at one of these messengers in the midst of a city of half a million of inhabitants, contemplating the fate of thousands upon thousands whom *his voice can never reach.*

Realise his situation, endeavouring to address the people, and to shew them the path to heaven, quite unheeded, laughed at, scorned, and, what is saddest of all, hearing that name, to him so dear, derided and dishonoured. What deep sympathy towards him, what earnest prayer for him, should ascend from every Christian heart! for against all these and many other hostile influences he has to bear up, day by day, year by year, *to the end;* for he has not engaged to labour for five years, or seven years—that were comparatively easy—but to labour so long as life and health last; for the same Master who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," also adds, "Be thou faithful unto death."

"One day Mr Leupolt was preaching to an attentive congregation. He felt the Lord was with him, and the people seemed well impressed. Two Mohammedans rose, mocked, reviled, cursed, and blasphemed him, so that the Hindu congregation rose to defend him, saying he must be allowed to speak in his own house. The Mussulmans were at length turned out of the place by two Brahmans, the door was closed, and the preaching continued. About twenty minutes after a knock was heard, and the door was opened, when in marched a monkey dressed as a European soldier, with a cap on his head. He walked up to Mr Leupolt, took off the cap, and made a profound salaam, grinned at the congregation, and left the place. The people were convulsed with laughter, and all serious impression was effaced, so that, mortified and distressed, the preacher had to leave the place."

And now, having returned to Sigra, we will sketch the compound. It contains four comfortable bungalows, inhabited by four of the mission families. To Mr Leupolt's bungalow a large prayer-room is attached on one side, where school examinations, prayer-meetings, and week-day services are held. It was used as a chapel till 1846, when a new church in Gothic style was opened, which holds a larger congregation.

A gentleman visiting Sigra had observed the want of a church, and was so touched by the Christian knowledge possessed by the orphan boys whom he examined, that he gave, unsolicited, £50 towards one, advising that a subscription paper should be sent round to

others, which was done. Upwards of £1000 was thus raised, and the church erected.

The first ordained missionary had arrived in 1820, and found a congregation of twenty-five formed by Corrie. Various changes took place during the next ten or twelve years, and not much regular preaching to the heathen commenced till the present missionaries, Mr Smith and Mr Leupolt, settled at Benares in 1832–3, the former a little before the latter. Since that time very active aggressive work has been going on, and a great deal has been effected by schools, so that, in 1844, it was necessary to set apart a spot where those desiring to settle as Christian families might reside, and in two years this settlement contained twenty-seven houses, and was named by them Isai Ganj.

This Christian village attracted the attention of the heathen very much, shewing them that Christianity was becoming rooted in the soil. Corrie did not exactly live to see the day, but he heard enough, while spared, of progress made to rejoice his heart, and departed in full hope of enlarged success; which seemed as fully impressed on the mind of a Hindu, who reproved the man who had let the land for the village. "See," said he, "the mischief you have done. These missionaries had at first only two bungalows for themselves; then they erected an institution; after this a village; again they build a church; now they take in the field adjoining the church; next, they will make a road across a tank, and will take in all the ground between the two roads. Thus they spread from east to west, from north to south,

until finally all India will belong to them and their people!"

The institution referred to was commenced in 1836, and greatly enlarged in 1838, on the occasion of a fearful famine that occurred in India, and visited the North-West with peculiar severity. It arose from want of rain; whole villages were deserted, and cultivation almost suspended. For nearly two years "the heaven above was as brass, and the earth beneath as iron;" and people were constantly employed at Agra—where, in three months, forty thousand died in the hospital alone—and at Cawnpur, to convey the corpses of the starved to the river, which was so choked up by them that others had to be engaged to push the bodies down the stream. The effluvia produced pestilence, which added a finishing stroke to the appalling misery.

Government gave £1000 monthly to provide the starving people with work and food, and benevolent friends collected orphans in large masses, and formed asylums to train them up as Christians.

Mr Leupolt offered to receive any number of orphans, and five hundred boys and girls were selected for Benares; but so weak and ill were these poor children that some never reached the place, and not half eventually survived to be educated and settled.

On many of these youths an especial blessing descended, so that, after a lapse of years, they form the heads of a fine set of Christian families; and during the late troubles the young men proved valuable as a voluntary corps, ready for any service, and as faithful,

active, intelligent policemen; but when the great panic was over, a hint reached the missionary that "*it was feared these valuable men must be dismissed, because they were Christians, as it might give offence to the Hindus and Mohammedans to see Christians in government employ.*"

"But," adds the missionary in a late letter, "these unbelieving fears must be overcome, or *India will be lost to England;* and I believe they will be overcome; indeed, I feel assured of it. The Mohammedans have told me for the last twenty-five years, that they would *gladly extirpate the English twenty times over if they had but the power;* and of late they, and the unbelieving educated youth together, have deeply inoculated the Hindu population, who were formerly contented with their lot, so that it is now not simply a military, but a general rebellion in these parts. The spirit of the population is against Europeans." *

Such is the opinion, formed from experience, of a most kind-hearted man, of a genial, benevolent spirit. It is worth noting.

* "Be not too confident of your power," said a native to Mr Leupolt; "all the Europeans can be murdered in one night, and such a thing may soon occur." "Such a thing is possible, and might occur," replied he, "if God had not given India to England to evangelise." This remark was made a short time before the outbreak.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOY AND SORROW.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—MARK iv. 28.

THE orphans were received by the missionaries as a gift from the Lord, for from their first arrival, they had so felt the need of a body of youth over whom they could exercise an unlimited influence, and from whom they could train such native assistants as they felt they required, that they had conversed frequently, and prayed earnestly, that God in His providence would, if it pleased Him, send them such a charge; and He heard and answered these prayers, in a way little contemplated when offering them.

But, as it often happens in the gratification of our cherished wishes, difficulties and trials arise which are not foreseen, so it was in this case.

The first instalments of boys in 1836 were small, and had already been well trained by Mr Madden, a kind Christian friend, who had had them some time under his own charge, and by Mr Jennings, the good chaplain lately murdered at Delhi, who sent twelve. When the masses of starving youth were added, two years later,

the distress and trouble for many months was inconceivable, and many, even among missionaries, would have sunk under it. But that gracious God who sent them to this spot, had provided in Mr Leupolt, who had been selected by his brethren for this charge, one who was undaunted in missionary heroism, and during that trying year his faith failed not. Mr Knorpp, who had come out with Leupolt, and was his beloved brother and fellow-helper, sunk under a dreadful fever just as this great accession was about to be made to the mission. Mrs K., who had been a mother to the orphan boys, followed her husband in two days, leaving their two young children to be cared for by their bereaved friend. But his heavenly Father saw his need, and at this sad juncture provided him with a valuable partner, who has been spared to aid him ever since, and has laboured in the mission in the same spirit as himself.

Suitable buildings had been erected in 1830, but these had to be much enlarged, and the missionaries greatly rejoiced in lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of their tent. The needful money was never wanted, for God raised up friends as they were needed, who sent donations unsolicited. Now and then Mr Leupolt was left for a short time with an empty purse, but with unlimited credit in the bank of faith, and this always held good.

The pitiable condition of the children, when they entered the Benares Bethesda, was most touching to behold. Some were so weak and emaciated that they died from the shaking of the conveyance which brought

them slowly from the river side to the mission-compound, a distance of only two miles.

One day fifty-one came in together. "All will die," said the benevolent doctor, who was at hand to prescribe for them, and *all did die but one.*

Among them was a little fellow with a wound in his side. He was asked the cause. He replied, "My father, my mother, and myself, had left home in search of food. In two days my mother died, and the next day my father, so I went on alone, till, becoming very weak, I fell down too, and as I lay on the ground, a wolf seized me and carried me off, but a policeman sent out by Government found me, and drove the wolf away, with a piece of my side in his mouth." This poor boy suffered for four months, then one day fell asleep, and never woke again.

Some of these poor children were half eaten up by disease; their appetite was voracious, and much depraved. They would leave their good food, and search for old bones, which they ground to powder, and stole salt to eat with it. It was heartrending to visit their sick-rooms. "Bread, bread," was the cry. To have given them as much as they desired would have killed them; as it was, one or two often died in a day.

But if their bodily condition was distressing, much more so was that of their souls. There is no sin mentioned in Romans i. which was not found in these children, so that, when contemplating their moral depravity, Mr Leupolt's heart often failed him. They were dreadful liars, and most accomplished thieves. One

little fellow, only nine years old, twice stole a brass bason from his benefactors and sold it for a few pice, which he spent in sweetmeats. The food was frequently stolen from the missionary's table, and tallow candles and soap were voraciously devoured.

It was at length found necessary to put them under a measure of personal restraint, and the kind-hearted Leupolt had fifteen and fifteen tied together, tall boys at the ends and smaller ones in the centre. For four weeks they had thus to walk, eat, and sleep, and the restraint proved salutary and merciful.

One among them had teeth so sharp that no rope was thick enough to last above one day, so a block of wood was made, not too heavy for him to carry about, to this a chain was affixed, and it was then fastened about his shoulders and waist, and secured behind with a padlock. For four or five days he wore it patiently, and then disappeared. He had made his escape, gone to a blacksmith's shop, and there sold block, chain, and padlock, bought sweetmeats with the money, and then returned home. This very boy was at last brought into order, and became a very engaging youth.

Many affecting incidents occurred in the early days of the institution, especially unexpected recognitions of brothers and sisters. One morning, at prayers, a little fellow, who had just arrived, was observed uneasily looking about, and fixing his eyes on the girls. As all were departing, the boys at one door, the girls at another, he burst forth from among the boys, ran among the girls, and, throwing his arms round the neck of

one, cried out, "My sister, my sister!" He had not seen her for four months, and thought her dead; she believed the same of him.

Another day some girls arrived, and among them a sick one. A boy soon came with a petition to see her, for he believed she was his sister. He was advised to wait, but soon after, a noise of weeping being heard in the room, the lady in charge went in and found the little fellow kneeling beside the couch of the poor girl, who was indeed his sister.

Another trial to the missionary was their indolence. All who were able were required to carry bricks for the school-house that was building, but they positively refused, saying, "It was not customary for gentlemen's children to work." On hearing this, Mr Leupolt threw off his jacket, and cried out, "Who will carry bricks with me?" All were soon engaged, and from that time the indolence was greatly subdued.

The plan pursued in training them was to give four hours daily to study, and five to manual labour, a wise combination, for according to the Hindu plan, a person must either work or learn; that the same person should do both goes against all preconceived ideas, and it is therefore a great conquest over prejudice and caste to train them so as to make them willing to put their hand to anything.

Rare instances of this have arisen among adult converts, which have strikingly manifested the great power that exists in Christianity to cause "old things to pass away, and *all things*"—social habits not excluded—"to

become new." But generally it is otherwise, and Mr Leupolt saw and felt the importance of cultivating this disposition, and has done so successfully; for it was remarked of the Christians, who rendered aid as a corps and as policemen in the late trouble, that they "*were ready, and could be used for any service.*"

If in due course a youth manifested ability for future usefulness as a teacher, he was at the proper age more especially trained for that, but the majority engaged in trades, as Persian carpet weavers, tailors, gardeners, &c.; and at a suitable period of life a young man was allowed to choose him a wife from a similar institution for girls, which had been commenced at the same time as that for the boys. They then settled themselves as a Christian family in the village, supporting themselves in the ordinary way.

The cultivation of their hearts while in school was diligently attended to; and as very much the same methods are adopted in Benares as in similar establishments elsewhere, we will give a sketch.

At daybreak the children rise, put their beds in order, sweep out their rooms, and assemble for private prayer, which they conduct among themselves as each feels his needs. They then wash at the well, and begin their day's work.

At six the bell rings for morning prayer in the chapel, which is regarded as family prayer. Two or three verses of a hymn are sung, a short prayer is offered for Divine teaching, the boys and girls then read in turn a portion of Scripture—in the morning in the

Old Testament, in the evening in the New—which is explained in a catechetical way, and the whole is concluded with a prayer. At seven they breakfast, from eight to twelve is school, and manual labour from one till five, when they bathe and prepare for dinner.

The gong is sounded, the boys stand in a line—the monitors and cooks in front, by the side of the food which they have to distribute, the bulk of which consists of *chipatis*,* with a little curry to season them. A blessing is then asked with one voice, and they seat themselves cross-legged, each with his metal plate before him, the brightness of which bespeaks the character of its owner as to cleanliness.

They do not use knives and forks, but are very clever in managing their food entirely with the right hand, which a Hindu is taught from early childhood to hold sacred for that purpose, and never to defile with any thing unclean.

This is the time when a visitor may see the boys to perfection. It is an animated scene, and all is life. The most unskilful are clever enough during the dinner hour, the most lazy are diligent, the most sleepy are awake. They play for an hour when their meal is done, and at sunset again assemble in the prayer-room, have an engaging lesson on some interesting subject till half-past seven, when evening prayers are conducted as those in the morning have been, and at nine all go to rest. "These prayer times are," remarks Mr Leupolt, "the *life* of the institution."

* Unleavened bread, or cakes baked on the hearth.

Many other interesting points connected with the admirable management of this institution might be added, such as Mr Leupolt's plan of making the Word of God the rule for the conduct of daily life, and constantly shewing the boys how it acted; and, to obviate the necessity of the administering punishment by himself, which was sometimes misunderstood, introducing at stated times a kind of petty court, formed from among the boys themselves.

This court was managed thus. The superintendent presided as judge, seated in an arm-chair. On his left hand stood the four head-monitors, with the accusations in their hands; and by them the executioner, with a cane; on his right hand the two under judges. The boys were all marshalled in one line in front of the judge; the monitors brought forward their accusations; the witnesses were examined; and if the accused were convicted, sentence was passed on him, and confirmed by the boys and the judge. He was then punished with the cane for all offences except for spoiling books and clothes. Boys convicted of these had a small portion of their food deducted daily until the amount of loss had been made up.

In time it was found that cunning boys knew how to defend themselves, and simple-minded ones were punished, so four advocates were introduced; and the court, which was called an adawbut, then consisted of a judge, two puisne judges, and four advocates. This answered admirably.

When sickness from starvation was somewhat sub-

dued, and all began to look morally promising too, a new affliction fell upon the institution—a dreadful fever broke out. The first week three or four died, and in a fortnight two hundred were ill—sixty dangerously so.

Immediate removal was advised, and Mr Leupolt pitched tents seven miles from Benares, and had the poor children removed. But as they were on the journey a fearful thunder-storm arose, an unexpected and unusual occurrence at that time of the year, for it was February.

The wind roared, the thunder pealed, the lightning was as one continuous sheet of fire, continually crossed by the forked flashes. The sick children, who had preceded Mr Leupolt, stood shivering under a tree when he arrived; for they had not ventured to go into the tents without permission, though they had placed his things there. When he asked them why, they said, "If we get wet we shall dry again, but if your things get wet they will spoil."

He was touched with their thought for him in the midst of their misery, and said, "Dear boys, if my things become wet they will dry again, but if you get wet you may die."

Many were miserably ill, but could not even sit down, the ground was so wet. The tears were silently trickling down the bronzed and sickly cheeks of some, and one was lying down as was thought asleep. He was called on to rise, for it was dangerous thus to sleep in the wet. He did not move. Mr Leupolt lifted him

up. He was dead. It was a moment of anguish, for what could be done to shelter these poor sufferers?

A Serai, or Native Inn.

Just then Mr Leupolt perceived a Serai, or native inn for pilgrims, and went to inquire if he could have it for the night.

"It was built for holy pilgrims," said the people, "and not for outcasts and barbarians such as you."

"But these children must perish without shelter," rejoined Mr Leupolt.

"Let them perish; here you cannot be."

He offered money, but it only produced increasing insolence, for Hindus were *never* afraid to shew their true character to missionaries; and it was again said,

"If you will die, die; what is that to us? The

sooner such unclean outcasts die the better ;" and then, with a curse, the door was closed.

The storm still raged, and the lightning made it very dangerous to remain under the trees. To return home was impossible, for the conveyances had all left ; the tents were wet and unserviceable ; there was no help but from above.

Mr Leupolt cast his eyes on all sides, and at length discovered some ruins ; and on examining them he found, to his joy and thankfulness, a room two hundred feet long and twenty broad, but filled with wood.

He called out, "We will take possession of it, though it may belong to the King of Benares."

He threw off his jacket, and set to work to clear out the wood. The native doctor helped, then a Christian joined, and the servants and some boys united, animated by Mr Leupolt's cheerful activity.

By ten at night the arrangements were completed, and plenty of dry straw, which had been brought in by the country people on promise of double pay, was strewed on the floor, and the sick ones were all carried in.

Samuel, a little fellow, just like his namesake, said to Mr Leupolt while in his arms, "Sir, I am very ill, I never was so ill before," and so said many others. In half an hour all were comfortably lodged, and many already asleep from sickness and weakness, for no one had had any food from seven in the morning, and no one thought of it.

When the last boy was deposited on his straw bed, Mr Leupolt regarded the sad group from the entrance.

A few boys stood beside him. "Shall I," thought he, "have evening prayer *with* them as usual, or go and pray *for* them? They are tired, I am tired, many are asleep; I will leave them and pray for them."

He then said to those near him, "You have a comfortable lodging, and I shall lie in a little place close beside you; good night."

A little fellow, about nine, said, "Sahib, *will* you leave us?" "Yes, my boy." "But, Sahib, we thought we should have to remain under the trees all night; and only listen how the thunder still roars, how the rain continues to pour down, and the lightning to flash. Man would not pity us, but God has had mercy on us. Should we not, therefore, before you go, kneel down and praise Him? Perhaps to-morrow some of us may not be alive, and then it will not be possible to praise Him in this life."

Mr Leupolt was touched, and said, "Call up the boys for prayers." They all instantly rose, knelt upon the straw, praised God with their whole hearts, and then slept soundly.

The next morning Mrs Leupolt came, and it was providential she did, for her husband was seized with fever, at which no one wondered, after his immense exertion and dreadful wetting the night before.

For two days he was unable to go among the boys, but when he did, he at once inquired for Samuel, whose last words he remembered. "Samuel is buried, Sahib, and George is buried," and another, and another, and another. It was indeed true that that last act of ador-

ing worship together was *the* last, the *very* last, many had had with their dearest earthly friend.

He went to the burial-ground, but what a scene! One hardly likes to write it; yet, that Christian sympathy may have full play, let us mention that the unfeeling gravediggers had only dug four feet deep. The jackals had in consequence torn out the bodies.

His heart sunk within him, but he remembered it is written, "Them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him;" and he felt that *the best part* of all those who had loved that precious Saviour was safe. Of several from among those poor suffering boys he was enabled to entertain this hope.

For a whole month Mr and Mrs Leupolt scarcely left these sick boys; and at the end of five weeks Mr Leupolt had the joy of marching them home, nearly all being able to walk that distance. They went praising the Lord, but their joy was mingled with sorrow as they thought of many a dear boy left behind in his grave, and four grown-up men.

For four months there was a bright interval, and the clouds seemed quite dispersed. One boy, Robert, was very clever, and particularly promising; others gave good hope. Mr Leupolt was one day instructing them in class, and observed Robert confused and unlike himself. "I am ill, Sahib," said he, and he was sent to the hospital.

He had scarcely left when it was found he was seized with cholera; and while remedies were preparing, another case was announced, and then another, so that

by evening five were seized, and Robert, with two others, faded away like the morning flower.

The disease spread; numbers were attacked, and nine fell victims to the dreadful scourge. Among these was James, a pious and clever lad. He had partially recovered, but one evening Mr Leupolt was suddenly called to see him breathe his last. The faithful missionary was overwhelmed, and sat in his study in tears. His faith nearly failed him, and he was tempted to fear that God's curse, and not His blessing, rested on his work.

Who can wonder at this in an hour of such extremity? Rather may we adore the grace which had so long and wonderfully sustained him. But his sympathising Saviour did not for one moment forget His sorrowing servant, and sent him a comforter.

His dear wife entered, and soon perceived his despondency. "All these things are against me," said he. "He who was our joy is gone, whom we thought to see a chosen instrument to bear Christ's name to the heathen." "Do you murmur that one more child is in glory?" replied Mrs Leupolt. "Rather let us praise God."

He had not murmured, yet these were hours of bitterness to nature, but the "word spoken in season" caused faith to triumph, and to take hold of the promise, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," which was fully realised afterwards, though one more cup of sorrow, the deepest of all, was to be drunk first.

A few mornings after this sad night the missionary

family were reading together the last chapter of Daniel, and spoke with each other of the joy that awaits the believer on the day of resurrection, when we shall all be with Jesus and be like Him.

The invisible world seemed to open, as it sometimes does in times of extraordinary bereavement and affliction, and they rejoiced in spirit as they realised within themselves unspeakable things, such as human language cannot express. In two days from that time one of their number, Mrs Schneider, had crossed the flood that separates time from eternity, and was in the presence of Jesus her Redeemer!

In the course of that same morning she became ill; and, after various alternations of hope and fear, she began to traverse the dark valley, and gave those who watched her the signal, by exclaiming, "Saviour! help me through this hour." "Be of good cheer, He will not forsake you," said Mr Leupolt. Soon after, stretching out her hands, and pointing them towards heaven, she fell asleep with the words, "Come! come!"

The humility, modesty, and affection which characterised this dear sister made her removal very grievous to them all; but they mourned in hope, and during the very height of their grief Mr Leupolt's own first-born child was given them as a sweet solace and comfort.

It was most interesting to trace the progress of the boys from this time. One who had been such an accomplished thief that they called him their *Sirdar*, or chief, was brought to Jesus, and another most peculiar and difficult lad was also hopefully converted, and at

once composed several beautiful hymns, though he had never manifested any love for books before.

In a wonderfully short time several lads were set apart to be trained for the ministry, who received instruction during the day, and in the evening went with the missionaries into the city to learn the practical part of the work.

These lads were of different casts of character. Mark, a fine pious youth, was anxious to do nothing but pore over his books; whilst Judah, another of deep piety, read because he was told to do so. He one day said, "Why, sir, need I study? With the Word of God in my hand, and the Spirit of God in my heart, why cannot I preach?" He was soon convinced, however, by the answer given, that human learning was desirable, and that the man of God should be "thoroughly furnished;" "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

But when all was thus hopefully developing, Mr Leupolt fell dangerously ill, and had to leave these dear youths, which caused a great check, for no other was so gifted for this particular branch of work, or entered so heartily into it. Often was he found on his knees in his study at the end of the large prayer-room, seeking special wisdom to treat these children aright, and he obtained it.

When he was in the extremity of his sickness, and was believed irrecoverable, four boys came to his bedside to inquire for him; and as they stood watching him he fell asleep.

He was awoke by a gentle murmur; the four lads were entreating the Father of mercy, in full and child-like faith, for his recovery. They said, "Lord, make him well; we cannot spare him. Thou must make him well; we will take no denial; the sooner thou dost make him well the more we shall praise Thee." He who had put it into their hearts thus to supplicate in their simplicity, yet with the courage that implicit confidence gives, heard and answered their prayers and raised him up.

Another interesting anecdote of these boys we will briefly relate, for it shews so beautifully how the religion of Jesus is "full of mercy and good fruits," and produces these wherever it prevails, even when its recipients have been as dark and vile in mind before as Hindu heathen children universally are.

The great famine was still raging, and all Europeans were still collecting for "*The Famine Relief Fund.*" The boys heard of it. Some of them had, no doubt, a lively recollection of what famine was, and they could enter into the harrowing tales of woe they heard.

When asked if they would like to contribute, several lads, who had small stores by them, at once offered to give all, or nearly all, they possessed, though no one can conceive or understand, except those who are intimately acquainted with the Hindus, their extreme love for money, from childhood upwards. It is the god they worship and adore, above all the hundred and thirty-three millions which compose their pantheon.

The boys who had no money longed to give also, and,

after considering how they could manage, one rose and said, "Listen, brethren;" and, striking his forehead, he continued, "here is much wisdom, therefore listen to my speech, and hearken to what I have to say. I will shew you a plan by which, although we have nothing, we shall be able to give much." He was bid to say on, and he proceeded to demonstrate to them, in Oriental phraseology, that, by certain acts of self-denial in food, they might save as a body £3 a-month. All agreed, and the plan was set before Mr Leupolt, who approved of it. It was continued for two months, and though it was evident the boys, especially the younger ones, really experienced at meal-times that it cost self-denial, not one murmur or regret was ever heard.

Mr Leupolt, on his return to Benares, again took charge of this school, and during the years that have intervened has continued to labour in it, with what success we may judge from his own account, given about two years ago.

He writes, "I one day called in Mark, a youth who has been with us ever since 1836, with the exception of a few years he spent with Mr Dicken at Purneah (see page 228). We went over our experience together, and wrote down from memory the names of nineteen individuals among the orphan boys, from eleven to twenty-six years of age, who have fallen asleep in Jesus, the last of whom died only a fortnight ago.

"We likewise wrote down the names of twenty-seven who are still alive, and who, we have every reason to believe, are the Lord's. With most of these I cor-

respond, as they are located in other places. Three of these I hope will shortly be ordained.*

"Nine act as catechists and schoolmasters in various missions; the rest are otherwise engaged, but all of them bear a good report. There may be more, but I do not remember them just now. There are also a number of women, mothers of children, who do honour to the name they profess. These, with some of those who have gone to their rest, are our joy and our glory. Sound Bible Christians, and, wherever they may be placed, they will be a stay to a congregation.

"Besides these we have a number of nice young men, who are quiet, consistent, moral characters, attentive to the means of grace, communicants, and also bearing a good report. I hope to find many of them hereafter in heaven. With such a seal upon our labours amongst the orphans, we take courage, and go on in the name of the Lord, believing that Orphan Institutions are means for establishing and consolidating Christianity in India."

* Had it been possible, by a provision of missionary bishops, according to the Moravian plan, to ordain native pastors in a simple way, we should see by this time many ordained men among our native brethren in North India. The American, the Scotch, and the English Dissenters, possess among them a goodly band.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

"It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."
—ISAIAH XXXV. 2.

WE must now turn to another point of interest in the Benares mission.

It is singular that "Benares, the city of temples, and citadel of idolatry," the Athens for Hindu students from various parts of Hindusthan, was one of the first places in India where a *Hindu* came forward to offer an English education to his countrymen, and to connect it also with the Holy Scriptures.

The name of this individual was Jay Narain Gopal, who, through the influence of Warren Hastings, received the title of Rajah from the Emperor of Delhi, for the services he rendered to Government. He was born at Calcutta, and was superintendent of the police there, but gained great wealth by trade, and spent it liberally both for Christian and idolatrous purposes. He subscribed £50 to the old cathedral at Calcutta, and built temples to Shiva; contributed handsomely to the Bible Society, and offered four silver hands to Kali. He was a literary man, and the author of several works in

Sanscrit and Bengali. His character had been moulded under many right influences, and he entertained large and benevolent views; but the course pursued by the Christian Government of India seemed to stagger him, and blunt his better feelings, so that he never progressed in Christian feeling beyond a certain point.

A most interesting account of the various circumstances which led to the formation of the Benares Free School was given by Jay Narain in a letter to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society in London, which we should like to introduce, but for its length. From its details we learn that illness led him to Benares, and a Christian gentleman there was useful in restoring him to health, upon which he established a school as a memento of his gratitude, endowed it, and tried to procure efficient masters for it. He heard of Corrie, and "often prayed he might come to Benares." At length he did, and this led to the school becoming connected with mission work.

Jay Narain's views on some points connected with his own countrymen were strikingly clear, and far in advance of those entertained by many Europeans; but "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" had not fully shone into his heart, and he is an affecting instance of how far a man may go, and yet stop short of the kingdom of heaven. When dying, he requested to be buried, not burnt; but his relatives, fearing the loss of caste, disregarded his wish. His dying declaration was, "that he had long been in search of truth, but had not found it"—an affecting confession!

In 1825 the son of Jay Narain presented twenty thousand rupees to the college, for which Government gave *him* also the title of Rajah. Each and all interested in this college felt that Corrie had been the chief instrument in establishing it, and on his leaving Benares an address, signed by *two hundred and sixty-seven Hindus*, was presented to him, in which they thank him "for having," as they express it, "caused upwards of two hundred to lay aside their religious prejudices, and engage in the same pursuit, leading us to admire that prudence which, aloof from the violence made use of by other dynasties, causes Rajahs, Babus, great and learned Pundits, Moulvais, Munshis—in fine, the great of the city—to court your friendship."

How remarkably does all this manifest the spirit of the best among the Hindus, and the mistaken idea that it was necessary to conciliate their prejudices by banishing the Bible from schools intended for them! Corrie was no statesman, but he had "the wisdom that cometh from above, and is profitable to direct." Under *its* influence he acted, and was not only admired, respected, and trusted at the time, wherever he was known, but is still held in fragrant remembrance.

"We have learned that concessions to Mohammedanism yield no gratitude or affection, and that its ancient spirit is entirely unchanged. We have learned, also, that concessions to caste are encouragements to a sinful superstition, which is more powerful than self-interest and loyalty. And thus we have learned that true wisdom dictates a more fearless policy. 'He that

walketh uprightly walketh surely' (Prov. x. 9). In seeking strength from alliances with Antichristian systems, we have experienced the inevitable truth, that they distress, but strengthen us not (2 Chron. xxviii. 20)."

The school was opened in 1818, and in 1822 Jay Narain died. The Marquis of Hastings had, upon his request, granted two hundred and fifty-two rupees monthly to its support, which allowance is still received; and his son presented two houses, the rent of which was to serve as an endowment for the school.

He continued a steady friend to it, and in 1843 a new college was erected by the sons of this heathen Rajah, grandsons of the founder, the original schoolhouse having become too small and inconvenient. This is a substantial and very commodious building, capable of containing six hundred boys, in a frequented thoroughfare of the city, one of the best situations which could have been chosen.

"Jay Narain's Free School," as it has usually been called, has seen many different superintendents since its commencement; but we will pass on to 1835, when it had been working under missionary influence seventeen years, and came for a time into Mr Leupolt's hands. His plan was to give regular lessons in theology on certain days, for he feared little of real spiritual fruit had been gathered from among the youth who had attended it, though much useful knowledge had been disseminated, and that upon a right foundation. He stated a doctrine, explained it, proved it by reason, then by

Scripture; compared it with the Mussulman and Hindu views on the subject, and then allowed the boys to question each other on it.

He was very successful, and three years afterwards wrote, "I formerly thought no good whatever had come out of this school as regards conversion, but I have since heard of three young lads, educated here, who have been baptized at *other* places: they left Benares without saying a single word to any one about their intentions, for fear of being murdered, as they stated to the minister who baptized them."

Some able men have been sent out for this school, one of whom was the Rev. P. L. Sandberg, who laboured in it with much energy, and formed a paying class, each member of which gave five rupees monthly for their education. Scholarships were also established, which had been intended as part of the plan from the beginning, and the practice of giving "*leave*" to the pupils on Hindu holidays was abolished.

Mr Sandberg delivered lectures on chemistry, the admission to which was by tickets, and they were largely and respectably attended—thus "drawing a stone from the antiquated, and already tottering fabric of Hinduism."

Mr Sandberg's departure for Europe was a sad loss to the institution, and made it necessary for Mr Leupolt again to aid, until in 1854 the Rev. C. Cobb, assisted by two other brethren and a large staff of assistants, took charge of it, and brought it into a high state of efficiency. It was noticed in a Government Order, as "having been carried on with increasing success by the

missionaries." It was then placed on the same footing as the Government College ; its pupils being permitted to become candidates for government offices of high salary and responsibility, provided that a prescribed standard of knowledge be attained, thus helping to dissolve the spell of caste ; for till that time, responsible employments under Government had been practically confined to high-caste men.

At this period, nearly six hundred youths were in attendance, and every advantage as regards secular education was to be obtained in the school, but the great object was kept steadily in view. The Bible pervaded the whole system, and every opportunity was embraced of pressing home upon the conscience the personal message of the gospel of Christ. One pupil, a Brahman lad, had the moral courage to profess himself a Christian, but was obliged to remove from Benares to receive baptism, to escape the peril which his infuriated relatives would have brought upon him.

When the missionaries set apart a special day for humiliation and prayer on behalf of the mission, it was notified to the boys, who were invited to attend if they felt inclined. To the surprise and delight of the Principal more than ninety came to the public service in the church, and the Brahman and Sanscrit students were seen sitting down on the same carpet with out-caste Christians.

Mr Cobb adds, that "of the *nine hundred boys* who, including those struck off the roll during the year, have been in connexion with the institution, only *four*

objected to read the Scriptures, and only *one* withdrew on that account. With so little truth can it be alleged, that "we run the risk of driving the natives from education altogether, if we will seek to give them that which will make them wise unto salvation."

This is decidedly the most important English school under the care of the Church Missionary Society in North India. We can only allude to one or two out of many encouraging instances of conversion that have gladdened the hearts of those who labour in it. It is not wise to write much of the living.

We must go back a year or two, to mention a few details of two youths who were baptized together at Benares in 1852. Their cases set forth strikingly and practically how difficult it is in India to escape from the prison-house of Hindu idolatry, and how much of Divine grace and strength is needed to act according to the Saviour's injunction, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

A young Brahman one day presented himself to Mr Leupolt as a candidate for baptism. "I am," said he, "an orphan, have heard you preach in the city, and wish to be a Christian. My gods are deceivers, but Christ is the Saviour of men, and died for them." "You are but a young boy," said Mr Leupolt; "remember the consequences of your act." "Your warning comes too late, Sahib; I have already cut my Brahmanical string and lock of hair, have eaten with Christians, and thereby destroyed my caste."

The day following, his friends sought him, and were

permitted to see him, but not to remove him by force. When they had left, he threw himself at Mr Leupolt's feet, and entreated him to protect him. Poor boy! severe trials were before him.

A few days after, an order was received from the police to send the boy to the station, and as that order could not be resisted, he was sent with a European catechist to protect him. As soon as he was out of the mission-compound, he found forty persons ready to seize him, and it was soon ascertained that the order was a feigned one. Although these persons were bent on seizing the boy, they were not permitted. A paper was however delivered, which desired that "he might not be made a Christian." It reminded Mr Leupolt of Acts xxiii. 12–22.

The next day his grandmother, aunt, and mother-in-law came, for the power of the female relatives is known to be the most irresistible. They wept bitterly, threw themselves at his feet, and knocked their heads on the ground. It was a heartrending sight, and much as the missionaries rejoiced in the prospect of rescuing a soul from Satan's grasp, they could not but sympathise in the natural grief of these poor women.

Next came the old grandfather, nearly a hundred years old, a bitter, bitter enemy of Christ, excessively proud and violent. He argued, flattered, scolded, and cursed by turns, and at length flew into a passion, and said, "You good-for-nothing young scoundrel, I thought you would one day burn my poor old bones; instead of which, you play me the trick of becoming a Christian."

"Do not be angry," replied the boy; "become a Christian too, grandfather, and we can remain together."

By this time the excitement in the city ran very high; the boy was a member of a family of rank, though poor, and high and low were in a ferment. All means possible were used to entice him away, but he stood his ground nobly.

With his grandfather at his feet, his female relatives weeping, and the old man cursing and flattering by turns, this boy, "strong in the strength which Christ supplies," said, again and again, "Do not persuade me: I cannot remain a Hindu: I wish to become a Christian, for Christ died for me." Mr Leupolt thought of Luther at Worms, saying, "Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise. May God help me! Amen."

When persuasion failed, legal measures were tried, and he was summoned before the English magistrate. We cannot wonder that his family desired to retain him, and rescue him from what they felt a dreadful disgrace to them, and ruin to him; but we mourn to be told that the Christian magistrate had no sympathy with the noble child, and that, as he was under fourteen, he handed him over to his friends.

The missionaries appealed to the judge, and the boy was asked if he wished to remain with his grandfather. He said he did; but the day following he again escaped, and told the missionaries that sixty persons had been provided to seize him with violence, and, fearing they might be injured, he had allowed himself to be taken away.

He then appealed to the judge *himself,* who agreed with the magistrate, that he *must* be delivered again to his friends. It was a sore trial to the missionaries, but they remembered Romans xiii., and commended him to the grace of God, who had said, "I will be exalted among the heathen." They trusted the future to His all-wise direction.

Two days after, the grandparents came to say that the boy had again escaped, and the old man's pride seemed broken, for both wept. Mr Leupolt spoke much with them; they were softened, and said that the boy should return to Jay Narain's school. Finally, they promised to let him remain with Mr Leupolt altogether.

Thus what the Christian "powers that be" declined to do, God did Himself for this dear youth, by working on the minds of his relatives.

Eight days later this old man called again, and had another long conversation with Mr Leupolt, who earnestly prayed for him, for he saw he was very ill. A few days later he was sent for to see him again, as he was worse. Circumstances made it impossible for him to go, and the poor old man died. He had heard the gospel: May he have fled in his last moments to Christ!

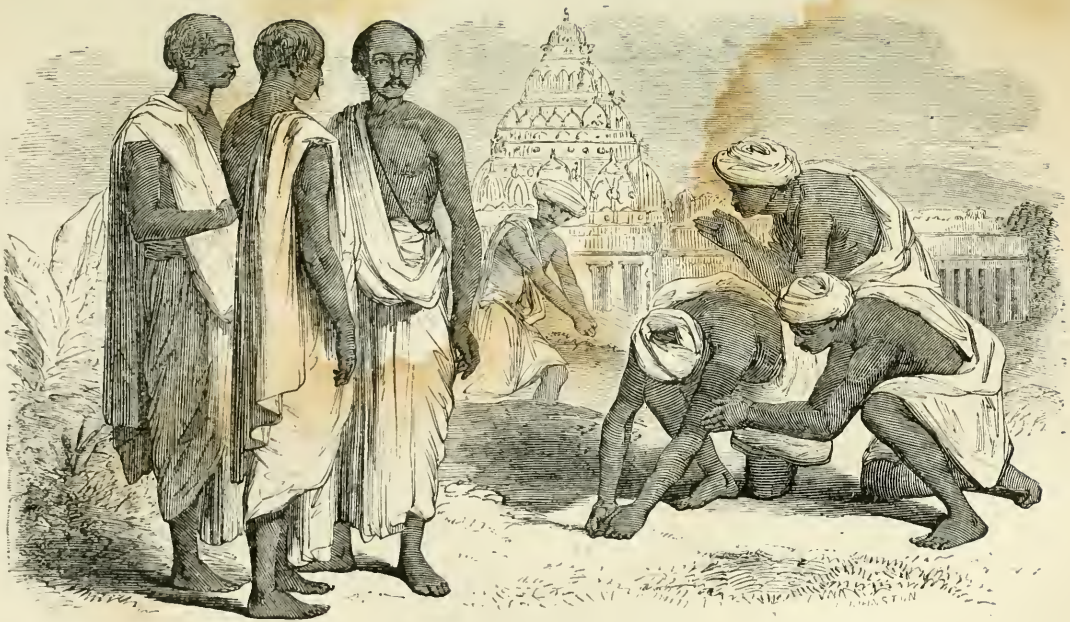
After this no further trouble was suffered, and the boy was received into the Christian Church, with a fellow-pupil, at an evening service, when the church was filled with native heathen gentlemen and a number of schoolboys, Mr Smith preaching a very impressive sermon from Matt. ix. 2–8.

The second youth had read in the Oriental department of the school for six years, and was led to compare his own religion, as depicted in a celebrated epic poem, the "Ramayan," with Christianity, as set forth in the New Testament. His mind was convinced, and his heart affected, but he wanted courage, and for six months he wavered. He then decided, and begged to be baptized at once; for, said he, "I could face my father and all the rest, but if my *mother* come, and throw herself at my feet, I could not withstand *her*."

He was advised to wait, and was sent to Juanpur with a Christian brother. Meantime, his father came to seek him, and was invited by Mr Leupolt to go with him and pay him a visit. He declined, but said he wished to ask him a question before his baptism; and, if convinced that he desired to be a Christian of his own accord, he would not oppose him.

There was a good deal of weeping at this interview; and the lad promised, after his baptism, to visit his mother, which he did on condition no violence should be used. Several Christians accompanied him, but a mob had been collected, who seized him at once, and compelled his Christian friends to retreat. On their return with the sad tale, all knelt down to pray for the lad.

Mr Leupolt applied to the magistrate, who summoned him. He was of age, and it would have been acting contrary to a late law (the *lex loci*) to detain him, so he was pronounced free. There was universal joy, and again they all knelt together to praise their great Deliverer, and devoted themselves afresh to His service.



BRAHMINS AND SUDRAS PAYING THEM ADORATION. [A common scene in India.]

A great change came over this timid lad from that time, and though he was offered money to return to his old religion, he had courage to reply, "Thy money perish with thee." A Hindu said of him, "He has become bold, fearless, firm, and sincere." "We pray," writes Mr Leupolt, "that he may become bold in his profession of Christian faith, fearless in proclaiming Jesus Christ and Him crucified as the Saviour of sinners, firm and sincere in his faith and devotedness to his God and Saviour."

The Principal and his staff, in connexion with this school, reside in Bhalapur, another suburb of the city, nearer to the sphere of their work than Sigra.

Mr Smith, the father of the missionary band now in Benares—for he joined the mission in 1832—is the one who has been most engaged in itinerating tours, though Mr Leupolt and others have not neglected this most interesting branch of mission work. Mr Smith knows the people well, and exercises a great influence over them: the calmness and persuasiveness of his voice and manner quiets the crowd, and commands their attention; while the wonderful scholar-like accuracy and fluency with which he speaks the language—an accuracy and fluency not surpassed even by learned Brahmans—rivets it. It has been very pleasing, both to him and the other missionaries, when out on these tours, to meet with many persons who had heard the gospel, and evidently with attention and profit, at Benares.

Mr Smith remarks, in a late report, that he has "no doubt there is a work going on in the minds of many,

but when it is to be manifested he knows not." "The people of the city acknowledge among themselves that they have no solid answer to make to the missionary, but it is necessary for them to appear to say something." The missionaries shew them a great moral spectacle, in continuing, notwithstanding their great opposition and enmity, to go amongst them, and hold up Christ crucified before them. They also exhibit a great moral spectacle, in continuing to refuse to "look and be saved."

The Almighty has of late been teaching them by another voice—the voice of His "judgments." When these are abroad, we are encouraged to hope "the inhabitants of the world may learn righteousness." Europeans in India have suffered fearfully, it is true, but the natives will suffer in far larger numbers, and with awful severity, though not the same barbarous cruelties as they have inflicted.

Meantime, the missionaries have often been cheered in spirit; for though they feel that in many instances the gospel proves "a savour of death unto death," in others "it proves a savour of life unto life." Some die without baptism, others are baptized, and soon called away to their eternal home, but many are permitted to spend years in the Lord's service on earth.

Chiragh Alli, a Moosawli,* of powerful mind and quick understanding, was a strikingly encouraging

* What we should call Incumbent of a Mohammedan Mosque, which had been built about two hundred years before, by the Emperor Aurungzebe, on the ruins of a Hindu temple. (See page 252.)

instance of an inquirer dying unbaptized of whose safety the missionaries could entertain no doubt, so thorough were his convictions, and so complete his reception of the truth into his understanding and his heart. The details of his history, as given by Mr Leupolt, are too long for insertion, though truly touching. In his last illness he wrote such sentiments to Mr Smith as satisfied him of his true conversion; and after his death his friends discovered the *fact* from his books and papers, and refused to give him the burial of the faithful, so that he had to be interred privately, the greatest honour that could have been conferred on him.

Another case, of Mohun Lal, a Brahman Sepoy and pensioner, we will give in Mr Leupolt's own words:—"In order to ascertain his motives on his first arrival, and prove his sincerity, I told him," writes Mr Leupolt, "that many came professing a desire for Christianity, merely to obtain a livelihood. He replied, 'I believe you; but I am not one of them, for I had two bazaars of my own in two villages, which I divided among my brothers and sisters. Besides this, I have my pension, which is sufficient for me, a single man. I am come here to learn the way to heaven, and to be made acquainted with the truth.'

"'What has induced you to make this resolution?' I further inquired.

"'I have been,' he replied, 'from my childhood of an inquiring turn of mind. I thought, If there be a God, there must be a true religion; but where this was to be found, I could not say. The truth was not

among the Hindus; for, being myself a Brahman, and instructed in all the mysteries of our religion, I knew what we believed, and what we were. When joining the army, I thought, Well, now I shall soon find the truth. The true religion is undoubtedly to be found among the Mohammedans, for they are proud of their knowledge of God and of divine things. I joined myself to the Mohammedans; but, on observing their conduct, I soon found that they did not possess the true religion; for if the Hindus are bad, the Mohammedans are still worse.

"'But I did not give up the hope; for though I found the Mohammedans did not possess it, I thought next that the Christians—the English—certainly must have it; because being in everything so superior to us'—and here he enlarged upon their military skill—'I said, They will also be superior to us in religion. I joined myself, therefore, to the English soldiers; but alas! alas! when I saw their lives, their drunkenness and revellings, I came to the conclusion that they also had not the true religion; for if they possessed it, how was it possible for them to act as they did? I supposed, therefore, that the truth was not to be found in Hindusthan, for neither the Hindus, nor the Mohammedans, nor the English, were in possession of it; and therefore I concluded I should probably never find it.

"'Twenty-five years had passed away in fruitless research, when I was ordered to join my present regiment. According to custom, I carefully considered the conduct of my superiors; for, as are the

superiors, so we may expect to find the inferiors; and there I discovered a great difference. The captain in command at my station was different from any whom I had ever seen. The Sepoys called him "the father of the regiment;" and such was their love to him, that had he cried, sword in hand, "Now, boys! now come, let us jump into the Ganges!" we should all have followed him, though we might have seen certain death before us. I went to his house; he spoke kindly to me. I went again, and found him the same.

"'Well, I said to myself, this man has the true religion; but I will make one trial more: I will go to him at dinner-time, when he is engaged, and then he will certainly send me off. I went, but he was kind; and then I determined to go to him, and ascertain what religion he professed.

"'But one, two, three, four, five, six weeks passed, without my having made the inquiry. I was then taken ill, and carried to the hospital. Ah! I thought, this is the punishment of my sins; I have had an opportunity of inquiring after the true religion, but I have neglected to do so. The fever raged in my blood, and the pain was great; but the pangs of conscience were still greater. Oh! I thought, if I had gone to Captain W., and asked him about his religion, I might now have had comfort, but as it is, I have only sorrow.

"'As I lay one day deeply lamenting my negligence, and expecting to be cut off in my sins, the fever raging in my veins,—as I lay thus, in agony of body and soul,

the door opened, and who should enter?' As he said this the tears trickled down his bronze cheeks. 'Who should enter? *The great Captain W.*, Sahib. He came to me! Had I had strength I should have gladly jumped out of bed and kissed his feet; but I was too ill. He asked me how I was; but I could not answer. He spoke to me of *Isa Masih* (Jesus Christ); but I could not understand him: my heart was too full. But I thought, Well, if the great Captain W. does not forget me, then his God will not forget me either. After this I rapidly recovered.

"'As soon as I was able to leave the hospital, I went straight to Captain W.'s house, and asked him what was his religion. He replied that he was a Christian. I was surprised, and exclaimed, "How so?" "Yes," said he, "I am a Christian; but not all who are called by the name are really such."

"'I then told him that I wished to become a Christian. Upon this he said, "You have your pension;* go to Benares, and I will give you a note to the missionaries there, and they will tell you what you must do to be saved."'

"On saying this, he put his hand into his bosom, and gave me a letter from Captain W., which contained, in a few sentences, something similar to what he had related.†

* Had he not been a pensioner, he would scarcely have dared to become a Christian, as the chances were he would have been dismissed the army, as was the Naick at Mirut in 1819. The affecting particulars of this case are well known to the public.

† The Captain W. here referred to is now Colonel Wheeler, who

"The Sepoy stayed with us, and made rapid progress in the knowledge of Christ. Grace operated powerfully upon his heart, and he was quite an acquisition to us in our institution.

"We had the services of this sincere servant of Christ only nine months. He was taken ill of fever. On my return from the city one day, I heard that he had had a relapse. I went to the hospital, and found Mrs Leupolt sitting near his bedside, giving him some port wine. He was dying. I asked him how he felt. 'I feel happy,' he replied. I spoke to him about death, and then of eternity. He replied, 'My hope is in Christ: He died for me. In His righteousness I trust; and, clothed in the robe of His righteousness, I can stand before God. For His sake I desire salvation, and I am sure He will not forsake me. *My Saviour is my Judge.*' He prayed, and uttered something more; but we could not understand him. His voice failed, his eye remained fixed, and whilst we knelt around his bed he fell asleep in Jesus.

"We shed tears at his deathbed, while we inwardly rejoiced at the grace bestowed upon him. His Christian course was short, but he doubtless entered into his rest, for 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

Another interesting case of the power of God's Word is that of Ram Ruttan, "who was," write the missionaries, "a star of the first magnitude; and bright and

was to be brought before a court-martial for preaching to the Sepoys. Had all Europeans preached as he did, by the example and influence of a holy life, the mutiny in the native army of Bengal would never have occurred.

brilliant was his course to that world where they who have instructed others shall shine as the light of the firmament. A tract on 'The Immortality of the Soul' first aroused him to inquiry; and like the treasurer of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia, he wished to understand the things which he read; but no Philip came to him, so he left his home in search of truth, and found it. He manifested from the first the most genuine signs of conversion, and preached so strikingly that he was in this almost an Apollos."

In November 1838 he died of fever. He had "fought a good fight, and finished his course," though a short one, cheerfully and joyfully. A Hindu remarked, "No heathen could die as he did. With them is weeping and wailing; with him was joy and peace."

It would be easy to narrate as much more in reference to this interesting mission as has already been recorded, but enough has been told to shew what these sketches propose as their object, *i. e.* "how much, and yet how little, has been done."

We have not even glanced at female education, in which, when its peculiar difficulties are considered, as much has been effected in proportion as in other branches; neither have we pictured the flourishing infant-school for the native Christian children, conducted by a native mistress, superintended by Mrs Leupolt, and which produced such an effect on Mr Leupolt's mind, spite of his long previous missionary experience, that he was quite amazed at the influence it exercised, and "could scarcely have believed that

such an institution would so deeply and so beneficially affect the congregation."

With a brief reference to its out-stations of Gharwa and Chunar, we must close our notices of Benares and its happy band of cheerful, earnest-minded, loving-hearted brethren.

"Prayerfulness is the blessed feature of this mission, and strikes a visitor especially. All the missionaries meet for united supplication on Wednesday evening at Sigra, and on Saturday evening at Bhalapur; and they have a clerical meeting every two months, in which they are joined by the chaplains of this and the surrounding stations. Besides this, the first Monday of the month is especially a day of prayer for both natives and Europeans, youth and adult. The missionaries French and Stuart closed their visit to Benares at the Saturday evening meeting, when setting out on their way to Agra."

The brethren in connexion with the London and Baptist Societies live in pleasant and brotherly friendship, and in cordial co-operation with the Church missionaries. They are doing a work similar in its details, and equally blessed in its effects.

Do we need any other than this double key of prayer and brotherly union to open to us the reason why Benares, though in the centre of the disturbed provinces, has been so wonderfully shielded during the late rebellion?

The little out-station of Gharwa, referred to above, bears a simple, rural aspect. It is fifteen miles from Benares, and consists of eight or ten Christian families,

who were located there as an experiment, the aim in view being to raise a congregation which may in time become quite independent of European support. Some families are especially industrious, and have produced a good effect upon their heathen neighbours, succeeding sometimes in persuading heathen women near them to abstain from uniting in the celebration of heathen festivities.

A tried and faithful catechist is in charge of this little congregation of about five-and-twenty individuals. Mr Leupolt hopes he will ere long be ordained as a native pastor. The missionaries long for the day when they shall see native Christian congregations independent of foreign aid, as is the case in the Burmese missions of the American brethren, and as perhaps will, sooner than they have hitherto ventured to hope, be the case in North India.

A native reader and teacher assist the catechist, and they make aggressive visits to the neighbouring villages, preaching much among the heathen.

Such were the formidable difficulties to be overcome in establishing this branch station, that Mr Leupolt sometimes feared the attempt must be relinquished; but in 1854 he could write, "Our Christians have long desired to enjoy the same privileges as the Hindus and the Mussulmans; at length, through the exertions of our excellent magistrate, they have obtained them.

"The position of Christians being now that of *equality* among their own countrymen, the effects will be beneficially felt in our work.

"Hitherto none of our better class of men would engage in farming; those who have a congregation of native Christian agriculturists will understand the reason. Now, this greatest of all obstacles to our success in forming village settlements seems to be removed. One lad, a farmer from choice, has made himself independent of our aid. Other employment was offered him, but he said, 'No; I wish to be a farmer. I shall till the ground diligently, and look to the Lord for His blessing.'

"He has succeeded. His success stirred up others. Last year they all paid their rent; and this year, if the Lord continue to bless their toil—for toil it is—they will all be independent. Some friends may smile at my remarks, but to me this is a cause of sincere joy, for I see that success is not beyond our reach."

In reading Mr Leupolt's remarks, as to Christians having "at length obtained an equality with heathen," a principal cause becomes manifest why the progress of the truth in India has been so slow. It may not eventually be worse for the Church, that every stone in its walls has had to be laid on with such labour and effort. A building thus reared may by and by become more solid, compact, and enduring, than one which sprung up with greater ease and rapidity; but to the builders it has been a most trying process.

Before we quit Benares, and pass over to Chunar, we must complete the picture of this wondrous Hindu city, as it remains in our mind's eye, by riding to its extreme point north-west, and then entering a boat and dropping down to Raj-ghat, where we first landed.

The magnificent stone buildings, in genuine oriental style, are thus viewed to advantage. The river, sweeping along in a graceful curve, bends inwards, and the city rises from its shores in the shape of a crescent, thus forming a striking panoramic view. Figures of the god Huneyman,* in a recumbent position, carved on the Ghats, impress our minds deeply with the applicability of the expression, "O city wholly given to idolatry!" Crowds of pilgrims are seen bathing at every Ghat. At the foot of the steps are little bath-

The Broken Temple at Benares.

ing boxes, where the priests assist the worshippers in purifying themselves.

* Huneyman is a very favourite god of the Hindus, represented in the form of a huge monkey. He is the hero of numerous most wondrous stories in Hindu mythology, which are narrated in Sanscrit verse. One famous epic poem, "The Ramayan," which details his most marvellous exploits, is translated into the vernacular languages of India.

In 1840 an earthquake rent one of the largest and handsomest of these asunder. The part nearest the water has sunk several feet, and is still sinking. It was ornamented with several small Shiva temples, and Mr Leupolt told us, that as he one day stood contemplating it, a Brahman came up to him and said, "Sahib, you are thinking that just as this Ghat, with its temples, is sinking, so the Hindu religion is sinking; and as little as the gods of these temples are able to uphold them, so little are the gods of the Hindus able to uphold their own religion. It is falling."

This conviction is strongly felt by the Hindus all over India. It was alluded to by Henry Martyn, and has been by every missionary since. We trust present events tend towards its fulfilment.*

* The writer has been indebted for her sketches of the Benares mission partly to a very copious correspondence long carried on with Mr Leupolt, partly to facts heard from him in personal intercourse, which have been brought again to mind by being recorded in his "Recollections of an Indian Missionary." The remembrances connected with a very pleasant sojourn on the spot have also essentially aided her, as well as the notices of the mission in the Church Missionary Reports, and in Mr Long's "Handbook of Bengal Missions." The same remarks apply to Chunar and Mirzapur. Beyond the latter place, her travels in India did not extend; but up to that point, she has spoken of what she has witnessed.

CHAPTER XIX.

MERCY REJOICING AGAINST JUDGMENT.

"By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation."—PSALM lxv. 5.

CHUNAR * is now an out-station of the Benares mission, though it is in fact an older station than Benares itself. As we approach it in our boat, sweet and holy recollections fill the mind, for there are many pleasant memories connected with this spot.

It was at Chunar that Corrie was stationed on his arrival in India in 1807, and held that profitable intercourse and correspondence with Martyn, in Dinapur, referred to in his Memoir. It was here he entertained that holy man on his way to Cawnpur, and here that he received Mrs Sherwood and her Indian orphans, two of whom remained at Chunar with his sister, during Mrs S.'s journey to Calcutta. Here he learned to read and speak the native language, and commenced his ministrations in it to the neglected native wives of the invalided European pensioners, who bore the

* Chunar is called an invalid station, where those English soldiers retire who wish to remain in India after active service is expired. There are other invalid stations besides Chunar.

Christian name, but were destitute of the Christian character. Here, too, in those early days, he employed a native Christian to conduct a school; and in 1814, long *after* Corrie's removal, the Church Missionary Society began their work by placing a Scripture-reader here.

The Rev. W. Bowley conversing on Christianity with natives—the Church and Hill Fort in the distance.

Our first view of Chunar from the boat is an imposing one. The town is situated on a bluff rock jutting out into the Ganges. The fort is a complete mass of granite, which bore, according to Hindu mythology, one foot of the giant Vindhya, while the other reclined on Gya, a hundred miles distant (see

page 238). The citadel is about three hundred feet above the bed of the river, by which it is nearly surrounded in the rainy season. It was regarded by the Hindus as a second Gibraltar, till it was taken by the English in 1765, when it became manifest it could not withstand cannon.

This fort was the place which afforded a refuge to Warren Hastings in 1781, when he fled from the fury of the mob, raised against him by the Rajah of Benares, whom he had caused to be arrested (see page 247), and in May 1857 it became the refuge of missionaries and their families, who had to flee from the same city, so that an additional interest now attaches to Chunar. The missionaries had for several days to endure much suffering from want of space and air. It was but a small room, without any window, in which eighteen of them had to find accommodation, so that the heat was almost insupportable. The fort contains a place for state prisoners, and when Weitbrecht of Burdwan visited Chunar in 1840, he was taken by Bowley to visit Chota Ram, who had been minister of Jeypur, and was confined there as the suspected murderer of a European official. He permitted Bowley to read the Scriptures to him frequently, and to converse with him on Christianity.

The view from the ramparts is fine, and two musjids, with splendid domes, attract particular attention. The stone parapet which encloses them is sculptured in the form of beautiful network, of various designs, and is really remarkable, shewing that the Mussulmans

understood architecture, in its most delicate forms, better than their more modern European neighbours.

In 1815 missionary work began here in earnest, for William Bowley, a youth whom Corrie had met at Agra as a drummer-boy, and employed as a school teacher, was then brought to Chunar, where he laboured *in the cause of Christ with untiring zeal for nearly thirty years.*

Bowley's father was an Englishman, his mother a Hindu. His complexion was as dark as that of a pure native, but he dressed as a European; and under that sable skin burned a heart filled with holy love, and a mind of a superior mould.

His piety was deep and fervent, and his missionary journals manifest his unwearied activity. In these journals he unconsciously depicts himself, itinerating over vast tracts of country, preaching morning and evening, and sheltering himself from the burning noonday heat, under the shades of his little tent. Another time he is found in a boat built by himself, proclaiming the gospel in his mother-tongue, to the population that swarms on the river banks.

Then, again, he is seen sitting, pen in hand, transferring the truths of the Word of God into the Hindi, which he spoke and wrote with the freedom of a native, and the cultivation of a scholar. Bishop Wilson truthfully depicts him, as "a singular example of what piety, diligence, and love for his work, combined with an acute and sagacious mind, and a thorough knowledge of the colloquial native tongues, can effect,

in the course of years, under the blessing of Christ our Lord."

To "this disciple and friend of Corrie" we owe a translation of the Bible into Hindi, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the first Hindusthani hymn-book, and a variety of religious tracts, one of which, "Signs of the True Prophet," has proved eminently useful. His hymn-book is a great curiosity, for his line of talent was quite unique. When he produced his translation of the Hindi Testament, there was neither a dictionary nor grammar of the language in existence, and he was unacquainted with Greek.

Corrie was rejoiced to see one useful plan after another developing under William Bowley. A church was built; an asylum for native Christian widows—the *first* that India had ever seen—was established; and one of those widows, being unable to read, actually committed to memory the Morning and Evening Prayers of the Liturgy, to enable her to conduct worship for the native Christians when the catechist was absent. Most interesting details of her peaceful, happy death are found in Bowley's journal. One of the widows left £30 to the mission on her death, and another learned to read at the age of eighty-five years.

Bowley was ordained by Bishop Heber in 1825, and in the following year Corrie visited him, and was cheered with "the hearty responses of the native Christian congregation, which reminded him of the ancient way of pronouncing Amen."

All the other branches of a flourishing mission gra-

dually sprung up. A Christian village was settled; orphan establishments were founded; an English Free School for the soldiers' sons, and another English school for Hindus, with Persian, Hindi, and female schools, were added. Various pleasing testimonies to the work going on were given, one or two of which we subjoin.

A gentleman visiting Chunar in 1820, writes, "It was beautiful to see the order and decorum of the native women. Mr Bowley catechised them: they answered well, read well, and sang well, and with feeling. We visited amongst the people, and found order, cleanliness, and peace. The whole appearance of the barracks, of the houses of the invalids, and of those of the native women, reminded me of an English village on the Sabbath-day. Some were sitting at the doors, others in the verandahs, reading; and the whole of them so quiet that one felt assured the gospel of peace was known there. I have not seen anything like it in India before."

Corrie also mentions, in a visit he made in 1828, his joy on hearing two sermons prepared by Bowley, but read by a native, which quite rivetted the attention of the listeners. A Brahman convert struck up a hymn after the sermons, of his own composition, in native taste and measure, peculiarly adapted to excite the attention of the people; and a third native prayed with great fervour, and pleaded for his countrymen and kindred in a very affecting manner, seeming in an agony on their account.

But Bowley's great occupation, pursued with ardour,

zeal, and success, was itinerating; his maxim being, "Unless we go to the heathen, they will not come to us."

"The apostles were supernaturally qualified to speak to every man in his own tongue wherein he was born. It was the gift of tongues to the apostles, and not the gift of hearing and understanding a strange language on the part of the people; and this principle, or fact, stands forth radiant in light through all the apostolic narrative.

"Every nation was addressed in its own vernacular language—whether more or less rich in expression—whether more or less adapted to religious thought. The venerable Hebrew, the rich and mellifluous Greek, or the manly and majestic Latin, might have been carried round the world, by the apostles and their personal associates, as a holy language, if it had seemed best to Him who orders all things in wisdom, and who made His own arrangements for converting the nations.

"The audiences might have been furnished with the gift of hearing with the same ease with which the first preachers were furnished with the gift of speaking. But this was not the plan of God. It is His purpose to give the gospel, with all its stores of rich grace, to the nations of the earth in their own languages. This principle lies at the foundation of missions to the heathen—preaching, literal preaching.

"Bowley, born in India, familiar from his childhood with the colloquials of his province, possessed this invaluable gift; and to it, combined with his sterling

piety and good sense, we attribute much of his success, under the blessing and guidance of God the Holy Ghost.

"The records of his thirty years' labours furnish ample materials for an interesting volume. They manifest the grace, skill, and success which God was pleased to bestow on this single-eyed labourer, in dealing with a people so subtle and so depraved, and how he evaded many of their sophistries by simply preaching Christ to them, as 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.'"

The following extract is touching, connected with the memory of recent events:—"A young Hindu came all the way from Lucknow to obtain two Gospels, and to be instructed in Christianity; and stated that many at Lucknow were equally desirous to get the Gospels, and would follow him either to Chunar or Benares, as there was great uneasiness in many of their minds. 'If a person,' said he, 'hear the doctrines of the gospel but for four days, his mind begins to waver and toss about like a boat in a storm. He can find no rest in his own faith.'"

We read of Hindu Brahmans, of Mussulman Munshis, and of the common people, hearing Bowley gladly—alike falling under the power of truth, and confessing Christ by baptism. But perhaps the most remarkable of his converts was a zemindar, a strong, active, independent-minded man, who was first captivated by a Christian tract in poetry, and then procured a Gospel from an old devotee. He at once felt it was divine in

its origin, obtained other parts of Scripture, and was soon so filled with love and zeal for Christ, that his influence became wonderfully manifest in his village in drawing souls to Jesus, and in inducing many to abandon idolatry.

When Bowley visited him, he heard from an old man, who had derived a spiritual blessing from his teaching, an affecting account of the meetings he held with them every night, from ten till twelve o'clock. Persecutions did not intimidate him, arguments did not move him; he was baptized, and remains to this day a powerful and useful preacher in the great city of Benares.

An aged pensioner of sixty-five was brought to Jesus' feet. A licentious Cubeerite, who at first said, "However willing I may be to quit my abominations, yet my abominations will not quit me," and who had been for twenty-five years seeking after truth, discovered, through Bowley, that "the words of Christ are like fire among cotton, and that they who approach will find their sins consumed." Becktawin, the Cubeerite, noted for wickedness even among the depraved Hindus, became a preacher of righteousness, and so full of zeal and affection, that his continual subject was, "the ocean of Christ's love towards a perishing world." "Love, wonderful love," writes Bowley, "is his theme from first to last."

When this man first felt the power of truth, he one day said, "*The Honourable Company have done much good to the country by wise and salutary laws; but, although many years have elapsed, they have done*

nothing for our deliverance from perdition." "It pleases God generally to work by other instruments than rulers," said Bowley, "even by such as are apparently insignificant, in order that the excellency of the power may be attributed to Him."*

At sunrise, one Christmas-day, a crowded congregation assembled to witness the baptism of a devotee; and a little later, a bigoted Mussulman, at the age of forty, who had been converted by the study of Martyn's Persian Testament, given him by a civilian, "professed a good profession" before many witnesses. But a still more interesting convert was a Sepoy of sixty years, who had also been a Mussulman, then a Cubeerite, and finally became a Christian, being called at his baptism Nathanael, in reference to his guileless simplicity.

The holiness and consistency of this man's life were so remarkable, that a heathen said of him, "He became, in the most strict sense of the word, *a new creature* from the time he embraced Christianity." He laboured and prayed for the conversion of his wife till his heart was rejoiced by seeing her bow at the foot of the cross, and then he went, sick and feeble, to his native village, to urge his relatives to flee to the same mighty Saviour; but, in the midst of this labour of love, that Saviour

* This sentiment is well expressed by Colonel Edwardes:—"It is not the duty of a government as a government to proselytise India. Let us rejoice that it is not; let us rejoice that pure and impure motives, religious zeal and worldly ambition, are not so lamentably mixed up! The duty of evangelisation lies at the door of private Christians—the appeal is to private consciences, private effort, private zeal, and private example." All we ask of Government is not to hinder the progress of truth by taking an antagonistic position.

summoned him into His presence, while telling his brother, as he bequeathed him his own Testament, that "the half of his soul was in that book, and he should prize it as he prized him, for it was God's Word."

This beautiful instance of the power of Divine grace, in another case of a pensioned Sepoy, makes us mourn afresh over that mistaken policy which has shut them, as a class, out of missionary influence.

Corrie introduced several of these converts into the Church of Christ; but, after other duties prevented his visiting Chunar personally, the work went on; and we could multiply instances so remarkable, that each one seems to strike the mind more than the last, and most graphically to illustrate the devoted course of Corrie's drummer-boy. Many were the rich fruits he was permitted to gather in during his life; and since his death the evidences have multiplied of the blessing which continues to spring and grow out of his labours, in preaching the gospel of love and salvation among the Hindus.

Mr Bowley's death occurred very suddenly, as he was about to go out to his usual preaching. He had long suffered from disease of the heart, but was as well as usual at the time of his removal. He had, a few weeks before, written a long and most impressive letter to the Church Missionary Society, on the duty of extensive itinerancy, and was likely, had he been spared, to have followed out this part of his work with more zeal than ever; but that work was done, and he was received as a good and faithful servant into the joy of

his Lord. The native unordained pastor now in charge of this out-station is one of the ripe fruits of the Benares Bethesda, and a Christian of no common order.

Before we take leave of Chunar and Benares, we must briefly detail the circumstances connected with the mutiny, as far as they affected the missionary circle.

On the 17th May, Mr Tucker first informed the brethren of the apprehension of danger. Their immediate act was to "kneel down together, and ask wisdom from above to direct." They then formed their plans in case of an outbreak.

It was on June the 4th, after a weary time of excitement, suspense, and anxiety, from the day they had heard of the Mirut and Delhi tragedies, that the Sigra missionary party were alarmed, about five o'clock in the evening, by the sound of musketry and cannon, and were soon convinced there was fighting at hand. A message was brought them from the Commissioner that the danger was imminent, that the place of rendezvous was the Mint, but advising them to make their own arrangements, which they speedily did, according to their previously concerted plan. It was just at this time the College recess, which was providential, as the Principal and his assistants were thus placed more at liberty to leave Benares without forsaking their work.

In less than an hour the whole party, except Mr Leupolt, set off for Chunar, circumstances rendering it impossible for them to reach the Mint. As they crossed the river in a little boat, they tried to cheer and comfort each other by repeating verses out of the Psalms, and

they felt thankful that their flight had not been in the night, nor in the mid-day heat of the burning sun, but in the quiet evening hour, when it is usual to take the air, and in a conveyance, instead of on foot. "How sweet," said one, "was the stillness of our drive towards the river under the bright Indian moon, after we had left the noise and confusion of the town." They spent their two first nights in the fort or palace of the Rajah of Ramnaghur, in whose grounds they had landed, by his invitation. This is a pretty spot, opposite Benares, and much resorted to by Europeans in cool weather for pleasure parties.

The poor refugees felt it an especial mercy to have so calm and pleasant a retreat, amid all their trials and privations, and though for some hours without food or any means of alleviating the burning heat, which is almost more intense inside the house in the night than in the day, they set about preparing with thankful hearts resting-places for the ladies and children, and then united in singing the Evening Hymn together. The 91st Psalm, read by moonlight by Mr Cobb, was felt very soothing. Mr Smith prayed, and the ladies and children tried to sleep, while the gentlemen kept watch.

The heat soon became intolerable in the one room they occupied; so, shaded from the rays of the moon by the thick foliage of a tree, they lay down on a coverlid under the canopy of heaven, where the little ones were surprised, and much delighted, to find themselves in the morning, and innocently asked, "O mamma, why are we here?"

The Rajah supplied them with fruit and sweetmeats,

and they at length got refreshments from Benares, brought by their own servants, who gave them the news. The simple facts were as follows :—

Intelligence having arrived the previous day that the troops had mutinied at Azimghur, a station in connexion with Benares, but above sixty miles distant from it, it was resolved to disarm the 37th Native Infantry at Benares, which was known to be disaffected, and prepared for mutiny.

So urgent was the crisis, that it was decided to carry out the disarmament at once, without deferring it to the next morning.

At four P.M., the troops were drawn out, and ordered to lay down their arms. As they were doing so, they saw the English soldiers and guns in front of them, and believing they were betrayed and would be shot down, they seized their arms, shot at their officers, poured a volley upon the Europeans, who returned it, and then fled to their lines.

The Seikhs, who had been regarded as faithful, were now fired on from some quarter, and as they had been told nothing of what was doing, they took the alarm also, and joined in the firing; but God shewed Himself on the side of the English, and although the Europeans numbered but one hundred and eighty men, and the combined native soldiers above one thousand, He who is wise to guide and almighty to deliver, enabled this handful of men to put that host to flight, with the loss of one officer and four men killed, and seven others wounded, one of whom afterwards died. Had they not

succeeded, all the bad people in the city, amounting to many thousands, would have joined the rebels.

It was afterwards discovered that on this very night, at ten P.M., it had been determined to murder every European in Benares, had not God, in His goodness, directed the disarming a few hours before. It was also discovered that the *sowars*, or irregular cavalry, who are Mohammedans, and have in every case been our deadliest foes throughout the revolt, thirsting for Christian blood, were the parties who fired upon the Seikhs, on purpose to turn them against the English, as their fire came from the direction in which the English were supposed to be. They not only succeeded, as has been related, but thereby caused the revolt at Juanpur by reaction, the troops there being Seikhs.

A weary day and a second night were spent by the missionary party in the open air, under the Rajah's protection; and in the afternoon, in the baking sun, escorted by a band of twenty men, they proceeded to Chunar, there to remain till it was thought safe for them to return to Benares. "With what thankful feelings did they ascend the steep paved way that leads to the fort," and what a mercy did they feel it to have reached a place of security, which they had not believed the Rajah's grounds to be! He had also several times intimated to them his desire that they should leave, as he considered that they placed him in danger; and trying as it was for eighteen persons to be packed together in the close quarters allotted them in the fort, it was better than peril, and perhaps murder.

They were cheered on their journey to Chunar by a visit from Mr Leupolt, who related to them how, as he had witnessed after their departure the flames of the ourning Sepoy lines rising above the trees, he rejoiced in the assurance of their safety. This brave-hearted man never forsook his post at Sigra, but remained to strengthen and direct the native Christians, who stood nobly by him, "acting as heroes, with him at their head," and to visit the sick and wounded, the troubled and disconsolate, wherever he found them—in the lines, in the hospital, or in the mint, a large building in Benares belonging to the Rajah, used, as before named, as the rendezvous and refuge of the Europeans who did not leave the city.

What a comforter he was to both officers and men in these most perilous hours! The faces of the poor sick and suffering soldiers lighted up as they saw him approach. For two nights he slept with them on the bare ground in Secrole, having not, like Jacob, a stone, but a hard buggy cushion for his pillow; yet, like Jacob, he saw by faith a ladder whose top reached to heaven. It was "sad, sad work," but he thanked God, who had caused him to send his wife and little ones home, and thus left him free to lay himself out for others.

On the first Sunday after the outbreak, Mr Leupolt preached on the barrack-ground, in English (the church had been converted into a place for receiving soldiers), from the 90th Psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." He then preached to

his people at Sigra, from Matt. xviii. 30, encouraging them to stand steadfast. He soon after heard of the mutiny at Juanpur, and that his brethren there were all murdered; but this was not the case—they escaped, and came afterwards to him to be clothed and helped. On hearing of the fearful tragedy at Allahabad, he preached in the Racket Court, on Lamen. iii. 22, experiencing in all its deep solemnity the import of the words, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

One remark that occurs in a private letter from him at this time is striking:—

"Why," he asks, "have these evils fallen upon us?" He leaves the question as it respects the English, but answers it in reference to the natives thus:—"We have been preaching for years. Thousands have been convinced of the truth, but would not embrace it, because they honour man rather than God. The high-caste Hindus require to be humbled. They will not be so by the gospel; so the Lord allows them to have their own way, and He takes His own way. Caste must now perish, Mohammedanism fall."

By night Mr Leupolt kept watch at Sigra, aided by two friends and the native Christians, of whom he organised a regular band as guards. Their courage did much to restore public confidence, and here, as in some other places, it has been remarked by those in India who have the best means of judging, that "if any European be trusted and confided in, it is Mr Leupolt and his missionary brethren"—Mr Kennedy,

of the London Society, with others, who, like himself, never forsook their post.

"At one time all the influence of public officers and their agents at Benares could not succeed in procuring supplies for the troops from the country round. Then it was that Mr Leupolt, well known to the people, visited the villages, and got in provisions for the public service, reminding us of the days of Schwartz, a hundred years ago, when he, by his personal influence, succeeded in obtaining the most abundant supplies for the British army.

"A few weeks later some of the designs of the Irregulars having been divulged to Mr Leupolt, he was enabled to give information to the authorities, in consequence of which they were disarmed." He wrote at this time, "The *general feeling*, thank God, is in *our favour*. When the native Christians wished to go to Calcutta, the heathen entreated them not to do so, as they would protect them; for many believe so long as we are at Sigra, things will be right."

"How remarkable that those who fondled and favoured superstition and idolatry, are accused of an underhand design to force them to become Christians; while those who have openly and boldly, though kindly and affectionately, denounced their superstitions, and invited them to embrace the gospel, should be understood and trusted!"

On the 15th of June, as all was reported quiet at Benares, the missionary party left Chunar and returned to Sigra.

Benares has thus happily escaped the dreadful scenes which have occurred in other places, though everybody felt that they were surrounded by dangers, and often, just as they thought they discovered a gleam of light, some new plot was discovered and defeated. An attack from Oude seemed almost inevitable. Open attempts were also made to arouse the population, and the Dinapur and other mutinous regiments came near, and none can tell what seasons of distress were passed through, as the sad and harrowing tidings from other places, of murder and cruelty, continued to reach the ears of the brethren and their wives, who often found themselves involuntarily longing for that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"I am," wrote Mr Leupolt, in August 1857, "well in health, and as happy as I can be in the midst of these dreadful doings; but I do feel as if it would be needful for me to go for a season into another atmosphere, to reanimate the love I desire to entertain towards these poor, erring, wretched people, and to be still enabled from the heart to cry, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge, but turn them, good Lord, we beseech Thee.'"

"The heathen triumph," writes another of the brethren, "and say, 'Where is now their God?' But though we are brought low, still we hope and believe that the victory will be ours; and we say with the prophet, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me' (Micah vii. 8)."

Mr Leupolt has suffered personally; for he considers his youngest child, who was left in India in charge of an aunt, on account of the state of her mother's health when she returned to Europe, has fallen a little victim to the mutineers; so that his heart has been wounded in its tenderest part. Yet there was much sweetness and mercy in the sad event, the circumstances of which we will briefly narrate, partly in his own words:—

"As soon as I heard of the mutiny at Dinapur, I wrote to Mr Smail to bring his wife and our baby to Benares. He directly set out on the journey, but not far from his house he was assaulted, got eight or ten wounds from swords, some of them rather deep, and was besides very severely beaten with clubs, and left for dead on the ground.

"His wife, too, was dreadfully beaten and wounded, but our dear little daughter saved her aunt's life. The ruffians tried from all sides to strike the darling infant, but Mrs Smail parried every blow. At length they endeavoured to tear her from her aunt's arms. Then the precious baby looked the murderer straight in his face: this was too much for him—'Let them alone,' he cried, and both were saved.

"As soon as the rumour spread that Mr and Mrs Smail were attacked, assistance came from every quarter. They were protected during the night by a guard, and on the following morning arrived at Benares." *

* Several of the zemindars voluntarily watched Mr Smail's indigo, before Government took any steps to secure the country.

For some time it was supposed that the little girl had received no injury, but about a month after she died from the effect of the fright, and *one* blow on her head, the only one which her aunt had failed to parry. Her father was permitted to commit her little body to a peaceful grave, where it rests in hope, beside its twin-brother, who had gone to the Saviour's bosom a few months earlier.

With this exception, not a hair has fallen from the head of any of the missionaries at Benares. Their work, as far as education is concerned, has been carried on; and Jay Narain's School has been closed for the usual Christmas holidays, after a most satisfactory examination; in reporting which Mr Leupolt says, "I have had large classes (of Scripture in the vernacular) all along; scarcely a boy has been absent, and I never remember feeling more satisfied with them." He also mentioned that "preaching had recommenced." When the ladies were by public order sent to Calcutta, Mrs Smith and Miss Leupolt did not leave.

With an important extract corroborative of Mr Leupolt's views, from another of the valuable band at Benares, the Rev. J. Kennedy, of the London Missionary Society, we will close this little sketch:—

"We are full of hope regarding the future. When the country is stilled, we expect to have a field for our exertions such as we never had before. Caste has received a blow from which we believe it will never recover. The Brahmans in the army, and the high-caste men generally, have acted a suicidal part, as some

of them must by this time have discovered. Here we see already the beginning of a new order of things.

"Formerly there was nothing heard among worldly men but that it was requisite to pay respect to the religion of the people, and we must not infringe the laws of caste: high-caste men must always have the preference, and a native Christian must be above all things discountenanced. To put him, however capable, into a good situation, would be offensive to the people! All this is changed. Even worldly people are loud in saying, that our pandering to heathenism has brought us to the verge of ruin, and that our profound respect for caste must be thrown to the winds.

"Lately, three hundred men were added to the police force of the district, and orders were given that all countenance should be given to low-caste men—that Brahmans and Rajputs ought not to be taken. A worse service than the police for native Christians could not be, but the order shews where things are tending. In a new corps, too, levied here, preference is given to classes from among whom candidates would have been formerly rejected with scorn.

"We cannot doubt that, through God's blessing, British rule will be more firmly established in this land than ever, and we must hope that it will be a greater blessing than ever to this people, whose minds have been wonderfully excited by recent events.

"We missionaries are the only Europeans who have ventured into the city unarmed for the past four months. Officials have gone generally with loaded revolvers, and

escorted, while missionaries have gone often to their schools without a weapon of any description. We have been sometimes strongly counselled either to go armed or not go at all; but I believe we all had an insuperable aversion to appearing in so new a character, and our confidence, so far, has been well judged. Not a finger has been raised to touch us, though the people have now and then stared at us with astonishment, as wondering at our temerity. At all times many natives go about armed, and during the late alarms the number has been greatly increased; so that, if they had any peculiar hatred of us, they had us entirely in their power."

In the first week of 1857 a Missionary Conference was held at Benares, when twenty-nine missionaries of six different societies, two chaplains, and five native catechists assembled in the Mint, the very building afterwards used as a rendezvous at the time of the mutiny.

These men, united in their attachment to the great doctrines of the gospel, although differing in their views on details, prefaced their discussions on the subject which was so interesting to them all—the best plans for India's evangelisation—by a season of abstinence and prayer, held on New-year's Day, and introduced their business proceedings, somewhat later, by a devotional meeting at seven A.M.

At that time the sad events that have since occurred were not anticipated; but it is pleasant to look back on this peaceful assembly, and very soothing to contemplate the subjects that occupied its attention, and the earnest prayer which was then offered.

How full were the minds of that Conference of benevolent designs for India, and how earnestly did they call down the help and blessing of God upon those designs! Surely "the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name; and He has spared them," in the midst of great and threatening danger, "as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

The coincidence is certainly remarkable, and though "He giveth not account of any of His matters," but "putteth down one and setteth up another" as it pleases Him—and this holds good even among His own people, and in reference to His own work—yet we may mark His providence, and "whoso is wise will understand these things."

At this Conference the brethren were much impressed with the fact, that there was a peculiar stagnation apparent in mission work generally, and that, unless some extraordinary event occurred, there appeared no prospect of vitality. A shaking, such as they then little anticipated, *has* occurred. Oh that it may produce the effect beheld by Ezekiel in his vision! (Ezek. xxxvii. 1–14.)

CHAPTER XX.

A GARDEN IN THE DESERT.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."—
ISAIAH XXXV. 1.

WE now leave Benares, and proceed to Juanpur, which lies inland towards the east, by palanquin.

As we approach the city, we perceive traces of it having been for centuries a seat of Moslem power. It contains splendid ruins ; among them those of a magnificent musjid, a hundred feet high, built of solid stone, and nearly six hundred years old. As far as the eye can travel, the surrounding country is covered with the crumbling monuments of past ages, in the form of old tombs and temples, reminding one of the times that have passed over. The town is prettily situated on a beautiful river, the winding Gumti, and the country round is richly covered with trees.

The moral aspect of this city of thirty thousand inhabitants is far less pleasing than its natural one. We remember how notorious it once was for infanticide, as well as for its famous schools of Arabic and Persian literature, and we are told that many learned Mussulmans still reside here ; but yet, ignorance of the grossest

kind prevails among the general population, with nothing to pierce its darkness but the little glimmer of light the mission has kindled.

When William Bowley visited this place in 1822, he could not induce the people to receive tracts, from fear of their bewitching power. The following year he had various discussions with several learned Arabic scholars, who argued with him that, as God is not amenable to any authority, He might pardon sin without an atonement; and "one of their number, who seemed to breathe murder, spoke in a great rage, with his sword in his hand."

Bowley's occasional visits excited interest and inquiry, and at length the zeal of the magistrate, Mr Brown, a son of David Brown (who was subsequently similarly employed at Bhagulpur; see page 209), laid the foundation of a mission, by collecting money, and opening a Free School, which was conducted in the ruins of the celebrated Atala Musjid alluded to in the previous page.

Mr Wilkinson, then at Gorruckpur, occasionally visited the place, and preached much in this and the surrounding districts; and a catechist was located here in 1832, to conduct a service for sixteen Christians, and superintend three schools.

Ten years later, these schools, which had been managed by a committee of gentlemen, were handed over to the Church Missionary Society, which in this case, as in some others, was indebted to lay agency and zeal for the commencement of the mission.

The Scriptures had not been taught in these schools till the arrival of the Rev. R. Hawes in 1841, who at once introduced them, and lost some boys in consequence for a short time.

The work was now extended, and branch schools established, but the strong Mussulman elements pervading the spirit of the place made it far from promising. Mr Brown had raised a church by his zealous exertions—a material building—and two years after Mr Hawes' arrival he had the joy of adding some living stones, by presenting six native Christians to the Bishop for confirmation; yet so dense was the ignorance still pervading the district, that he remarks, "We may affirm with safety, that generally in our missionary visits, we find scarcely more than one or two persons, out of two or three hundred gathered round us, who can read the most simple books."

Mr Hawes encountered much opposition as he stood preaching with a catechist beside him on the Juanpur bridge—one of the wonders of the Hindu world, which was built in the reign of Akbar, and is one of the few monuments of the munificence of the Mogul Government; but he persevered in his labours till compelled to return to England in 1848.

The remarkable bridge above alluded to is most important as a preaching place. The missionaries have found, that in every village they visited they were recognised as old acquaintances, having been met and heard on the Juanpur bridge. It is the bazaar of the city, and so situated that the greater number of the

inhabitants, and of such as visit it from the district, must cross this bridge; hence a good congregation is always obtained here. In 1773, when the river was flooded, English troops sailed over it.

A Mr Cesar, who had aided Mr Hawes, remained in charge of the schools when he left, and thus the work did not die out, for the place was visited from time to time by the Benares brethren, who at length arranged to spare one of their own number, and locate him there.

The Rev. C. Reuther accordingly joined the station in 1852, and found a little flock of about thirty native Christians gathered in from a district comprising a million. The schools contained five hundred children, including those in the out-stations of Azimghur and Zufferabad. The native congregation was from time to time added to by baptisms, but as the Christians had no means of obtaining a livelihood at Juanpur, they had to leave and seek it elsewhere, so that it never increased in numbers resident on the spot.

Mr Reuther earnestly pleaded for "the sympathy and prayers of Christian friends on behalf of a people more than usually indifferent to the gospel message;" but he saw signs of encouragement in the schools, where a number of boys seemed well inclined. A Christian friend who visited one of these schools subsequently remarked, that "the answers of the boys were most excellent—in Scripture and mathematics particularly good—reflecting the highest credit on Timothy Luther, the head-teacher, a convert of the Scotch missionaries at

Calcutta, a brother of Behari Lal Sing, and a zealous Christian."

Mr Reuther rejoiced much in his schools. Those at the out-stations of Zufferabad and Azimghur seemed to be doing great good, and in these and the station schools there were five hundred boys under instruction. "Had I had the means," said he, "I might easily have had four times the number."

At the Azimghur school there were about ten boys ready for baptism, but the missionary and his catechist felt it best to advise delay in coming forward to offer themselves, fearing they might be pronounced under age, in which case they would immediately have been removed from their influence, as they had no hope of official protection.

A boy of this school had expressed a decided wish for baptism two years before. His relatives at once affirmed he was younger than he was. He was removed from Mr Reuther by the magistrate, sent to Futteypur, and never again heard of. He was probably poisoned. At Juanpur itself, three youths came forward. Excitement and persecution followed, and all three were lost, at least for the time being. This bitter experience led to much perplexity of feeling on the part of the missionary, and he was thus situated when the mutiny occurred.

But the schools were not Mr Reuther's only object of interest. He was a zealous itinerant through the district, and met with many encouraging incidents in his tours. "But what," he asked, as many others have

done, "can one man do among two millions?" Still he now and then gathered in single ears from his large field, and was becoming increasingly hopeful, when he had to flee with his wife and children, escaping only with life! The station was burnt down soon after they escaped, and their house, with all it contained, was consumed. Their own preservation was most miraculous, for they were half an hour under fire, having taken refuge in the Court-house with the rest of the Europeans, and they only avoided the shots by lying down." *

During these awful moments one of Mr Reuther's children said, "Do you think, papa, God can save us now?" "Assuredly He can, my child." "Then pray, papa, pray to Him." The father at once lifted up his voice in audible supplication, and when he ceased another of the gentlemen took up the petition, calling on the Lord for deliverance.

The attention of the Sepoys was at length engaged by the treasure. The firing ceased, and they were seen walking away laden with bags of rupees. The party took this opportunity of retreating from the Court-house, and making the best of their way to Benares with their little ones.

The magistrate, who had ventured out too soon, was at once killed. The captain of the troops was also

* At page 324 it is mentioned that the mutiny of the Seikhs at Benares caused the revolt at Juanpur, which is a fact. The Seikhs at the latter place had remained quite faithful till they heard of the treacherous attack on their brethren at Benares (see pages 323–4). They then said, "What do we get by remaining faithful?—our brethren are murdered," and they at once rose.

shot as he was walking in the verandah, and staggering into the room, fell down before Mr Reuther. He was laid on a *charpoy*, or native bed, and was supposed to be dead. His poor wife, who had fallen asleep from intense heat and fatigue, was called, and succeeded in reviving him by cold water, but it was only to see him die a little later; for though they carried him with them, in hope of his surviving, he expired just as they reached the place where the corpse of the magistrate lay: *there* they deposited the *charpoy*, and passed on with bursting hearts.

The agony of that widow's soul was intense, but she accompanied the refugees, who numbered twenty-five persons till the evening, when she too yielded up her anguished spirit, which failed longer to sustain its heavy burden of grief. Her companions dug a grave, and buried her remains.

The party were advised by Mr Reuther to take the old, instead of the new road to Benares, which proved their salvation, for they thus avoided a band of *sowars*, who were at that moment nearing the station, and would have murdered them all. They were concealed, when in danger, by benevolent Hindus, and finally reached Benares, after five days of fearful exposure and privation, with nothing to cover them but garments the natives had compassionately bestowed.

Mr Reuther was recognised at one place as the man who "preached Jesus Christ on the Juanpur bridge," and pointed at as a "blasphemer," the usual epithet employed by Mussulmans to distinguish those who

preach the gospel. He prepared to die a martyr's death, but an unseen Power stayed the murderers' hands, and he was permitted to go free.

When they came to Zufferabad, the school-boys were much concerned at the trouble into which the missionary had fallen. It really seemed to touch their hearts, and they wept around him, and said, "Oh, sir, when you are gone, who will teach us to know the true God?"

One of them, a Mussulman youth upwards of twenty years of age, afterwards wrote to him while he was at Benares, saying, "I am persuaded that the Lord Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that all power is given to Him in heaven and in earth. Hence I trust that He will soon suppress this rebellion, and establish His kingdom amongst us."*

On several occasions during their trying journey, it was proposed by one or another of the party to fire, but Mr. Reuther's influence prevented this. He felt assured their safety would only be perilled by it, as they had not enough ammunition to keep up a defence. "Prayer," said he, "is my weapon, for my weapons are not carnal." In one of their most dangerous moments Mrs Reuther saved their lives by going courageously up to the leading man of a threatening band, and addressing him thus: "Have you children?" "Yes." "Do you love your children?" "I do." "Then pity us and ours, and let us pass." The ruffian's heart was

* There was reason to believe that this youth, together with four others, and a teacher, would shortly have offered themselves for baptism.

touched in the right place, and he allowed them to go on.

A Mussulman woman-servant remained faithful to Mrs Reuther, and managed to conceal her *lota*, or drinking vessel, when they were all plundered of what they had. This was very providential, for it enabled her to wait on the whole famishing party with refreshing drinks of water whenever she could procure it, and, in the almost entire absence of food, water sustained nature, and enabled them to brave the fearful heat.

Mr Reuther particularly noticed, that not only native Christians, but those Hindus who, though not Christians, were in some measure under missionary influence, had proved faithful to Europeans. It was an individual of this class who sheltered his party for three days at the peril of his own life, and supplied Mrs Reuther with garments to cover the children. During their sojourn with him the village was several times plundered, and provision of every kind carried away. His premises were also attacked by armed men, when he courageously said to the European refugees he was concealing, "Shoot down the first person who attempts to enter."

After their escape, Mr Reuther wrote, "Glory be to God for what He has done for us during these days. Almost miraculously have we escaped! If He had not been on our side when men rose up against us, our enemies would have swallowed us up quick. He will be our helper also in days to come. Our good friend,

Mr Leupolt, provided us with clothes, and made us as comfortable as circumstances permitted. All the mission property is gone, but the walls of the church stand, though the windows have been smashed and furniture destroyed.

"Timothy the catechist had a narrow escape with his family: he was hidden for an entire day in a dry well, and lost all he possessed. *All the native Christians were preserved.*

"May the Lord provide for the future! If only He be on our side, then all is right, and I am persuaded that nothing shall be able to separate us from His love, 'which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

How deeply will the reader sympathise in this touching statement! It is in such circumstances that our heavenly Father causes His children's faith to triumph, and that He manifests His power to sustain. "Never," says Mr Leupolt, "during this time of trial, have I lost for one moment the conviction, that the Lord would protect and deliver us; and when I heard of the Reuthers and Cesars having fallen, I dared not believe it for a moment.* The Lord omnipotent reigneth. He is still with His people. He will teach our rulers and us to know our duty, and give us grace to do it. His kingdom shall be exalted. What man cannot accomplish He will, and His shall be all the glory!" This was written at a time when Mr Leupolt had about

* The writer has had the opportunity of personal communication with Mr Reuther, who has come to Europe. He alluded to the fact noticed by others, that neither the missionaries nor native Christians wore arms.

thirty fugitives around him. "At such a season," he adds, "one learns to pray in earnest."

We now journey still further towards the east, and visit the very interesting mission station of Gorruckpur, which, like Juanpur, was founded by a layman in 1824.

On coming into this district, which is about the size of Wales, we are reminded of Bengal, for the greenness of the verdure continues even during the dry season, the soil being a brown rich mould. The beautiful rivers which water it, the Gogra and the Rapti, are both navigable, and we could have reached it by boat, only that the journey would have been far more tedious.

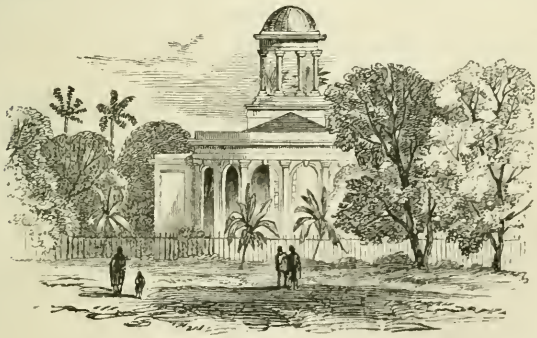
The views from parts of this district are really grand, and, in beholding them, the magnificent ideas connected with Indian scenery, which had been quite dispelled by the flat, parched plains near Benares, are again realised.

The blue hills of Nepaul rise in the distance, crowned with the lofty chains of the Himmalayan summits, covered with eternal snow. These reflect the rays of the rising sun, with all the wonderful enchantment of the prismatic colours; and the peaks and icy pinnacles, as they catch the morning beams, glitter with a brilliancy and beauty scarcely to be equalled. In the rainy season, the magnificent mountain range stands out in clear dark blue, above the forest, which runs along the line of the horizon.

Between the station and this captivating prospect lies a large track of land called the *Terai*, characterised for its deadly hostility to human life. In the days of Akbar this land was highly cultivated, but the inva-

sions of the Nepaulese depopulated it, and for twelve years after it came under British power in 1801, up to 1813, it was covered with forest, and known only as the haunt of beasts of prey. It had perhaps continued so still, but for efforts prompted by Christian love and benevolence.

The founder of the mission was Mr R. M. Bird, who, in 1821, made an offer to the Church Missionary Society, through Corrie, in the name of the residents, who were then thirty in number, and were willing to raise among themselves £120 annually to aid in supporting a missionary, as well as to provide a house and a church.



Gorruckpur Station Church, built by R. M. Bird, Esq.

No missionary was, however, permanently settled here till 1824, when the Rev. M. Wilkinson arrived, and set diligently to work. The following year the foundation of a native church was laid by thirty na-

tive Christians, who had been members of the Romish Church at Betia, a location near it.* Miss Bird was peculiarly useful in this mission, but her share in it will be more appropriately alluded to in another connexion. Mr Smith, now of Benares, arrived here in 1830, but was removed to that place in 1832.

In 1833, Lord William Bentinck, who always proved himself a real friend to India, and deeply interested in the development of its resources, granted Mr Wilkinson two thousand bigahs of unreclaimed forest land, five hundred bigahs of which were soon cleared. This land was designed as a refuge for persecuted native Christians, and as a means of training a Christian community in habits of industry, by employing youths in agricultural labours, while they were, at the same time, pursuing their studies.

Mr Wilkinson had seen the good effects that had arisen from a similar grant of land well managed by the Roman Catholic Christians at Betia, whose settlement he had visited; but that had been nearly a hundred years working out and developing, while his was to be commenced. Still he was not discouraged, though, when he went out but three miles from the town, to make observations on the ground, the roar of a tiger in the jungle obliged him to make a speedy retreat.

* The Betia mission was founded about 1740 by Italian missionaries. The Pope was so interested, that two years after he sent missionaries at *his own expense*. Land was granted, the tithes of which supported the mission, and the converts supported themselves by useful employment. There are about two thousand Christian families said to be residing at Betia.—*Long's Handbook.*

In a few years, he could report that "the cottages of the Christians occupy the place which was once the tiger's lair; and instead of his angry and hostile challenge, the peaceful, silver sound of Christ's truth is constantly heard in a little church which has risen up in the wilderness."

A bazaar was erected; the ground was rented to the native Christians on favourable terms; a range of neat cottages arose, and the name of Basharatpur, "The Town of Joy," was given to the place.

Mr Wybrow, who went to reside at Gorruckpur as missionary eight or nine years later, was delighted with its aspect, and his observation on what had been effected fully justified the sanguine expectations Mr Wilkinson had formed respecting the desirableness of such a plan. "It was once," remarks Mr Wybrow, "a wild jungle, but now luxuriant crops wave on it; and peaceful cottages, a little mission bungalow, and a village church, stand on the very spot where wild elephants once roamed at pleasure."

This dear man was too much captivated by the beauty of the spot to think of its dangerous character to European life, and pitching his tent on the banks of a tank which was strongly impregnated with malaria, caught jungle fever, and died in December 1840—a grievous loss to this mission, and to the cause at large.*

* A brief but interesting Memoir of Wybrow, price 1s. 6d., drawn up by Mr Weitbrecht of Burdwan, is to be obtained at Nisbet's, 21 Berners Street.

CHAPTER XXI

WATERS BREAK FORTH IN THE WILDERNESS.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

MR WILKINSON devoted much of his time to itinerancy, and in a few years he was able to write that "the greater part of the converts at Gorruckpur were persons from the neighbouring villages, or pilgrims, or religious mendicants, who having been met with on his journeys, followed him home for further instruction, and had been baptized."

Among these were several very interesting characters, but the most interesting of all was a Mussulman of rank and influence, who received at baptism the name of Cornelius, though he is best known by his original name of Sheik Razud o Din.

The circumstances connected with his conversion are so remarkable that we will detail them.

The Sheik was an educated man, and much devoted to his false religion. Hearing that his nephew was about to be baptized, he came to Gorruckpur, determined to use forcible means to prevent his forsaking his own creed.

To the entreaties of the youth, that he would read the New Testament, and not condemn opinions which he had not examined, he turned a deaf ear; but when the missionary explained to him the peculiarities of the gospel system, its suitableness to the case of fallen sinners, and its power to convey peace and happiness to the mind, he began to listen with more deference, and at last consented to accept a New Testament.

About three months after he returned to Mr Wilkinson, and, putting the New Testament into his hands, said that he had "read it through and through." The heart of that pious missionary glowed with thankful joy on hearing him add, "When I received this book, my heart was full of enmity to Christ as the Son of God, and I came here determined to pluck a lamb out of his arms. But this Saviour was too strong and too gentle for me. I am not only willing for my nephew to embrace Christianity, but I am now come to give *myself* to Christ, and to devote myself henceforth to His service."

From that hour Sheik Razud o Din became a true and zealous follower of Jesus.

Mr Wilkinson thus describes his personal appearance and influence:—

"He is about fifty years of age, quite patriarchal in his demeanour and bearing, and really so in character —very reverend and good-looking, the head-man of his village, and so respected that he has drawn over a great portion of the people by his conduct to forbear persecuting him, and a right feeling seems to prevail among

them. He desires to erect a church and school at once, and seems in all things thoroughly in earnest."

But this venerable man did not long escape the usual inheritance of Christ's followers; and soon after he came, in great distress of mind, to mention that though his *people* were disposed to be kind, a brother-in-law, a man of some consequence and influence among them, turned their hearts by the most false statements and misrepresentations, such as his having eaten swine's flesh, and everything offensive to the Mussulman mind. He returned home only to endure a fresh fight of afflictions.

Some Christian brethren went to visit him, to comfort and strengthen him. They found him quite solitary, though he had just been beset by a host of fifty or sixty persons, sent to annoy and insult him by a law-officer of the court, and high priest of the Mussulmans.

The disgraceful manner in which they had treated him had a good deal depressed his feelings, which was no wonder, considering the great veneration in which he had always been held. He was, however, through God's help, firm and unmoved, asserting his determination, in the strength of Divine grace, to continue steadfast; and he did so, though he had many a battle to fight for his Master after that.

The day following, the *Mufti* (high priest) sent another large company, not to insult, but to allure the old man. All his own people were brought to mourn and lament for him, and every possible entreaty was used, so that this trial was far greater than the former.

When they saw he could not be persuaded they ceased, and again began to curse and abuse, and never left him till late at night, when they returned like a flock of wolves disappointed of their prey. *We* can little realise his position, in the midst of numbers, all opposed to him, and with slight hope that the civil power, to which he could have appealed as a Mohammedan, would be likely to protect him as a Christian. But he did not need its aid: his Lord stood by him, as He had done by the apostle Paul before him, and *He* gave him an assurance, that "because he had set his love upon Him, therefore would He deliver him."

His people were afterwards seduced and removed from him, taking with them eighty-five rupees, and valuables to a considerable amount. He let them know he was aware of their proceedings, and left the rest to God and their own consciences.

Mr Wilkinson was strongly attached to this interesting old man, and his great trials served but to deepen that feeling. When compelled to leave India on account of jungle fever, he parted from him with much sorrow, and a letter, addressed to him by the Sheik while in England, closes with these beautiful words:—"There is nothing like love: it is stronger than death; it will live for ever. May love divine fill my soul! May the Holy Spirit evermore dwell in this heart, and make it ready for death—ready to meet the judgment, ready to inherit heaven! Forget not the old man, and pray that the sickle may not do its work till the corn is fully ripe.

"And should this one sheaf be gathered in soon, and be safely deposited, yet forget not the thousands that still remain ungathered, unripened, uncultivated.

"Still remember that the harvest is great—few the planters, few the cultivators, and few the reapers. May many, very many, enter through your labours, when this now tottering staff shall be broken!"

How touchingly does this aged convert allude to the needs of his countrymen in the above words, "The harvest is great—few the planters, few the cultivators, and few the reapers!" May the day hasten when "many" shall be substituted for "few," by the power of God resting upon and awakening us to our deep and awful responsibilities to the Hindu and Mohammedan of India!

When the Bishop of Calcutta visited Gorruckpur, he was introduced to the old Sheik, who had then become very deaf. He was struck with his venerable look, and intelligent countenance, and with the fact of his having been a *voluntary* catechist to Mr Wilkinson.

The Sheik was equally gratified at seeing the Bishop, who bestowed on him his benediction. He told him he had copied out an Essay on Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, and added, "If I could but go with it to the King of Delhi, and stand before him, I would shew him this book, and he should learn the folly of his own religion, and the wisdom of Christianity."

After the death of Mr Wybrow, he wrote, "Our shepherd, with his staff in his hand and sandals on his feet, has walked over the Jordan of death to the pro-

mised land of Canaan, leaving us poor sheep in the wilderness. Blessed be God, the pasture is not quite withered; the rivulets, and streams, and running brooks of living water, are not quite dried up, and we know that the Fountain never fails; so that, while we sorrow for our earthly head, our heavenly Head still lives, and we in Him."

When the same sad news reached Benares, Mr Leupolt went to Gorruckpur, and the first man who came to meet him was Razud o Din. They soon began to converse, and he alluded to Mr Wybrow.

"He was young," said he, "but we loved him. One day as we were feeding around him he stooped. This was not his custom. We looked at him, and he at us. He shook us by the hand, stopped, tied on his sandals, and went across the river.

"We could not blame him, for his Lord stood on the other side, beckoning him to come. He called him away, and has sent us you in his place. If you are called away, He will still send others; and if all earthly shepherds fail, He will never forsake us."

Soon after this he became ill, and Mr Leupolt brought him to his house to nurse him; but his children knew he had money, and professed much love for him; told him none could take care of him so well as they, and persuaded him to return in a palanquin which they brought.

One day Mr Leupolt called, and found him very ill. He had his New Testament open before him, and had, he said, been reading his favourite chapter, the fifth of

2d Corinthians. He wished to hear it again. Mr Leupolt took the book and read it aloud, and then conversed with him on the glorious subject of which it treats, and rejoiced with him at the bright prospects it reveals; for he too was ill, and did not know how it might be with himself.

The Sheik was evidently in a dying state, but both felt sure of "a resurrection to eternal life," and a speedy meeting in glory. He then knelt by his bed for prayer, realising the presence of the Lord, and shook hands in the full assurance of meeting no more on earth.

Four days after, a note from the old man was delivered to Mr Leupolt, saying, "I have embraced Mohammedanism; I have had enough of you Christians and of Christ. Do not trouble yourself more about me." He was too ill to visit him, and sent a pious young man in his place; but he was denied admittance, and asked if he had not been told the purport of the letter to Mr Leupolt.

When he returned they followed Hezekiah's example —laid the letter before the Lord, and prayed that He would interpose; for though the writing looked like the Sheik's in every stroke, it seemed almost incredible that a dying man could have written so steady a hand.

Ten anxious days passed, when one morning a son of the Sheik's appeared before Mr Leupolt in a great passion, saying, "Sahib, I shall confess the truth: my father did not write that letter, but my uncle, who could imitate his hand, wrote it. When my father's eyes were fixed in death, we held the Koran over him, and

begged him to touch it. He pointed towards heaven, shook his cold and withered hand, as if to say, 'No, no; Christ is mine, and I shall be His for ever.'" The son's confession was made in revenge towards his family, because he was dissatisfied with the share of property assigned to him.

What must that poor aged Christian have felt in passing through the valley of death, without one word of consolation, or one Christian brother near him? but the good Shepherd was with him, his light in the darkness, his joy in the sorrow. In his Saviour's might he closed his eyes triumphantly in death, and in that same might opened them in glory.

This faithful picture of the grievous trials attendant upon a profession of Christianity in a heathen land, and of the obstacles which impede the way to heaven of natives of India, will make our own appear very insignificant.

Every plant of grace grows slowly, even under favourable influences, and many a flower is nipped in the bud in a Christian country. What a wonderful exercise of Divine power and grace is then needed to bring a plant to maturity in such a country as that we are now contemplating! Let the affecting thought quicken our prayers for all Hindu and other converts rescued from heathenism and Mohammedanism.

After an interval in which several names occur, that of the Rev. Mr Menge becomes prominent in this mission. The district has always been less under the influence of prejudice than most others, and the working of the mission has aided in diminishing what existed.

One of the most interesting converts baptized by Mr Menge was a Hindu doctor, and in his case, as in that of the old Sheik, it was the reading of a New Testament which awakened his conscience, and shewed him the sin of idolatry. This Testament had been given him by Mr Crauford, a pious chaplain at Allahabad.

For two years he frequented the preaching of the missionary, and had much private intercourse with him. During this time he taught the New Testament to his mother, his wife, a brother, and also a servant who resided with him. His mother died, fully persuaded she could only obtain salvation through Christ. His wife, two brothers, and a servant, were all baptized with himself, giving satisfactory evidence that they were true believers.

Baldeo was not long spared. Mr Menge visited him in his last illness, and asked him whether, in the prospect of death, he confided in Jesus. He roused at the question, and said, "Oh, yes!—with every breath I breathe, I breathe the holy name of Jesus."

This man was a scholar and a poet, and had commenced writing a poem in Hindi, describing the character of the Saviour and the blessings of the gospel, but death prevented his finishing it. His brother is now a zealous preacher of the gospel. The wife was a very amiable, simple-minded woman, full of joy and gratitude to God, and able to read her Bible well.

About the same time that this encouraging event occurred, a party of more than twenty cultivators renounced idolatry in a body, sought Christian instruc-

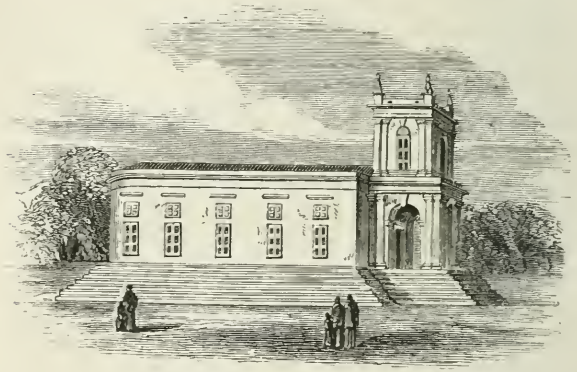
tion, and were permitted to settle at Basharatpur, which had grown under Mr Menge's superintendence, so that in 1852 he was able to report it as "prospering in every respect, and yielding a considerable surplus." He laid this out in clearing more jungle, and thus extending the capabilities of this Christian settlement.

Mr Menge was greatly encouraged in 1852 in his itinerating tours. The kind reception he often met with cheered his heart. Milk, sugar-cane, and fish, were continually offered him; but he sorrowfully adds, like Mr Reuther and others similarly placed, "What permanent impression can be made, on a district which contains about two millions and a half of inhabitants, by one solitary missionary of the cross!" Yet he continues, "In consequence of preaching so much, I am visited at home by numbers of persons, especially zemindars and pundits who have business in town from the district; and for weeks in succession I have had more than forty visitors each week, and have had little time for anything but making known the gospel to Hindus and Mohammedans."

As we read these statements, we strongly feel it is the outpouring of the Spirit from on high that is wanted, to bring home conviction to the hearts of these people, that they may receive the truth in the love of it, and become evangelists to their own countrymen.

Mr Menge's health at length quite gave way under an accumulation of work sufficient to have crushed a strong man in Europe. Gorruckpur was taken up by another, and some pious catechists were of great as-

sistance in ministering to the Christian congregation, which amounted to two hundred and twenty persons when Mr Menge left. There were also, at the same time, between three and four hundred children in the schools as well as the orphan and boarding establishments.



"The Church in the Wilderness."

When the late venerated Bishop last visited Basharatpur, he was met and welcomed by twenty families at the entrance to the church. He addressed and prayed with them, saw them in their humble cottages, and observed that, though poor, these dwellings were neat and orderly, and indicative of Christian progress and prosperity.

But this fair and interesting scene now wears a far different aspect; those comfortable little dwellings have all been swept away; the Christian settlement, then rejoicing in peace and prosperity, sits solitary, and pro-

claims, in its desolation, a silent tale of lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

The Rev. H. Stern, the missionary in charge, writes, "We safely passed through many alarms and great dangers, but on August 13 English protection ceased to be afforded to any individual in Gorruckpur, as we were informed by a circular from the authorities. This had long been feared, for there were no European troops that could be spared to protect us; and though three thousand Nepaulese had come to our assistance, no confidence was felt in natives, and it was deemed expedient to evacuate the place. All the English residents, therefore, marched away under the protection of the Goorkah force, and no alternative was afforded me but to march with them, leaving my property, and, what was far more distressing to me, my native flock behind in the wilderness without a shepherd.

"It was," he adds, "a very sad sight thus in one long procession to leave the station, and I could not help thinking of King David, when he with his nobles fled from his son Absalom.

"The schools were closed the day before we left, and I placed the mission and the Christians in the care of the Rajah of Gopalpur, to whom the authorities made over the station and district. In the agreement of Government with the Rajah, Basharatpur was especially mentioned as a place of which he should take care.

"Some of the Christians accompanied me as servants, others were engaged by gentlemen, and others were sent to Calcutta in charge of the property of the judge.

To the one hundred and sixty-two who remained I bade a very sad adieu."

In the afternoon Mr Stern visited the village for the last time. It was no longer "The Town of Joy," but "The Village of Sorrow." The people assembled in the house of the catechist, where he read the seventy-first Psalm and prayed—commending them to the Lord in whom they believed. As he left, the whole number burst into tears, especially the women and children, and he with difficulty restrained his own feelings, which were overwhelmingly painful; for what a prospect was before them! Poor people! they had much to suffer; yet the Lord heard this parting prayer, watched over them, and preserved them from those extreme calamities which in some other parts of India native Christians have had to endure.

It was during the hottest part of the year, and in the midst of the heaviest tropical rains, that this march was made; and at daybreak on the 19th, just as they were starting from their encampment in a mango grove, they were suddenly attacked from three sides by a rebel force of two thousand men. The Nepaulese were up in a moment, charging the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and after one hour's hard fighting the field was cleared, and victory declared, with only one killed and nine wounded. Above two hundred of the enemy were left dead, and fifteen prisoners brought into camp and decapitated by the Nepaulese, who made them kneel down, and then cut off their heads at a stroke with their sharp knives.

Their leader was wounded, but escaped; his palanquin was, however, captured, and with it a large number of most important letters and papers, from which it was evident that an attack on Gorruckpur was contemplated. It was in hope of obtaining seven and a half lacs of rupees treasure they carried with them, that the party had been attacked *en route*, and it led to the adoption of many precautions during the remainder of the march, which lasted twenty days.

The confused noise of battle, and garments rolled in blood, were sad scenes for a minister of peace to witness, but the prevailing feeling was one of extreme thankfulness for delivering mercies.

On Mr Stern's arrival at Benares, he heard that the Rajah to whom the station had been committed was soon deposed by a Mussulman, who collected all the property left, and appropriated it to himself, so that his personal effects were lost, and the mission church and buildings robbed and spoiled.

The poor Christians, after encountering very severe sufferings at the hands of the Mohammedans, were obliged to abandon their homes, and take refuge at Aligunj, near Chupra. Their history is contained in a letter from Mr Stern, who writes :—

"I arrived here (Aligunj) safely, and found most of the native Christians well. We were very happy to see each other again, after a separation of upwards of three months. Before I reached their encampment in a large mango grove, the children came running out to meet me, and to conduct me into the midst of their

parents, who surrounded me. Every one began to tell his own tale of trials and privations. We then had prayers, to thank the good Lord for having preserved us from so many dangers, and for having given us a new token of mercy in permitting us to meet again.

"The Christians left Basharatpur on the 20th of October. For upwards of two months they had lived in continual fear and anxiety, being exposed to the spoliation of their goods, and to personal ill-treatment. During a dacoity, one of them received a deep sword-cut in his back; others were beaten; the women, who usually ran into the jungle, were ill treated; and the catechist in charge, Raphael, was particularly exposed to the fury of the enemy. The maltreatment he received very much hastened his death, which happened on the 12th of October.

"After Raphael's death their best bullocks were seized, and seven of the men carried before the *chakladar*, who kept them prisoners for two days. On learning that they were Christians, he ordered them to deny their faith and become Mussulmans. One of the *chakladar's* men interfered, and said that these Christians had been neither Hindus nor Mussulmans, but were brought up as orphans in the Christian religion, and therefore would not be received by either of these persuasions.

"Still the *chakladar* insisted on their becoming Mohammedans, and requested them to look out for a Moulvai. The seven Christians, as they tell me, appeared to consent to this arrangement. Upon this, they were allowed to go to their homes. When they got there,

they told their brethren what had happened, and consulted together what to do.

"They left in small parties, by stealth, during successive nights, from the 20th of October, having agreed to meet at a certain place east of Gorruckpur, beyond the boundary of their district. They travelled through jungle for three days, and all reached in safety, one party only having been robbed on the road. The others saved a few clothes, and some even escaped with their carts and bullocks. When near Betia (see page 346), three families went there for protection: the rest intended to go to Benares, but will now remain at Aligunj, and I intend to remain with them, but shall return to Chupra to-morrow, to buy blankets and some necessary clothes for them. The expenses are very great, and will be so for some time to come. The widow of Raphael has two little children, who are too young to be admitted among the orphans.

"We are thankful to add that the Relief Fund Committee most promptly and liberally arranged to supply all the wants of these poor native Christians. Gorruckpur has since been recovered by the Goorkahs, and we hope the Christians may soon be re-established in their homes, and that after peace and quiet is restored to the disturbed provinces, by God's blessing on the British arms, Basharatpur will become more emphatically than ever "a town of joy," and its "church in the wilderness" will be surrounded by a fruitful field.*

* Kind Christian friends in England have sent temporal relief to these and other suffering Christians, through the Church Missionary Society.

To reach the mission next in order, we must return from Gorruckpur to Benares, cross the river, and pass a long way down to the south-west of that city, right into the heart of Central India, about midway, if you draw a line from Calcutta to Scinde, between these two places. It is a long and weary journey, during which we find no missionary brethren to give us a friendly greeting as we halt, for there is not one mission station between Benares and Jubbulpur, the place we are about to describe.

Some time in the year 1836, a Christian friend who was travelling up the country, halted at the mission station of Burdwan, and refreshed the spirit and gladdened the heart of the missionary by remaining the day, and communicating several most interesting particulars regarding Central India, where he had been located as a servant of Government.

The conversation was of that free and brotherly description which is peculiar to Christian friends, meeting as such, in a country like India, for the first, and perhaps the last time.

The missionary element was not the only one that marked it. Much was said in reference to the inner life of the Christian pilgrim, when called to dwell in a retired locality almost in solitude—at least in a desolate wilderness as regards spiritual privileges—and very beautiful were some of the remarks made, very striking some of the sentiments drawn forth, in reference to the grace and faithfulness of our divine Redeemer, that good Shepherd who is ever providing His flock with

refreshments on their desert journey, by leading them beside the still waters of sweet and holy communion with Himself, when cut off from the nether springs arising from communion with fellow-believers.

The wayfarer spoke from experience on these points, and the missionary too could respond in hearty sympathy, for both had tasted of the preciousness of Him who comes nearest when others remove farthest; and, though their personal acquaintance lasted but six brief hours, they became friends for eternity.

The traveller passed on, but not till he had kindled so warm an interest in Mr Weitbrecht's mind for Central India that he promised to use all his influence to induce the Basle Society to send a band of missionaries there. Nor did he forget his promise, but the man of God was called to wait, for His time was not yet come.

It is true that a few months later Mr Weitbrecht's cousin, Pfander, who came to stop with him at Burdwan in 1837, prayed much, and thought much, in reference to undertaking this sphere with a band of brethren; but it was concluded that it could not then be, and his way was made clear to go elsewhere.

Some years passed, and four German brethren were heard of in this locality, yet scarcely heard of ere they were gone. They had, from ignorance, chosen an unhealthy spot, and in a few months all four were numbered with the dead.

Again years passed, and an energetic chaplain came to Jubbulpur, the chief place of this district. He

looked out on the great moral waste that surrounded him, and longed to bring order and beauty into regions where only confusion, bitterness, and death had existed hitherto.

He had before been in places where he could point to little spots of garden-ground, where, under the planting of one apostolic labourer, the watering of another, and the increase bestowed on a third by that God who never withholds it from the faithful cultivator, the desert land had become springs of water, and the field been overshadowed by trees of righteousness.

This excellent man, the Rev. A. F. Dawson, was not content with looking and desiring, but bestirred himself to arouse others, if it might be that thereby the foundation of a mission should be laid.

He set to work by representing facts to those around him. "Here," said he, "are we placed in Central India, a vast region containing fifty millions of inhabitants, under British rule, or direct British influence. Let us contemplate the work undone, and place the true state of the case vividly before our eyes."

And then, to bring his subject more within the grasp of the mind, he spoke only of one important portion of this extensive district, the Nerbudda territory, so called from the sacred stream which waters it, ceded to our Government at the end of the Mahratta war, inhabited by, it is supposed, three millions of human beings, to whom, although they have been for a quarter of a century the subjects of Christian England, the glad tidings of salvation have never yet been proclaimed. He

gained the hearty co-operation of his countrymen, the sympathies of several of whom had been already aroused, and then he wrote to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society in Calcutta.

He spoke in his letter of "the inviting position of Jubbulpur, the official metropolis of the Nerbudda territory, with a population of forty thousand, lying on the Grand Trunk Road, connecting the upper provinces of Hindusthan with the Deccan, that immense and entirely neglected country." He spoke next of the salubrity of the climate of this table-land at the foot of the Vindya mountains, and of the hill tribes who inhabit those mountain ranges, and their destitute and miserable condition.

"And then," he added, "this noble and most promising field is open to the Church Missionary Society. For years incipient efforts have been making, and at this moment there is a local committee ready to co-operate at once in raising funds to the amount of £300 a-year, and to guarantee all the incidental expenses of the mission besides, for five years, if you will only send us MEN.

"There is," continued Mr Dawson, "the entire framework of a mission—schools, houses, books, furniture; and I pray the Lord of the harvest night and day to send us labourers—prayerful, experienced, devoted men of God. It is a matter which concerns the glory of God, the good of souls, and the character of our Church.

"Earnest men are pledged to labour with me, energetically and quickly. I will at once open a Christian

school at Jubbulpur, and work in it myself, if you promise to send a master before the end of next rains, when I must leave. Ordained missionaries, to preach to the people, and follow up the impression made by the school, might come later. If I open a school to-morrow, within a week I shall have two hundred boys collected, each with his Bible in his hand."

After reading all this, which is but a little of what was urged, our readers will perhaps feel, as the Church Missionary Committee felt, when obliged to negative Mr Dawson's request, "shame, pain, and humiliation;" but they had "NO MEN" to give, and could only say, "May our merciful Lord waken the ear of many an English clergyman 'to hear as the learned,' and make our land to recognise her high function as the Evangelist of the world, and to know the day of her visitation." "Jubbulpur has been the scene of the wonderfully successful endeavours of Colonel Sleeman and other British officers to humanise and civilise the Thugs. Shall British Christians stop short of imparting to Jubbulpur the higher blessings of the everlasting gospel?"

The year passed away. Mr Dawson left the place with a sad and disappointed heart, but he did not cease to pray for it, and in the course of the year that followed God provided a European schoolmaster; but England had not the honour or the privilege of sending him forth, though he was placed there by the Church Missionary Society.

He was one of that earnest band of humble German brethren, who have gone out during the last twenty

years chiefly under the spur of private zeal. He had been twelve years in the country, knew the language well, and was fully able to superintend the schools, and some other departments of the mission, until a missionary should be appointed.

That missionary appointment is still to be made, for no ordained clergyman has yet offered permanently for Jubbulpur. The Rev. E. Stuart, who was for some time in other stations, occupied the place for about a year, but had then again to remove, so that Mr Rebsch, the catechist, continues alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

"There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains."—PSALM lxxii. 16.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many discouraging circumstances narrated in the previous chapter, the first-fruits of the mission at Jubbulpur have been yielded, in the person of a Brahman pundit and his wife, both of advanced age, whose case affords strong encouragement to missionary labourers to sow the seed of the Word of God far and wide, in faith that the Lord will cause it to germinate and bring forth fruit as it may please Him.

Some twelve or thirteen years before, this pundit went on pilgrimage to Hurdwar, and there, at the most renowned *mela* in Hindusthan, amid the din and throng of hundreds of thousands of devotees to the grossest idolatry, he received from a missionary some Christian books. He took them home with him, kept them for some years, but at length read them, and learned through them the truths of the gospel of salvation, which he communicated to his neighbours as he received them himself.

Some pious English residents at Jubbulpur aided his efforts, and after acting for some years as a sort of missionary in his native village, he and his wife gained courage to offer themselves for baptism, and he entered the Saviour's fold under the name of Adhem Massih, and became increasingly useful. His brethren were much displeased with him, but he lived amongst them, conciliated them, induced them to visit him, and listen quietly to his arguments. He thus spread abroad the knowledge of his faith in Christ, and as he was superior in all respects to most Brahmans, and well acquainted with his own religion and shasters, he could attack them with their own weapons.

This interesting convert was baptized by Mr Leupolt when he visited Jubbulpur in 1854, and confirmed the impression previously received regarding the promising character of this place as a missionary station.

Among other favourable circumstances which Mr Leupolt noticed, he alluded to the prospect of "certain employment for the converts, which has always been the great care and source of anxiety to the missionary in India."*

The "certain employment" regarded by Mr Leupolt as so bright a spot in the missionary prospect at Jub-

* "To this day," says the Rev. Cotton Mather, "Hindu and Mohammedan converts are not eligible to fill any of the responsible offices of Government, their Christian profession being a disqualification." May we not hope a better day is at hand? We have only to refer to Mr Montgomery's notification, respecting the employment of native Christians in the Punjab in preference to all other natives, if suitably qualified, to strengthen and encourage this hope for the other parts of our Indian Empire.

bulpur, is connected with "The School of Industry" established at this station by the excellent men who were employed by Government in the suppression of Thuggee, a dreadful system of murder, which has for ages prevailed over India, and has but of late years been brought to light, and in a great measure put down by the energy and vigilance of British officers.* There are in this Jubbulpur School of Industry a thousand Thugs, consisting of Thug approvers, their connexions, or children. It is an interesting establishment, both on account of the different trades taught, and the field it opens out for educational and missionary exertions. "Several families of Christians might at once be employed, especially females, as teachers in the manufactories, to the children of those who were once Thugs.

"All the materials of a good and prosperous mission exist here, and Mr Leupolt did not hesitate to pronounce it, as a mission field, superior to Juanpur, Azimghur, Gorruckpur, Agra, and even Benares itself, except that the latter place being the chief seat of Hinduism, if *it* fall, Hinduism falls with it; but, be-

* The Thugs are a set of robbers, who are organised in large gangs, and travel about to entice pilgrims and others on a journey. When they have gained their confidence, they strangle them with a handkerchief, by a method peculiar to themselves, take away their property, and bury their corpses. They have their own vocabulary, and were wont to murder thousands annually on all the great rivers and roads. Nine hundred of them were arrested, transported, and hung, within the first five years of their being discovered to exist. Their patron goddess is Kali, to whom they offer sacrifices under the name of Bhowani, before setting off on their murderous expeditions. They are usually men of mild countenances and pleasing address.

sides Benares, he knew of no station more promising than Jubbulpur."

When Mr Stuart arrived, he was at once introduced to the pundit whom Mr Leupolt had baptized, and was delighted in listening to him as he addressed the people, evidently with much effect. He appeared to speak so deeply from the heart when he told them what things God had done for his own soul, which all the vain philosophers of Hinduism, and all her hosts of idol deities, had quite failed to do, though he had tried them for many years.

It must have been a touching and encouraging sight to a true-hearted missionary of the cross, to witness, on his arrival at a new sphere of labour, a venerable and erudite Hindu, standing up in the midst of a mass of his heathen countrymen, with whom he had resided from his youth up, in his own picturesque home, acting as the instructor and spiritual guide of several families in this purely heathen village, under the very shadow of the many idol temples which cover the strange fantastic hill on which it is situated—a mass of boulders, said to have been thrown down there by the monkey god Huneyman. In such a spot, amid such associations, a Brahman, once a priest of these very temples, was now gathering a company of those who were once his misguided votaries, to read with them the *Scriptures of truth*, and to teach them to pray to the living God; and though none of them had then obtained courage to follow him, yet the missionary felt it to be "a day-spring from on high."

A Brahman blessing a Sudra.

But the earnest-minded Mr Stuart could take but a glance, as it were, of this interesting work ere he had to leave it, and the following year Mr Rebsch, referring to the pundit's congregation, thus writes :—

"I had much hope of them, and have spoken again and again with them on the necessity of confessing Christ openly, as the only Saviour. We pray together, but still fear of man keeps them back. They belong to the Church of Christ in heart, but dare not take the decided step. So it is with thousands in different parts of India. A spell seems, as it were, to rest upon them, exercised by the power of the god of this world; but a better time is at hand, when he shall hinder no longer, and his influence shall be destroyed, when He who

letteth shall let. The city contains a noble preaching place, where from three to four hundred hearers will often assemble at a time; and there are spacious streets, where good congregations are collected without difficulty."

On one occasion, when Mr Smith of Benares visited Jubbulpur with two other missionaries, he paid several visits to a Mahratta pundit, in company with a native Christian catechist, who had been a Mahratta.

They remained two or three hours on each occasion, but the old man refused to bring out the stores of learning for which he was famed, saying that the missionary was a Christian, and the catechist an apostate, and therefore neither had the ability or right to become acquainted with the deep things of Hinduism.

There was a large assembly of respectable, influential, reading men present each time, and they felt the convert's remarks and refutation of Hinduism so keenly at the first meeting—for they were unanswerable—that at the second some of them began at once to put him down with a high hand, insisting that he should not be allowed to speak, as he was an apostate.

Mr Smith insisted that he should, and added, "I gather from your treatment of this Christian man an additional argument that your religion is not from God, and that you do not know God: if you did, you would shew love—you would weep over your brother, instead of hating him—you would ask him with all kindness why he had forsaken Hinduism and embraced Christianity, and would try to win him back."

This learned assembly were completely silenced and ashamed by the holy boldness of the missionary, received books, and promised to read them. It was a striking exemplification of the decided and dignified kind of course that most effectually influences a Hindu mind.

Mr Smith noticed on this visit, the happy effect which had been produced on the native population of Jubbulpur, in favour of Christianity, by the earnest and zealous efforts of the judge of the station, who had made Christianity quite familiar to many of the people, by distributing tracts and books among them, thus preparing the way for the missionary; and he adds, "Were there but many more such men in the civil and military services, one-half the difficulties that at present encompass the missionary would disappear." *

We must not leave Jubbulpur without visiting Bhera Ghat, and feasting our eyes with a sight of one of the most striking natural objects to be seen in India, or perhaps in the world.

A few miles away from the town rise the marble or magnesian limestone rocks, from seventy to a hundred feet high, on each side of the sacred stream of the Nerbudda, which here flows through a very deep bed,

* Mr Tucker of Benares, brother to the excellent man who was murdered at Futteypur, has pursued the same Christian course. In his cold-season official tours a part of his establishment consisted of two native catechists, who accompanied him to preach to the people, and disseminate Christian knowledge amongst them as they went. Let it be remembered, in connexion with this fact, that Benares was the place where mutiny was put down almost miraculously, and where no base and revolting murders of Europeans were permitted to occur.

and is as still as death. The whole scene is magnificent beyond description, and has a peculiarly solemnising effect on the Christian mind, making us feel it a place peculiarly adapted for contemplation and prayer, as well as for praise of the great Creator.

We sail up the river for a mile or more, reach after reach, each one threatening to terminate our further progress, until we come near its apparent close, when we perceive that it opens out into another, and then in a similar way into another. For the latter half of the distance, the snow-like marble rocks accompany us on each side of the river, and the whole is terminated by a waterfall, in the shape of a horse-shoe, which, at the season when the river is full, is said, by those who have seen both, to surpass the Falls of Niagara.

The surrounding scenery is all in keeping, and we are almost disposed to envy a *byragi*, who has taken up his abode on one of the cliffs, carrying his idolatry into the midst of this wonderfully beautiful manifestation of the Creator's power and skill. It is in this neighbourhood that the village of our friend, the Brahman convert, is placed. We cannot wonder he is attached to it.

The marble of these rocks is regarded as of a very superior quality, quite equal to the finest found in Italy.

There is another principal place in this district, called Sagar, about one hundred and twelve miles from Jubbulpur; but this town does not appear so promising or interesting in a missionary point of view. The Rev. H. Sells, of the Propagation Society, commenced an

itinerant mission at Sagar in the beginning of 1857, and it is hoped he will become very useful in this destitute district.

There are other spots towards Bundlekund, where missionaries, when out on tours, have met with encouraging circumstances. One of these, a very touching one, which occurred to Mr Smith many years ago, we will relate.

He stopped at a large village, called Sunwahr, and held a particularly interesting meeting with some pundits, who acknowledged themselves beaten, and united with the people of the place in listening to the gospel with great attention, promising to read the books which they received, with prayer to the supreme invisible God, and, having found the true way themselves, to teach it to the people.

Some years passed, and Mr Smith came again to Sunwahr, but found these fine promises had evaporated as the morning cloud in every instance but one—that of a young pundit, who had, it appeared, from the testimony of several, really and sincerely read the books, and talked much to the people about Christianity.

Alas! *he* had died of cholera five years before. No messenger of peace had been here in the meanwhile, to lend him a helping hand along the narrow way which Jesus points out to His followers, but if He were teaching him by His Spirit, no other guide was needed. His poor widow came to see the missionary, and told him of her sorrows and trials; he pointed her to the Saviour, and passed on his way.

Mr Smith's native catechist left him near Sunwahr, to go and visit his relatives in Bundlekund. An extract from a letter which he addressed to him from an uncle's house, will give a lively picture of some of the mental sufferings of a Hindu convert, and will kindle an increased sympathy towards him in Christian hearts :—

"Many salutations! By the favour of the Lord I arrived all well, and always pray for your welfare. When I reached, I felt in a state of great distress and uncertainty as to what I should do regarding visiting my uncle. I thought he will surely say, as soon as he hears of my arrival, 'Go, go—I do not wish to see your face.' Thinking this, I determined at one time to go off again just as I had come (literally, with the same feet), but I altered my mind, and sent him a note by my servant.

"As soon as he received intelligence of me, he began to weep, immediately sent for me, appointed me a separate room and food. But though from love he did all this, still he was very angry and grieved with me. I made every effort to tell him the word of truth, but he would not attend or be convinced. I did my best in preaching, and left some books with them, and took leave in three days, as they did not wish me to stay longer.

"My uncle cares very little about his own religion, and thinks only of making money, but he felt he must say something in its defence. When I met him, he did not, like other Mahrattas, shew any fear of being polluted by my touch, but embraced me, seated me on the

same carpet with himself; and while thus seated with me, ate *pan*, which no Hindu would do with an outcaste."

In another part of the letter he alludes to two interviews he had with his father, who, he says, "becomes harder and harder, his enmity to Christianity increasing, though to me personally he was a little softened in manner, and told me that when he heard of my dear wife's death, he neither ate nor drank for three days."

He need not thus have sorrowed, for she had died a happy and glorious death, manifesting every mark of a real child of God—a striking proof of what Divine grace can effect on the mind of a heathen in the short space of fourteen months. She had slept in Jesus but three days before her husband set off on this tour, which seemed to have been mercifully arranged to mitigate his grief, and gradually revive his spirits.*

The direct road from Jubbulpur to the river side, to which we must now return, is called the Great Dakhin Road. It will, in all probability, be ere long superseded by the projected railway from Mirzapur to Bombay. The country is picturesque in its natural features, and well cultivated—how dark, morally, we will not attempt to sketch. Mr Smith met with an interesting

* This interesting convert came over to England with the Moha Rajah Dhuleep Singh, who requested the missionaries at Benares to send him a Christian companion. He returned to India in a year or two, and entered again on his work. His only child was left in charge of Mr Leupolt's sister, with whom she still resides. This dear little girl, "Ellen," was with Mrs Smail when she was attacked (see page 329), but was not injured by the assassins.

young man on this road, who made up his mind to become a Christian after a few interviews with him; and at Rewah he paid some visits to the Rajah, an orthodox Hindu, a great patron of Brahmans and Pundits. These Hindus of the old school are now becoming rare, so we will accompany Mr Smith on his visits.

The Rajah, upon receiving his salaams and request for an interview, politely sent an elephant for him and his brother missionaries. They found him seated on his throne, under a silk canopy, with upwards of a hundred attendants seated on each side and behind him. These constituted his *durbar*, or court. He rose at their entrance, and returned their obeisance, requesting them to sit on chairs, which were placed for them.

After one or two general observations, he inquired "in what particular features the Christian religion differed from the Hindu, as he was a worshipper of one God, believed in a creation, and in the separate existence of souls, whether in men or animals; and also, that salvation did not consist in absorption, but in a dwelling near to God."

He was answered, that in Christianity we chiefly appealed to testimony. He said that was *his* practice too. A concise view of the creation of man, the fall, and the redemption by Christ was then given him; the necessity of the atonement was illustrated by several similes.

He criticised a little, and then said the two religions did not differ substantially, as Ram was held by them to confer similar blessings to those which we expected from Christ.

To this was objected, that Ram, being sinful, could not liberate others, and did not profess to have attempted any expiation, which was necessary to reconcile justice and mercy.

This point was dwelt on for some time, and when the missionaries rose to leave, the Rajah rose, as at their entrance. They regarded him as "the most intelligent, candid, and dignified Hindu ruler they had ever met with." They were "surprised he had heard them so freely and fairly. It was evident he led the *durbar*, and not the *durbar* him." The missionaries also heard he was "a reading man, and one of good moral character," a very uncommon thing for a Hindu.

The following day a second invitation was sent them, accompanied by an elephant to convey them to the palace. In the interior courtyard they observed "a handsome arch, formed by stones, covered with figures of men and women *in relievo*. The attitudes of the figures, and the grouping, were striking, and the effect good."

They ascended to the roof on which the *durbar* was held by a rough staircase of unwrought timber, with the interstices filled with earth. Such discrepancies are common in an oriental palace. In one of the verandahs of the court were the musicians and dancing-girls, one of whom had a rich, powerful voice. The Rajah received them as before. "Behind the throne stood three servants, one with a *chouri* (brush), another with a sword, and a third with a *chillam* (the tobacco prepared for smoking in the *hukah*).

"As dusk came on, torches were lighted, when all the *durbar* rose, made obeisance, and blessed the Rajah, who, in return, bowed, putting his fingers to various parts of his face. From the roof where they were was to be seen a fine sheet of water, with a well-wooded island in the centre."

The interview commenced by inquiries after health, and others regarding Queen Victoria, the state of the Punjab, whether Hindus might visit England, &c.; and then the conversation on the doctrine of the atonement was resumed, and a very interesting discussion was carried on.

The Rajah mentioned having once had a meeting with the Bishop of Calcutta, and afterwards corresponding with him. After the missionaries left, Mr Smith wrote to him, giving him a *résumé* of what had been said, to which he received an affable and friendly reply, and hoped to continue the subject by this mode of intercourse.

It is pleasant to be informed that this interesting Rajah of Rewah has remained faithful to the British during the late rebellion, though others, who were under great obligations to the Government, have played it false; and on September the 18th, an aged Rajah and his eldest son were blown from our guns at Jubbulpur.

Shankar Sahae's forefathers had been grand Rajahs for fifteen hundred years, until conquered by the Mahrattas. When England obtained possession of that part of India, some forty years back, this man was found in great want and misery, and lands and villages

were bestowed upon him, which yielded about £800 annually. Yet, when the moment of trial came, he shewed no gratitude, and conspired with others to promote outbreak, plunder, and murder.

"He was tried, convicted on the clearest evidence, and, with his eldest son, sentenced to death. A piteous sight it was, to see the old white-haired Rajah, calm, and with great dignity, preparing himself for the dreadful evil which awaited him. Not a muscle did he move as he was being bound and tied hands and feet to the wheels of the gun.

"What had betrayed him to such ingratitude? His religion; for in his bag was found the following hymn to Kali:—

> "'O great Kali, eat up the backslider;
> Trample under your feet the wicked.
> Grind down the enemies, the British, to the dust;
> Kill them, that none remain;
> Destroy their women, servants, and children.
> Protect Shankar Sahae.
> Preserve thy disciples, O Kali;
> Listen to the call of the humble.
> Do not delay to cut the heads off the unclean race;
> Devour them quickly, O great Kali!'

"Poor man! his deceived heart had turned him aside, and led him to believe that he was acting so as to please the goddess who delights in blood.

"Who confirmed him in the idea that his religion was true? The very same Government who had relieved him in temporal distress, and had acted towards him kindly and benevolently, as far as earthly affairs went, but had, at the same time, carefully abstained from every

act which might have led him to conclude that it had any preference for one religion above another, and treated in all its proceedings Hinduism with far more deference than Christianity."

Hindu Servant performing Pujah to a small god which his Master unpacked from a bag in which he had been collecting curiosities.

Jubbulpur has been preserved from destruction, though there has been in Central India much serious disturbance, and at Sagar a hundred women and children were in January released from the fort, where they had been shut up six months. The missionary has also a tale to relate of danger and deliverance, which space will not permit us to repeat.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITNESSING A GOOD CONFESSION.

"And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment."—HEB. xi. 36.

AND now, having arrived at Mirzapur, to which the Great Dakhin Road brings us, our inland journey terminates, and we again proceed by the river; first taking a hasty glance at this large town, one of the chief trading places in India, where they make carpets equal in appearance to those of Persia, and fabricate all kinds of vessels of brass and iron.

Mirzapur abounds in handsome stone buildings; but it is the missionary and his work which interest *us*, and we enjoy a delightful conversation with Mr Mather, of the London Missionary Society, who takes us round and introduces us to his converts, his schools, his church, and his press. He commenced the station in 1837, and has laboured there with blessing. He is sometimes the companion of Mr Smith of Benares, on his extensive cold-season tours, and the Benares missionaries are his frequent guests.

As Mr Leupolt was one day preaching in the bazaar of Mirzapur, a well-dressed Mohammedan stepped for-

ward, who looked like a head-servant in some gentleman's establishment. He had been attentively listening to the discourse, and his countenance shewed that his feelings had been wounded.

As soon as he could address Mr Leupolt, he said, "Sir, you have stated that all men are sinners, and you have taken much pains to prove it; but sir it is not true, for although I admit that there are many sinners, and include myself among the number, yet there are exceptions, and my late mistress who is gone to England is one of them.

"She was without sin. During a period of eight years in which I lived in her service, I never saw her angry, and I never heard her speak an unkind word to any person. She had morning and evening prayers with us, in Hindusthani. She established schools, fed the poor, clothed the naked, and comforted those who suffered;" or, to use his own words, "she cooled the bowels of those who were in the fire of tribulation."

When Mr Leupolt entered into the man's narrative, and inquired for the lady's name, he became milder—said she was *Bebee* * * * (lady), and went on expatiating on her virtues with much feeling.

When he had finished, Mr Leupolt asked him how his mistress had expressed herself in prayer. He replied, "This is a subject which we were unable to comprehend. She invariably spoke of herself as if she had been a great sinner, while *we* all knew she was sinless."

Mr Leupolt said, "Do you believe she ever told a lie?" He indignantly replied, "No, never!"

"But if she called *herself* a sinner, and you believe she always spoke the truth, she must have felt she was a sinner in the sight of God, though you could not detect it; the statement then remains true, that all men are sinners, and however holy a person may be, he is still not perfectly so. There was but one Being entirely free from sin on earth, and that was Jesus Christ."

It so happened that Mr Leupolt dined that night at the house of this lady's brother, and the very servant who had attacked him after his sermon, stood behind his chair. During dinner English letters were brought in, which instantly drew the attention of the servants.

They anxiously waited for the eventful sentence, "All's well with Mrs * * *," which produced a warm expression of joy, and animated the countenance of every servant in the room.

The memory of the righteous is blessed. That lady never returned to India; but the remembrance of her holy life and Christian demeanour will long be affectionately cherished by Hindus and Mohammedans. She let her light shine before men, and glorified God in no ordinary way among these poor unbelieving people, who, though they will make many excuses for a merely nominal Christian, discern, and require almost perfection from a pious man or woman.

The missionaries at Mirzapur were in great peril on the breaking out of the mutiny at Benares, and the ladies were sent on a flat then passing to Allahabad; but on their way the report of the massacres which had taken place reached them, and the steamer which towed

them left them, and hastened forward to aid the sufferers in the fort at that place.

Thus these poor things remained unprotected on the river, the banks of which were thronged with infuriated people. In the night they left the flat for the long boat, and were exposed during the day to the direct rays of the sun, without water or provision. Their sufferings were awful, with young infants depending on them; but the Lord delivered them, and brought them in safety to Chunar, to unite with their Benares brethren in praising Him.

Crossing the river from Mirzapur, we pass upward on its western bank till we reach the city of Allahabad, once famed in Budhist annals, but still more noted in modern days for the many pilgrims who were wont to drown themselves at the *tribeni*, or sacred junction of three streams, the two principal of which are the Ganges and the Jumna.

"When a pilgrim arrives here he sits down on the brink of the river, and has his head and body shaved, so that each hair may fall into the water: the sacred writings of the Hindus promise him one million of years' residence in heaven for every hair thus deposited."

A very excellent and zealous chaplain, named Crauford, commenced a mission at this station in 1828. He was of the same spirit as Martyn and Corrie, and obtained a pious catechist to assist his own efforts on behalf of the natives, who was indefatigable in preaching and distributing tracts among the crowds of pilgrims. A congregation of twenty-five native Christians

was gathered, and two schools containing a hundred boys. He at length procured a second catechist, and compassed still more missionary work.

Mr Crauford's accounts of the labours of the latter catechist, a Cingalese, named David Batavia, who was an energetic, active man, are very interesting, resembling in all their features the journals of other earnest-hearted missionaries. He speaks of "discussions, inquiries, expectations, disappointed hopes, and of one and another who gave promise of future usefulness"—as "Bhallu, the son of a Hindu physician, the most excellent native youth with whom he had ever met—meek, patient, diligent, and thirsting after instruction in the principles of the Christian religion."

His health seriously failed in a few years; he returned to Calcutta, and not long after "rested from his labours;" but one, at least, of those to whom he gave a New Testament was afterwards baptized at Gorruckpur, and became an eminent Christian, so that the "bread" he "cast upon the waters," was in this, and doubtless in other instances, found "after many days" (see page 356).

In 1835 Allahabad was given up by the Church Missionary Society, and entered on by the Americans, who had an interesting and efficient establishment at the breaking out of the mutiny, distinguished in this place by very bloody features, which are so well known that we may spare any allusion to them. Mission property suffered much, but the missionaries were mercifully preserved.

We must sketch, before leaving this station, one of

the most touching of the incidents that occurred in the course of the mutiny. It refers to a native minister, the Rev. Gopenath Nundy, and Ensign Cheek, and strikingly manifests the triumph of faith and Christian principle in each. The particulars we give are gathered from Gopenath's own letter.

This native missionary was stationed at Futteypur, where he had been a faithful labourer, in connexion with the Americans, for many years. When the insurrection broke out, he escaped with his family to Allahabad. Finding the fort crowded, they started for Mirzapur, fell into the hands of robbers, who treated them very cruelly, and were obliged to return. Meanwhile the dreadful murders had occurred at Allahabad,

Gopenath and his Wife before the Moulvai.

and "this sad news brought them to utter despair." They heard of a *Moulvai* willing to shew kindness, and determined to go and cast themselves on his mercy, either to kill or spare them.

They found the Moulvai seated on a chair, surrounded by men with drawn swords.

"Who are you?" said he.

"A Christian."

"Where do you come from?"

"Futteypur."

"What was your occupation?"

"Preaching."

"How many Christians have you made?"

"No human being can change the heart of another, but God, through me, brought about twenty-four to the belief of the truth."

The Moulvai's rage was great. He blasphemed, abused, and said, "You deserve torture and cruel death."

The Christian wife rejoined, "Kill us at once, and do not torture us."

"No; I pity you. Become Mohammedans, and save your lives."

Both replied, "We prefer death."

The Moulvai added, "I will allow you three days to decide, and at the end of that time your noses shall be cut off, if you remain obstinate."

"As long as God continues His grace to us, we will not renounce our faith," said they; "so our heads had better be cut off at once."

While on their way to prison, they praised the Lord Jesus for giving them grace to stand firm, and thanked Him for counting them worthy to suffer for His name's sake. They found other Christians in prison, and after telling each other of their sorrows, they kneeled down together and prayed, but were abused and ordered to be silent. "Thus their lips were closed, but their hearts communed with Jesus."

The next day Ensign Cheek was brought in. He had escaped by the help of his bearer, when his regiment was attacked, but a party of ruffians found and wounded him most cruelly. He got away from them, and hid for three days, concealing himself during the day under water, and at night in a tree, till exhausted and unable to hide, when he was seized and brought in, with severe and putrified sores. His sufferings were excessively great, and he could not sit or lie on the bare ground. Gopenath tried to relieve his agonies, and begged a *charpoy* for him, but only obtained a broken one. He was fainting, and they made for him some native gruel, which refreshed him, and he opened his eyes.

He opened all his heart to the missionary, and begged him to write to his mother and aunt. As soon as this was observed, Gopenath's feet were placed in the stocks, and he was separated from poor Cheek, and his dear family. He at first resisted, but they fell on him with weapons, and dragged his wife away by the hair, wounding her on her forehead; at the same time offering them pardon if they would recant. While thus

cruelly treated, poor Cheek cheered their spirits by saying, "Be firm, be firm! Do not give way, or become Mussulmans."

"It was at this moment," writes Gopenath, "that our danger was greatest, and our temptations strongest, but the Lord delivered us. To aggravate my sufferings, they put me with the stocks into the burning sun, but our gracious God preserved me." Gopenath's kind wife ministered to poor Cheek when her husband was removed, answering his repeated cries for water by supplying him out of her own small allowance, only reserving enough to sustain life in her infant, as she could no longer afford it sustenance herself.

"The Moulvai," adds Gopenath, "left nothing untried to make us converts, thinking it would promote his glory; but these bitter sufferings were permitted to try our faith, and grace was given to enable us to make a full confession of it. Instead of sending for us the third day, we were kept till the sixth, suffering all along fearfully—our babe subsisting on cold water only—when the Moulvai came himself to visit us, and to try us still more; but on that very day European troops arrived, and the next morning we found we were free, broke the stocks, and came to the missionaries in the fort, who rejoiced at seeing us, having heard we had been killed."

They at once supplied refreshment for poor Cheek, who received it eagerly, and was for a time much revived. Medical aid was obtained for him too, but nature was exhausted with suffering and starvation,

and in the evening he died, in the midst of his brother officers, who committed his remains to the grave the following morning.

"Comfort yourselves," adds Gopenath, to the dear youth's sorrowing relatives, "by believing he is now in a better country than hot, burning India. He is, I have every hope, enjoying happiness in the mansions of glory, having been washed by the blood of Jesus. The free-will expression of his truly comforting words, makes me believe he finished his course as a child of God."

Leaving the Jumna for the present, which would convey us direct to Agra and Delhi, we will continue our route up the Ganges to Cawnpur, another abandoned station of the Church Missionary Society, on the borders of the kingdom of Oude—the river separating the territories.

The name of this place has become sadly familiar to English ears, in connexion with the horrors that have been enacted there. We will take our readers back to a period not wanting in those touching scenes of which human life is always so full, but which bear contemplation, and excite emotions of pleasure, instead of the overwrought feelings of heartrending distress which any allusion to the "Cawnpur tragedies," cannot fail to produce.

Cawnpur is a station of immense extent, consisting of several sets of barracks, generally near the river, with a bazaar attached to each. Between these barracks many gentlemen's houses were seen, standing in pleasant compounds, at the time of which we write.

A long line of sandy road runs through the whole station, and in the cool of the evening all the Europeans were wont to come forth, in carriages, palanquins, on horseback, or on elephants, richly caparisoned; whilst the English children, with their Hindu nurses, were drawn along in their bullock coaches for a little air.

The Europeans' residences in the upper provinces of India are usually bungalows, with thatched roofs, these being accounted coolest. They are encompassed by verandahs, and contain apartments for the cold and hot seasons. They are generally airy and elegant in their arrangements, fragrant with the blossoms of the Persian jasmine, the *babul*, the cassia, and many roses. Groves of orange trees, and long trellises for vines, vary the landscape; and there are a few lofty trees, which harbour doves whose soft notes fall on the ear in the cool of the morning, and carry us back in imagination to the woodlands of our native country.

All European vegetables flourish too, during the cold season, which lasts five or six months; but during the hot season, the winds blow from the desert of Scinde like the air from the mouth of an oven, and we are kept cool within the houses by various artificial contrivances, as punkahs, tatties, and thermantidotes.

Yet at this awful time it was, that the rebellion broke out; and our poor countrywomen and their tender children, who escaped from the various stations, had to flee under the combined sufferings connected with fear of the assassin and fear of the burning sun and scorching blast, which, under ordinary circumstances,

it is considered dangerous to encounter in the day-time.

We have indulged in this short description of the military station of Cawnpur, because in most of its features it resembles other military stations, many of which we have passed in our long journey; but we have written of it as it *was*. The visitor would now find every bungalow roofless, doorless, windowless, shattered and rent in all directions, the porticoes and verandahs lying in fragments before them in what were once their gardens; and ruin and desolation beyond description. Oh! what scenes have been enacted *there!*

A brief allusion to the mode in which the European inhabitants in such a station pass their time will add an increased interest to the description of their dwellings.

During the cold weather many of the home habits may be pursued; but in the great heat, the ladies too often give way altogether to the pressure of the season, and whilst the wind blows, do little more than lounge, and drink cold water; whilst their husbands, whose out-of-door engagements are of necessity performed in the early morning hours, leaving the long and weary day to be passed in the house, chafe, buffet with the flies and musquitoes, and wish themselves anywhere but in India.

Yet this is a delightful season for reading and other quiet occupation, and by means of the *kus kus tatties** which are hung on the windward side of the house, and kept constantly wet by water-carriers, the apartment

* A sort of fragrant moss-like grass.

may be kept pleasantly cool till evening, when the breeze ceases; thus the evenings are more sultry and oppressive than the days.

The interior of an Indian house in the North-West, during the hot winds, presents a curious scene. All the outer doors and windows are shut or darkened, and all the inner ones are opened, to allow the air from the *tatties* to pass into every room.

A bungalow generally consists of a large centre hall, from whence every room may be seen, unless when a curtain of painted grass, lined with green silk (usually called a *purdah*), is dropped down.

Thus the lady, as she sits in the drawing-room, may see the children and their nurses in one room; the *durzi*, with his needlework, and a conclave of gossiping friends around him, in another; and some gentlemen may be visible in a third quarter, wearing out the long hours with reading, writing, or lounging, as their taste may be; while the punkahs, suspended from the ceiling the whole length of each room, keep up a monotonous clicking with each waft of air.

It was from such agreeable, and for the climate, comfortable residences, that our poor countrywomen were so hastily and cruelly ejected during the burning winds of May and June 1857; and it was by the occupants of such a dwelling as we have described, nearly fifty years ago, that one morning, in April 1809, the footsteps of palanquin-bearers were heard without, and the next minute "Henry Martyn entered the hall, sinking on the floor in a fainting fit, from which he

was raised and placed on a couch, where by care and quiet he soon got better, though he continued feeble for many days, and spent hours on the couch where he had first been laid."

He had been travelling for hours, nay, days, through this burning heat, when no European can remove from place to place but at the hazard of his life; but he had that anxiety to be in the work which his heavenly Father had given him to do, that he accomplished a distance of four hundred miles in a very short period; and though the judgment cannot approve, yet the heart is touched at this proof of the self-sacrificing spirit of this holy man, as we hear him saying, "O brother beloved, what is life or death? nothing to the believer in Jesus!" And he acted as one who felt this.

We find him soon after his arrival preaching to a thousand soldiers, drawn up in a hollow square, when the heat was so great, although the sun had not risen, that many actually dropped down unable to support it. His remonstrances procured a promise that a church should be built, and it was built, though too late for him to profit by it.*

Among these soldiers there were some who feared God, and were accustomed to meet every evening together in some wood or ravine, to hold communion with Jesus, and sweet fellowship with each other. They were but a little company, but the sound of their voices, as they joined in singing together in that heathen

* That church is now pierced with shot in every direction, and open to every sun ray.

land, was inexpressibly melodious to those like-minded, who were taking the air, and happened to approach the solitary dell where they had assembled. To Henry Martyn's devout spirit it was peculiarly soothing thus to find brethren.

Notwithstanding his exhausting duties as military chaplain, Martyn continued diligently to pursue his work of translations, and with his arrival at Cawnpur mission work may be said fairly to have begun.

Towards the close of the year he began his first public ministrations among the heathen, to a crowd of mendicants, who assembled before his house in immense numbers, presenting an affecting spectacle of extreme wretchedness.

The pale yet animated face of this youthful Englishman, dressed in his simple costume of a white jacket and trousers, was strangely contrasted with the dark complexions of his crowd of listeners, among whom there were "young and old, male and female, tall and short, athletic and feeble, bloated and haggard."

"Some were clothed with abominable rags, some nearly without clothes, some plastered with mud and cow-dung; others you might see with matted uncombed locks streaming down to their heels, or with heads bald or scabby; every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continued indulgence of bad passions; the features having become exaggerated, and the lips blackened with tobacco, or blood-red with the juice of the *henna*.

"These and such as these formed the general mass.

There were amongst them some more distinguished monsters.

"One little man was drawn in a small bullock-cart: the body and limbs of this poor creature were so much shrivelled, as to give him, with his black skin and large head, the appearance of a gigantic frog.

"Another had his arm fixed above his head, the nail of the thumb piercing through the palm of his hand. Another had all his limbs and the bones of his face externally traced with white chalk, which, striking the eye in relief above the dark skin, made him appear, as he approached, like a moving skeleton.

"Of some five hundred such disgusting-looking individuals was Henry Martyn's auditory chiefly composed. They were fakirs and sunnaysis, or religious mendicants, who were assembled from the large native city which lay beyond the cantonment, and thus were induced to come by the hope of temporal relief being administered after the address was over."

What a painful picture does this group afford of the condition of the people who could furnish such a mass of loathsome objects from one city and its vicinity, especially when it is remembered that the great majority of them had brought themselves into this state to attract attention, and excite the wonder and veneration of the multitude; and, alas! their outward appearance affords after all but a faint emblem of their inward depravity and moral vileness.

Of Henry Martyn's first attempt to commend the Saviour of all men to this congregation, he speaks in

his usual spirit of deep humility, but the sketches of his addresses given in his Memoir, manifest how well he knew what they needed; and as he continued his efforts among them their numbers increased, so that he had sometimes eight hundred individuals before him, other and more hopeful natives having been attracted to listen with the beggars, and the crowd paying a growing attention to the instructions he delivered.

The "alternate hissing and tumultuous applause" they at first rendered were succeeded by pertinent remarks, or were lost in a serious and pensive silence. "On one occasion, particularly, the apparent effect produced by his discourse was highly encouraging, and an extraordinary impression was made; but soon after this cheering indication his health and strength so failed him that he was obliged to tell them he could no longer continue to address them;" upon which, "hundreds of voices were heard invoking for him long life and health."

The only person *he* ever ventured to baptize was an old Hindu woman, who, though she knew but little, was, he said, "lowliness itself."

Martyn again resumed these services for a few months after the arrival of his friend Corrie, who visited him on his way to his own station of Agra, and remained for some time assisting him.

At the end of September 1810 he preached to them for the last time, exhorting them to believe on that Saviour whom he had proclaimed to them, and most thankful that he had never been silenced, but permitted to continue his efforts to the last; for at that time

there was an extreme jealousy felt regarding any attempts made to disturb the religion of the natives, and the eyes of those in authority were upon him, so that, had any untoward circumstance occurred to produce a disturbance among these deluded fanatics, the consequences might have been very serious.

There was *one* among that crowd, not a mendicant, of whom we shall hear more hereafter.

The last evening of Martyn's ministry was intensely hot; there was a sultry mist through which the sun diffused a fiery glare, and the perspiration stood on his pale brow. Corrie and another friend stood by him. The audience was turbulent and grossly insulting, groaning and hissing, moving to and fro, and exhibiting human nature in its saddest aspect.

All previous hopes of "a good impression having been made" seemed quite dispelled. The murmur sometimes rose so loud as wholly to interrupt the discourse; but, as soon as silence was restored, "the earnest voice was heard again, sweetly, calmly, yet powerfully, proceeding from the point at which he had been compelled to break off."

On the last day of September, Martyn preached, for the first and last time, in the new church he had been instrumental in raising, under a deep sense of thankfulness at seeing a door opened for the service of God in a place where, from the foundation of the world, a tabernacle to Him had never stood. "He began in a weak and faint voice, but, gathering strength as he proceeded, he seemed as one inspired from on high."

The day following the delivering of this affecting discourse, which had moved the hearts of his audience in no common measure, he left Cawnpur and its incipient mission, after fervently commending it in prayer to Him who was able to provide for its future continuance and prosperity, by another instrumentality which Martyn himself had been preparing, and which proved a link in the great chain used of God to connect that chain together.

It was in April 1810, just a year after Martyn's first arrival, that the kind friends who had then received him, were induced by him to enter on the study of Hindusthani, in which he assisted them. Upon Corrie's arrival, they were still more encouraged to persevere in their attempt, and dated from this period one of the happiest portions of their lives.

Work for God has the same blessed influence on the minds of those who are allowed to engage in it in every country, but in the depressing climate of India it has a peculiarly beneficial effect, causing the *ennui* so natural to us, there to be superseded by a delightful consciousness of living for an object worthy of the dedication of the best powers we possess.

Meantime, many of their most serious hours were engaged in studying the habits of the natives, their modes of thinking and speaking, that they might, when needed, be better able to promote their interests.

Before proceeding in the history of this mission, we will add another word as to its founders.

Of Martyn, Mr Thomason thus wrote :—"This bright

and lovely jewel first gratified our eyes on Saturday last. He is on his way to Arabia for health and knowledge. He shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about him such a heavenly majesty as impresses the mind beyond all description."

All know the sequel of dear Martyn's story. It would have been scarcely possible for him, by the labours of a protracted life, to have accomplished that amount of good which resulted from the deep impression made upon the Church by his death.

With dear Corrie it was otherwise ordained. He was permitted to lay the foundation of many mission stations, and also to raise superstructures. He was not, like Martyn, a genius, but of that quiet, persevering character which enabled him to form and carry out an amazing number of useful plans.*

* We ought perhaps to mention here that Corrie, after being some years Archdeacon of Calcutta, was recalled to England, and consecrated Bishop of Madras, where he closed his valuable life in 1837.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE JOY OF THE ANGELS.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE xv. 10.

MARTYN was accompanied to Calcutta by two remarkable individuals. One of these was Sabat, the fierce descendant of Ishmael, the wild man of the desert, who was his native secretary, and whose sad history is well known.

We have on a preceding page referred to *one* of Martyn's congregation at Cawnpur, *not a mendicant,* of whom we should hear more. This was the second of his travelling companions to Calcutta, and a singular contrast to Sabat, though like him a Mussulman.

He had formed one of a light and vicious group of young men, who were regaling themselves in an adjacent *Kiosk,* or summer-house, with their *hukahs* and *sherbet,* while Martyn was preaching, and curiosity led them to come down, enter the crowd, and advance till they were in front of the bungalow, from the raised terrace of which Martyn was speaking.

There they stood, with their arms folded, their turbans on one side, and their lips curled in contempt.

They listened, made their comments perhaps, and walked away; and had it not been for the important consequences to one of their number that attended their intrusion, it would never have been noticed.

The one alluded to was then called Sheik Salih, and his history resembles an oriental romance. He was born at Delhi, of a father accounted a learned man, and an instructor of youth. He was a remarkably tall, handsome person, of a grave and dignified air, resembling some of the old pictures of Abraham. He had acquired Persian and Arabic from his father, and when of age accompanied him to Lucknow, where he became Munshi to two English gentlemen.

He was so zealous and so anxious to proselytise, that he converted a Hindu fellow-servant from his own to the Moslem faith; but becoming troublesome and forward, his master reproved him, on which he took offence, left his service, and vowed never to enter that of a European again. Such were his resolves, but God had ordained other things for him.

After this, he became jewel-keeper to the Nawab of Lucknow, and finally a soldier in the army of the Rajah of Joudpur.

While in this service, another chieftain was employed to murder the rival of the Rajah, who swore to him on the Koran that he had come to mediate a peace between his employer and himself; after which, having decoyed the young chief into his tent, he ordered the cords to be cut, and caused his people to stab him and his attendants through the folds of the cloth.

This was one of those base and cruel stories so common in oriental countries, bearing no faint resemblance in some of its details to that of the Nana and his victims; but that was brought nearer home to us, because our own countrymen and women were the victims. The treacherous act so affected Sheik Salih, who must have possessed, even at this time, a heart of some feeling and sympathy, that he immediately quitted the army and returned to Lucknow, lest, perchance, *he* might be the next selected to perform a deed of like violence on some other unfortunate.

Eventually he was led to visit Cawnpur, and in the manner before described was brought to hear Martyn, when it pleased God to enable *him* to see that truth which was concealed from other eyes.

He had before this memorable evening begun to be perplexed by the contradictions maintained by the different Mohammedan sects, and he was so far influenced by the Christian instructions he then heard as to desire earnestly to hear more. He told his father his wishes, and begged him to procure him a situation in Cawnpur.

His father was acquainted with a friend of Sabat, and through his interest, in May 1810, Sheik Salih was engaged to copy Persian manuscripts for Sabat, and came immediately to reside in Martyn's compound; and when Corrie joined them a little later, bringing with him four native Christian boys from Chunar, he obtained a sight of their books, and thus made a further step in the knowledge of Christianity.

At this incipient stage of mission work in Cawnpur,

Henry Martyn's premises might be called the mission-compound, where a range of open sheds were erected under the shade of some magnificent *neem* and *pepul* trees, surrounded by other fragrant shrubs.

In this rustic portico, the native readers and writers employed by Martyn met for their various occupations, and many deep and important subjects were there discussed among them, mixed up, doubtless, with much darkness and folly; yet it will never be known what God brought forth, and will bring forth, from these small beginnings, till Jesus shall come in His glory to gather together His elect from the four winds of heaven.

When Martyn's translation of the New Testament was finished, it was given into the hands of Sheik Salih to bind. He availed himself of this occasion to read the Divine Word, and in it perceived a true description of his own heart. This reading was so blessed to him that he soon decided in favour of Christianity; and as he earnestly desired to be baptized, it was settled that he should go down to Calcutta with Martyn and Sabat.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." How beautifully does the history of Sheik Salih's conversion illustrate these words of our Redeemer! So quietly and unobservedly did it occur, that this singular instance of success in his ministry among the natives of India was not known to Martyn

till a day or two before he left Cawnpur, nor was he thoroughly assured of the sincerity of this convert before he left Calcutta, though he afterwards became a burning and shining light to multitudes of his own people, living and dying in the faith of Jesus, and still no doubt, though dead, yet speaking among them.

Sheik Salih remained, after Martyn's departure for Persia, under the care of Mr Brown, and was not baptized till Whitsunday 1811, when he received the name of Abdul Messech, or "Servant of Christ," aptly descriptive of his future course. He continued at Calcutta for some months, and was observed by all to grow in humility and circumspection, as he increased in knowledge of his own heart, and gained clearer and more enlarged views of the gospel. In this instance the seed of the word had fallen upon good ground, sprung up rapidly, and brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

How shall we take leave of dear Martyn? If we felt it painful to part with Carey and Serampur, still more do we shrink from bidding a last earthly farewell to Martyn, but we must not follow him from India to Persia, where he went in order to perfect his translation of the Arabic and Persian Testaments; in which latter object he was successful, for the best Persian scholars of the present day pronounce it faultless, nor will they venture to make any alterations in it. In the city of Shiraz he had his discussions with *Mollohs* and *Moulvais*, his inward conflicts and his victories; and, though he never knew it, he won at least one soul for Christ, Mohammed Rahen, on whose interesting history we cannot touch.

Corrie remained at Cawnpur for six months after Martyn had left, and occupied the same bungalow; which was tenanted, when he left, by a heterogeneous mass of people, consisting of nominal Christians, schoolmasters, munshis, and Christian boys under education. Over all these, as well as over Martyn's large heathen day-school, Mr Sherwood and Mr Harrington* presided, and to their spiritual wants they ministered to the best of their ability for a year, until their regiment was ordered to Mirut; soon after which Corrie, who had gone down to Calcutta, returned again, bringing with him Abdul Messech.

On their journey up the Ganges, Abdul preached the gospel daily in the different places they visited, and shewed himself a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, gladdening Corrie's heart. "Often, during the darkness and stillness of the evening, he and his little church, in the boat, made the sandy plains and lonely wilds on the river bank echo with the blessed name." He wrote a journal of this voyage, which awakened much interest at the time in the subject of India missions, and was, singularly enough, translated into Russian by a lady of rank in that country. Corrie only remained at Cawnpur a short time, and then removed the little company of Christians to Agra, where we shall meet with them again.

Abdul paid a visit to his family at Lucknow from Cawnpur. They had led him to believe they would

* A young man to whom Corrie was made a spiritual blessing a few weeks before he left Cawnpur.

all join him in his Christian profession; but this was only said to deceive and decoy him, for he was in great danger while there, and had to retreat privately. His nephews, however, returned with him to Cawnpur, and became converts.

Martyn has described the journey from Cawnpur to Lucknow, where he was summoned to perform a marriage. As these places have acquired so deep an interest from recent events, we will transcribe his references to this journey "amongst jungles and jackals," for they throw light on the condition of Oude at that period.

"Oppression and insecurity of property," he remarks, "seem to have stripped the country of its inhabitants. From Manicpur, where I left the river, to Pretabjush, a distance of fifty miles, I saw but two or three miserable villages, and no agriculture. The road was nothing more than a winding footpath, through a continued wood, and that, in consequence of the rains, was often lost. Indeed, all the lowlands were under water. There were five-and-thirty officers, besides ladies and other Europeans, at Pretabjush.

"You will have an idea of the state of this country when you are informed that last September a young officer, going from his station to Lucknow, was stopped by robbers, and literally cut to pieces in his palanquin. Since that time, every English gentleman wishing to visit Lucknow is requested to give notice of his intention to the Resident, in order that a guard may be sent.

"Accordingly, I had a guard of four troopers, armed with matchlocks and spears. I thought of Nehemiah,

but was far too inferior to him in courage and faith not to contemplate the fierce countenances of my satellites with great satisfaction."*

There has been no change, except, if possible, for the worse, in this unhappy country, from the days of Martyn till now. "When the royal family were placed in possession of the throne by British power, it contained six millions of inhabitants; when the territory was annexed to the British dominions, the population had dwindled to three millions, and there were only one hundred and twenty inhabitants to the square mile; whereas in the British territories there were five hundred, although Oude is far better watered, and more fertile, than the adjacent British possessions."

It was from the kingdom of Oude that a large proportion of the Bengal army was drawn, and those who had retired on their pensions to dwell among their families likewise amounted to many thousands; so that none can wonder at the spirit which has been exhibited by these fanatical and degraded people, degraded far below the mass of the population in other parts of India, debased and wretched though they all be. We annex in a note an extract from an article written by the late Sir Henry Lawrence in September 1856, which throws much light on the condition of the king-

* The writer was told by the Rev. W. Greenwood, who acted for some time as Residency chaplain at Lucknow in 1832–6, that so violent and fanatical was the spirit exhibited by the people of the city, that he believed no missionary could have attempted to preach there, at that period, except at the risk of his life. Mr Smith of Benares made a missionary tour into Oude some years ago, and was not ill-received in country places, or prevented from delivering his message.

dom of Oude as it existed before and at the time of the mutiny. None could better or more truthfully describe it than the Resident at Lucknow.*

It does not come within the plan of these sketches to make more than a passing reference to this brave and noble man, one of India's greatest benefactors, concerning whom Mrs Harris writes, "I had the privilege—for indeed it was one—of attending him during the last suffering hours of his life, and witnessing his beauti-

* He says:—"Oude has long been the Alsatia of India. In that province were to be met, even more than at Hydrabad or at Lahore, the Afreedee and Durukzye of the Khyber, the Belooch of Khelat, and the Wazeree of the Sulimani range. There also congregated the idle, the dissipated, and the disaffected of every native state in India. Added to these were many deserters from the British ranks. Yet the contingent of twelve thousand men has been almost wholly filled from the old Oude army. . . . . .

"The King of Oude employed fifty-nine thousand soldiers; his chiefs and officials at least as many more. Of these vast numbers, one-fifth at the utmost have found employment in the police and irregular corps. Yet these levies, with half a dozen regular corps, form the whole army of occupation. This seems a grave mistake. Why not, at least, make a change? Why not move some of the Punjab regiments that have been keeping constant watch and ward on the Indus for seven years to Oude, and send some of the king's people to the North-West? The king had some eight thousand artillery; of these about five hundred may have obtained employment; the rest, old and young, are on the world. Surely, if there were danger in employing Seikhs in 1849, it would be well to remove some portion of the Oude levies from Oude, where such materials for mischief still remain. In the province are two hundred and forty-six forts, besides innumerable smaller strongholds, many of them sheltered within thick jungles. In these forts are four hundred and seventy-six guns. Forts and guns should all be in the hands of Government, or the forts should be razed. Many a foolish fellow has been urged on to his own ruin by the possession of a paltry fort; and many a paltry mud fort has repulsed British troops. . . . . .

"The eighty thousand or ninety thousand disbanded Oude soldiers are the brethren of the British Sepoys."

fully Christian death." The ladies, widowed though some were, did not here give way to selfish grief, but devoted themselves to nursing the sick and wounded like ministering angels.* Havelock died tended by his son.

Nothing short of a miracle prevented the besiegers from taking that defenceless Residency; but God's protecting hand was over the brave garrison, as the besiegers themselves felt. "Under God's blessing," writes Colonel Inglis, "we worked." Nothing but that blessing, and the consciousness of it, could have sustained that noble band. To the deep and manly piety of the officers in the Indian army we may doubtless ascribe much of the success which has attended the British arms.

But to return to Cawnpur. In 1824, Peter Dilsuk, a catechist of the Church Missionary Society, was located there, and a congregation of thirty native Christians was formed, to whom he ministered in Hindusthani, as far as a catechist could do so. The Rev. W. Whiting, the chaplain, took much interest in the work, and a mission chapel was erected in 1825, under his superintendence, at the expense of the residents.

* Mrs Harris was the wife of one of the chaplains who were shut up in the fort. He buried more than five hundred during the siege, slept in his clothes, rolled in a rug, every night during all those months, being subject to be roused two or three times by a general call to arms. No soul was safe from shot or shell the whole time. For the first fortnight, seventy balls a-second, day and night, were sent into the Residency. After that, a minute never elapsed in which some balls were not sent in. An immense fall of tropical rain during two days helped to necessitate Havelock falling back on Cawnpur, and the hearts of many sank: but it was afterwards discovered that several mines had been laid ready for explosion, and this very rain filled these mines, and saved the garrison.

Four years later, Peter Dilsuk, who had been very active in preaching the gospel along the banks of the Ganges, and in the bazaars, was removed, and the station was then abandoned by the Church Missionary Society, who had never had it in their power to locate a missionary there.

At the time of the severe famine, which filled the orphan institutions at Benares and other places in the North-West, a great number of orphan girls were brought to Cawnpur, and Mr Perkins, who had come out to India in an educational capacity, was removed from Calcutta to Cawnpur to take charge of them. He proved a zealous and excellent labourer, became connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who took up the abandoned station, and was ordained by Bishop Wilson.

At the time of the outbreak Cawnpur was occupied by the Rev. W. H. Haycock and the Rev. Mr Cockey, "men of patient, laborious, unostentatious habits, well acquainted with revealed truth and the languages of the country." Both of them fell in the grievous massacre which followed the capitulation of the Cawnpur garrison to the Nana.

In Mr Haycock's last letter, dated May 31, he mentioned that his moulvie had told him six months previously, that "they would soon feel the sharpness of the Mussulman sword."

The native Christian flock had dispersed in various directions, and one of the missionaries, Mr Sells, had providentially removed from Cawnpur to Sagar in the

beginning of the year, as has been noticed at page 377. He thus escaped the violent death of his fellow-labourers.* The impression we receive of Mr Haycock's true and devoted missionary spirit, as manifested in the records of his tours, is very soothing when viewed in connexion with his martyr's end.

"The following extracts from a letter, giving an account of a missionary journey which he undertook, in the early part of 1856, among the villages in the neighbourhood of Cawnpur, will be read with deep and mournful respect for his memory,"† as well as with much interest on account of its intrinsic value. It manifests how much general progress has been made since the days when Martyn was hissed at and insulted as he preached to the mendicants in his own compound. Now, as will be perceived, the missionary was, up to the time of the outbreak, received in a kind and friendly spirit by the people at large; and it is worthy of observation, that the incident of this tour which seemed most to cheer Mr Haycock's spirit, was one in connexion with a Sepoy:—

"On the 2d of January I met a man at Ghusramoe, who has been a pilgrim from the age of *ten years*. I asked him if his sins had been forgiven. He looked at me, and said they had been. I asked him what made him think so. On which he said, the fact was he never had any sins to be pardoned. I told him he

* The writer was well acquainted personally with Mr Haycock and his wife.

† Report of Society for Propagation of the Gospel.

was wanting in self-knowledge, and quoted the Sanscrit couplet which is in almost every Brahman's mouth, 'I am sin, my works are sin, my spirit is sin, I am born in sin. Woe is me! O thou lotus-eyed Hari, take away all my sin!' This confession was incumbent on every man, though it was not Hari (Vishnu) who could remove our sins, but the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom I gave a short account, and unfolded to him the gospel plan of salvation, and hope the blessed God will one day open his eyes.

"Early in the same month a pundit, who read Sanscrit fluently, called on me, and expressed a desire to embrace Christianity. After some conversation with him, I consented to receive him as an inquirer. He has been with me ever since; and, as my colleague, Mr Sells, agreed with me in thinking him a fit subject for baptism, he was admitted into the Christian Church on Whitsunday. His conduct has continued to be satisfactory, and I humbly trust he will approve himself a faithful disciple of a crucified Redeemer.

"At Sisamas, on the 9th January, I was accosted by a Sepoy who had received a Hindu tract from me several months back. I desired him to fetch it, which he did. I was not a little pleased to find this silent messenger of the gospel had been taken care of and used. I read some portions of it aloud to the people, who began to gather round me, explaining where explanation was necessary, and I met with the most profound attention.

"My spirit was much refreshed at Machharia Burpur, where I got a congregation of about twenty per-

sons; my conversation was principally with an old man who had been a Naick in the Company's service, and was now living on a pension of seven rupees a-month. I was rejoiced at this opportunity of declaring the gospel. Many errors of the old man were combated, and their contrary truths set forth. He said, 'Sir, *all will soon be one;* times change wonderfully. Many years ago, I was at Chunar. A clergyman used to preach to the natives:* people seeing him open his book, used to run away, afraid to listen, lest they should become Christians. You have come to this obscure village; no one has run away, but many have been attracted to listen to your words.' I was delighted to hear the old man bear witness of this sign of the times." †

We have not here, alas! to speak of the "cloud with the silver lining," as it was so pleasant to do at Bhagulpur and Benares, for at Cawnpur the dark storm burst forth in all its awful fury, and the name will be associated in our minds, from henceforth and for ever, with the most unspeakably painful remembrances. Yet all is not dark even in this sad picture, for some of the most glorious triumphs of faith have occurred in connexion with the Cawnpur tragedies that ever adorned

* This was doubtless Corrie.

† Speaking on this subject to an aged disciple, I asked him what hope he saw for Christianity; what signs of progress could he see? He replied, Many. The preaching of the gospel has shaken the faith of the people; what was before done from motives of faith, is now done generally from mere deference to popular custom. *The Brahmans and the women* give the tone to public opinion. There is less enthusiasm, and a decrease in the attendance at popular festivals. The offerings have decreased; where the Brahmans got thousands before, they get only hundreds now.

the page of martyrdom; and if the blood of the saints prove here, as it has often done elsewhere, the seed of the Church, we shall witness ere long the ingathering of a glorious harvest of souls from this hitherto sterile spot.

Besides the resident chaplain and missionaries, several others of Christ's servants are numbered with the Cawnpur martyrs; some of these were fugitives from other places, and were persons of peculiar devotedness. The four American missionaries and their wives, from Futteyghur, with many a companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, ascended to the mansions He had prepared for them from that mournful spot or its neighbourhood.* We cannot bear to glance even on their earthly sufferings, or the agonies of their death scene; but most delightful is it to contemplate their blessed state of preparation for their heavenly home, as expressed in their own words.

One of the missionaries' wives thus writes, in her last letter from her own station, which she afterwards left for Cawnpur:—

"We are in God's hands, and we know that He reigns. We have no place to flee to for shelter but under the covert of His wings, and there we are safe; not but that He may suffer our bodies to be slain; and if He does, we know He has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think our deaths would do more good than

* There were one hundred and twenty-six Europeans in the boats at the time they were fired upon by the Nana from Bithur. A large proportion, especially of ladies and children, perished in the river. Those who escaped were murdered on shore at Cawnpur.

we would do in all our lives; if so, 'His will be done.' Should I be called to lay down my life, do not grieve, dear sister, that I came here, for most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down His life for me."

Another lady, a private Christian, exhibits the same noble martyr-spirit in writing from the same place:— "We have been searching out the beautiful Scripture passages in which God has promised deliverance from our enemies, and wisdom to know how to act in cases of danger. How doubly precious are such passages, and with what force do they come at the time of need! None ever called upon the Lord in trouble but they were delivered, so I trust we may turn unto Him with deep contrition, and beseech Him to glorify His great name, and shew His power among the heathen.

"We cannot say, 'Pray for us.' Ere you get this we shall be delivered one way or another. We are quite prepared for the worst; and feel that to depart and be with Christ is far better. The flesh a little revolts from cold-blooded assassination, but God can make us bear it. Truly have we found, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' Should we be cut to pieces, you have the knowledge that we go to be with Jesus, and can picture us happier and holier than in this distant land; therefore why should you grieve for us? You know not what may befall us here; but there you know all is joy and peace, and we shall not be lost, but gone before you. Should our lives be spared, I trust we may live more as the children of the Most High, and think less about hedging ourselves in with comforts which may vanish

in a moment. Truly, 'This is not your rest' is more written on everything in India than elsewhere; but, comforting thought! in heaven we have an enduring substance, and the more, in God's providence, we are led to feel this, the happier we shall be, even below. Let this be your happy assurance; you will either have your children, your brother and sister, living on earth to praise God for His deliverance, or dwelling in heaven to praise Him for all the riches of His grace."

And then, with all a martyr's faith, she adds, "The Lord will not suffer the heathen to prevail, though He may appear to do so; but His kingdom shall come, and, though we may be removed, He can raise up others; and what does death, or rather, what does death not do for God's children?

"I am so thankful I came out to India; the circumstances and positions in which we have been placed, during our sojourn here, have made the promises of God's Word so sweet, and the consolations of religion so unspeakably great."

The Rev. F. Fisher, son of the Rev. Henry Fisher, who so many years before baptized at Mirut the first and the last Sepoy convert who ever became a Christian while in the Company's army, and who was on that account dismissed from the ranks of that army, was chaplain at Futteyghur, and is mentioned by the writer of the above extracts as having preached to them, soon after their first alarm, from the words, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in the Lord."

One of the most affecting incidents in connexion with the massacre, was the request of "one of the

Padri Sahibs" to be permitted to read from a little book he had in his pocket to his fellow-countrymen before they were shot, after which they all shook hands with each other, and met the dreadful death they could not escape calmly and quietly, soothed and strengthened, as we venture to hope, by the sweet words of Jesus; for it was, we do not doubt, from a New Testament that this pious chaplain read to them of a hope full of immortality, and a country where death cannot enter.

Mr Fisher was among this number. His own wife and child had been drowned previously in the river, and as he was anticipating a speedy reunion with them in glory, his mind must have been filled with heavenly peace, such as the rough and rude touch of the murderer could not disturb. We believe there were many likeminded ones among the listening circle, many who felt as he felt, that when heart and flesh were failing, Christ was the strength of their hearts and their portion for ever.*

* "Within a few feet of the 'Cawnpur well,' surrounded by a small wooden paling, there stands a stone cross on a flat slab, bearing the following inscription:—

"'In memory of the women and children of H.M. 32d Regiment, who were slaughtered near this spot on the 16th July 1857. This Memorial was erected by twenty men of the same Regiment, who were passing through Cawnpur, November 21, 1857.'

"This inscription is engraved on the upright part of the slab, which is in the form of a Maltese cross, within a circle of stone. In the quadrangle of this circle are inscribed, in red letters and in the old English character,

'I Believe in the Resurrection of the Dead.'

"The good taste and good feeling of this simple memorial is very touching to the feelings."—*Copied from the "Times."*

CHAPTER XXV.

LIGHT STRUGGLING WITH DARKNESS.

"Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called."—1 Cor. i. 26.

The name of Agra is full of interest to every lover of India. It is nine hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, and eight hundred and fifty from Bombay, thus standing, as it were, in the centre of Upper India, in a most commanding position. If one ascends a minaret of the tomb or mausoleum of Akbar, the eye ranges over a vast circuit, even to thirty miles in one direction, and at the time of his death the city itself was thirty miles in circumference. The whole of this great circuit is flat, and filled with the ruins of ancient grandeur. At a distance the river Jumna is seen, and the glittering towers of the fort of Agra, on which so much interest has of late been concentrated.

About the year 1556, the celebrated Mogul Emperor, Akbar, founded Agra, made it his capital, and gave his name to it, since which time it is often called by the natives Akbarabad. The palaces of the royal family of the Omrahs, and others, are very numerous; there were above sixty caravanserais, eight hundred baths, seven

hundred mosques, and two magnificent mausoleums. It is regarded by the natives as the key to Hindusthan. In the war of 1803, it was captured by the English, and an aged native Christian, who fell a victim on the outbreak of the mutiny, well remembered the event.

Of all the princes who sat on the throne of the Moguls, none perhaps has so much enjoyed the admiration of posterity as Akbar. His wars, his personal exploits, his acts of generosity, his sayings, are treasured in the memory of all the better-educated Mussulmans.

He was born during the distress and exile of his father, Humaioun. At thirteen he ascended the *musnud;* at fourteen commanded an army in person, fought and conquered the immense host of Abdul Khan on the famous plains of imperial Delhi, and slew the leader of that host with his own hand.

Akbar must have done much for the temporal happiness of his people, and for the advancement of civilisation and the fine arts, so that he is often called the Indian Alfred.

He encouraged learning, manufactures, and trade, and was tolerant in religious matters. Under the vigorous administration of Abdul Fazel, his able, faithful, and enlightened minister, Hindusthan flourished in proud tranquillity. After reigning prosperously for half a century, he *died*. How? In the well-fought field, or, ripe in age and honour, on the peaceful couch of expected death? No, but in throes and agonies, convulsed by poison.

Look out upon these wide and sunny plains: the summons of his signet had covered them with two hundred thousand soldiers, ready to bleed around his standard; his own brave arm was ever ready for service of honour or of peril; yet, perhaps, did the feeble hand of some coward slave, or trembling female, mix for him the fatal draught.

But the most interesting feature of Akbar's character remains to be described. His favourite Begum was supposed to be under Christian influence, and in 1582 he wrote to Goa, inviting some of the Jesuit missionaries to his court.

His letter commences thus: "Akbar, Great Emperor of the World, to the Venerable Fathers of St Paul." Three Jesuits immediately proceeded to Agra: he listened attentively to their instructions, and avowed his conviction of the fallacy of the Koran, especially when he contrasted the encouragement to pride and sensuality that pervaded it, with the injunctions to humility and mortification of the corrupt inclinations so conspicuous in the gospel.

The Jesuits earnestly pressed him to make a profession of Christianity, appearing more eager for his public baptism than for an inward change of heart. The Emperor manifested no displeasure at their freedom, but returned them this prudent answer: "So serious a change as that is in the hands of God. For my part, I shall never cease to implore His light and assistance."

Akbar committed the education of his favourite son to Father Manserrat, to be instructed in the sciences

and religion of Europe. One day the young prince began his lesson, in the Emperor's presence, with these words: "In the name of Almighty God." "Add, my son," said Akbar, "'and of Jesus Christ, the true prophet.'"

Though he declined to avow his belief in Christ, Akbar was so thoroughly convinced of the falsehood of the Mohammedan books, that he took great delight in confounding the *Moulvais*. The following specimen of his reasoning will shew that his mind was of no ordinary cast:—

"If the books of Moses and the Psalms are inspired, as Mohammed himself allows, why does he forbid us to read them? It is stated in the Koran that the Gospels of Jesus Christ are faithful scriptures. And yet, what a difference do we find in the main points of religion between the one and the other! Does the Almighty differ from Himself, when He speaks by the organs and by the voice of Jesus? To deliver myself from a perplexity into which I am thrown by the contradictions which I perceive between the two books, which I am equally obliged to look upon as Divine if I take Mohammed's word, should I not argue thus, 'It is allowed on both sides that the gospel is Divine; the Christians do not allow that the Koran is so; therefore, in prudence, I ought to go over to the surest side, and renounce the Koran, which the Christians reject, for the gospel, which the Mohammedans revere?'" He also observed, on one occasion, "It is by the shedding their own blood that the Christians have propagated their

truths all over the world; it is by shedding the blood of others that Mohammedanism has prevailed in the East."

To one of the missionaries Akbar confided the kind of opposition which he received in his own family. "The *Moulvais* of the palace," said he, "and my mother, never cease inveighing against the new religion which I protect. I have yet greater contests with the women of my zenana. In the dread of being cast off as soon as Christianity shall have reduced me to one wife, there are no kind of caresses which they do not employ to tear Jesus Christ from my heart. In a word, the gospel is too holy, and my manners are too corrupt."

He might well say this, for the *five thousand* women of his zenana must have effectually barred up the way to truth.

Father Aquaviva asked permission to return to Goa, but Akbar protested against it, saying, "The stronger my chains are, the more need have I of an able hand to break them."

After many vacillations, which continued until the year 1605, we find that Jerome Xavier (nephew to the celebrated Francis Xavier) endeavoured to palm off upon Akbar a history of our Lord Jesus Christ, and also of the life of the Apostle Peter, which, instead of being faithful copies of what is contained in the New Testament, were interwoven with Persian tales and legends, which Xavier imagined would render them more acceptable to his imperial disciple; but in this expectation he was greatly deceived.

Akbar had long been convinced of the fallacy of these fabulous tales, and was disgusted, instead of pleased, to see them mixed up with works that purported to give an account of Christ Jesus, and of one of the first teachers of Christianity. This painful circumstance helped, perhaps, to quench his interest in the best subjects; but, whether it were so or not, the day of his visitation had passed, and soon after his death occurred, in the manner already described, October 16, 1605.

The population of Agra is estimated at ninety-seven thousand. The river Jumna is here about three-quarters of a mile broad, and is always navigable for good-sized boats, which was one reason why Akbar removed the seat of the Mogul empire from Delhi, where the Jumna is sometimes fordable. The fort is a formidable place, standing with its huge tower bastions of red sandstone in an elevated position.—(*See Frontispiece.*)

Within this fort Akbar erected many handsome buildings. The most perfect now remaining is the Mote-Musjid (pearl mosque), the imperial place of worship attached to the palace. It is built of white marble, without a particle of any other substance, as is also the court which surrounds it. This musjid is very beautiful, its proportions just and elegant, and quite symmetrical.

But we must pass on from the city towards Secundra, and on the way survey the most wonderful and chaste, as well as the most perfect of all the Moslem buildings now extant—the celebrated Taj-Mahal. It is, indeed,

the crown of edifices, with its calm, cold, yet lustrous marble dome, resembling the pure, unsullied top of a snow-crowned mountain. Its graceful and elegant minarets, Parian in whiteness, rise above a thick bed of dark foliage formed by the intervening trees, which adds to the beautiful effect.

The front of this splendid mausoleum is adorned with borderings of flowers, headed by inscriptions from the Koran; the flowers executed and inlaid to the white marble with precious stones of suitable colours; the Arabic texts cut with freedom and boldness out of the blackest marble, and then let in closely and beautifully into the perfectly white surface. You see cornelians, agates, bloodstones, opals, pebbles, and marbles of all colours, wrought into the finest mosaic, and producing an effect at once rich, chaste, and natural. The whole scene, inside and out, looks as if the scaffolding had not been long cleared away, and that it was just fresh from the hands of the architect, with a regardless disdain of the expense which might be incurred.

A friend has said, "It is the most extraordinary sight I ever saw, and the only one which completely realised, and even surpassed, any description in the 'Arabian Nights,' or any other Oriental tales."

The delicacy may be in some degree guessed by those who have never seen it, from the expression of Zophani, an Italian painter, who, after gazing long upon it with fixed admiration, said, that "it wanted nothing but a glass-case of sufficient magnitude to cover and protect it."

The grandson of Akbar, Shah Jehan, the prince who made his way to the throne of the Moguls by the murder of a brother and four nephews, and who shed the blood of one-half of his subjects to secure the trembling obedience of the other half, erected the Taj-Mahal, at the close of a degraded and debauched life, to the memory of his favourite wife. Here, under beautiful sarcophagi, lie Shah Jehan and his favourite Begum side by side.

We will now visit the tomb of Akbar himself at Secundra. We will not describe it after the Taj-Mahal, but simply say that it is a pile of great grandeur. The lower storey has one lofty dome, under which lies the dust of Akbar; above, upon the higher storey, are arched verandahs and marble chambers; and on the very top, a handsome space, paved with marble, perfectly white and polished, you read—

AKBAR,

and read no more.

As you leave these splendid ruins at Secundra and hear your footsteps echo, you feel sad at the dead loneliness, yet, had you chanced to have been here fifty-five years ago, you would have heard these domes, chambers, and verandahs, resounding with the voices of three corps of British cavalry who were barracked in them during Lake's victorious campaign.

And now what do we find here? Amid the scattered tombs and mournful vestiges of a kingdom whose glory is gone by, we are introduced to two of the most interesting objects of benevolence and Christian charity

in India, for the two Agra Orphan Asylums are located in the spacious chambers of this tomb.

These institutions were at first in the city, but were afterwards removed to Secundra, where Government gave over two of the large tombs adjacent to Akbar's to be converted into dwelling-houses—the one for the boys, the other for the girls.

That which the boys occupy is said to be the mausoleum of the Christian wife of Akbar: if so, how remarkable! It is a huge square pile of building, having two corridors or vaulted passages running east and west, and two intersecting them north and south. There are numerous other vaulted passages, and the whole resembles the crypts of some old cathedral.

These passages are fitted up into rooms, and the old tomb makes a most capital orphan refuge. The sarcophagus is of white marble, and is still on the roof of the building. When this mass was given by Government, the passages were choked by rubbish and sand; now they are cleared, and filled by groups of smiling boys, some learning to make carpets, some doing carpenters' work, others labouring as blacksmiths, while others are taking their turn in reading and writing.*

A Christian village is formed around this orphan refuge, consisting of four wide streets, coming up to the square refuge on its four sides.

The girls' asylum is half-a-mile off, on the other side of the great gate opening into the garden of Akbar's tomb. This also had to be cleared. A large space of

* This description refers to some years back.

ground laid out as a garden is enclosed by a wall, and the Refuge stands in the midst.

The missionaries in charge, the Rev. Mr Hœrnle and his wife, live in a house which is also a tomb. As you sit in their rooms, you can see the old rich carvings, now white-washed all over, but very interesting, and serving as a ready monitor, near at hand, to carry the contemplative mind backwards and forwards from the past to the future, and *vice versa*.

It was not, perhaps, exactly in place to have introduced the notice of the orphan asylums before referring to the earlier stages of the mission; but they come in so naturally after the description of Secundra, which is the principal out-station of the Agra mission, that, as we do not purpose referring to them in detail, it seemed the best time to sketch them. There was at the time of the outbreak a congregation at Secundra of four hundred and twenty-eight converts—the largest body of native Christians living together in one place in North-West India. The congregation at the Kuttra is distinct from this. The distance between the two places is several miles.

The mission in its main features resembles that at Benares. In both there is a native congregation, with orphan schools for boys and girls; in both there is a college—though the Agra one is comparatively recent—for the education of intelligent young natives of the better classes; in both there is a large native city and population, and a considerable European community;

and in both preaching operations are systematically carried on by the missionaries.

Agra, however, is chiefly a Mussulman, as Benares is a Hindu city, and this makes a vast difference in the apparent readiness of the people to give heed to the gospel, and renders Agra a much less cheering place of missionary labour than Benares, spite of its shrines and idols innumerable.

The bigoted intolerance and obduracy of the Mussulmans renders them, as a class, much less accessible to the gospel than even the besotted Hindus. The mission here manifests the peculiar influence of Christianity in one of the great seats of Mohammedan learning, and it will be interesting to take it up chiefly in reference to this, and allude but briefly to those branches of it which have been so fully detailed in the notices of Benares.

We will now return to the days when Corrie, as chaplain of Agra, used to be seen walking through the streets with his Bible under his arm, "exposed to the persecuting bigotry of the Mussulmans, yet preaching the gospel;" and when Abdul Messech, once a Mahratta trooper, was his friend and brother, superintending schools, preaching, and doing other mission work under his direction.

Abdul's house at Agra became at times like an exchange, it was so frequented by crowds of inquirers. Whenever he preached outside the fort, the very tops of the houses were sometimes covered with Mussulmans

anxious to hear him, and nine months after his arrival twenty adults were baptized in one day.

He possessed some medical skill, which was very useful in removing prejudice. "He took occasion, from the bodily complaints of his visitors, to lead them to the great Physician." A native church of forty-five members was soon formed at the Kuttra, in the heart of the city, a few of its members having come with Corrie from Cawnpur.

The word *Kuttra* means court; it was once a caravanserai, was purchased by an English gentleman, and presented to the Church Missionary Society, having before belonged to one of the eunuchs of the palace. The native gentry used every effort in their power to prevent its transfer into Christian hands, but in vain. A farm was also rented, on which labouring men were employed, and their wives were engaged in spinning. A chapel was built for the congregation in the Kuttra, called Corrie's Chapel. Within the last three years that chapel has become too small for the increased number who are now attached to this branch of the Agra mission, and a neat mission church has been built.*

Amongst the many persons who were soon influenced by Abdul's preaching, was a man named Futtih Ullah, who came one morning to his house with his mouth and cheek bloody. "To-day," said he to Abdul, "I have been numbered among the disciples of Christ." "Why," replied Abdul, "you have long confessed

* Both these buildings are now, alas! destroyed.

Christ: what has come to pass now?" "To-day," said he, "I have been beaten for the name of Jesus." He then related how an Arabian came upon him in the street, first seized his hands, then exclaimed, "That mouth has denied Mohammed!" and hit him several blows on the mouth, so as to make the blood flow.

The old man expressed no sorrow, but rather joy, and his conversation in the evening was remarkably edifying.

Another early convert was a religious mendicant, Jewan Singh, who, at his baptism, took his beads from his neck, broke his Brahmanical string, and with his wife acknowledged Christ.

A large and flourishing school had been set on foot immediately after Abdul's arrival, and others were afterwards added.

But in little more than three short years dear Corrie had to leave Agra from failure of health, and return to Europe; yet not till he had seen a considerable increase in the native Church, for during the sixteen months previous to his departure fifty adult natives were baptized, half of whom were Mussulmans.

At first such false ideas had prevailed regarding the nature of Christian baptism that it was resolved to administer it in public, that all might witness it; for a report precisely similar to that mentioned at pages 129, 130, was industriously circulated among these ignorant and bigoted people, by designing men, who doubtless knew better, but wanted to create alarm.

Before Corrie's departure, he distributed the most efficient of the members of the church in different

parts of the country as Scripture-readers, among those friends who were willing to take them, and he associated William Bowley, who has been introduced to us at Chunar, with Abdul, in charge of the mission; but Abdul mourned for Corrie, to use his own expressive language, "like a pigeon with a broken wing," for his position as chaplain, as well as his goodness and deep piety, had given a high degree of respect to the native converts before the heathen. Abdul continued with his native flock in the Kuttra, and received all native Christians who came to the city into his house. In 1818 he visited Delhi, and on his arrival being mentioned to the great Mogul, he sent to him for a copy of the Gospel in Arabic.

It has been ascertained that Abdul was in Agra the instrument of the conversion of a hundred natives—the spiritual father of a large company, for doubtless there were many never known—when the bones of Martyn, the almost unconscious instrument of his own conversion, were mouldering at the foot of the peaks of Tocat. He was at length ordained by Bishop Heber in 1821, "having purchased to himself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith of Christ." His ordination gave him an increased influence over his countrymen, and he was treated wherever he came with the most marked respect.

Mr Irving, a pious chaplain, received instruction from him in Persian, to enable him to be useful to the natives, and William Bowley having been removed to Chunar, a native brother, named Fyz Masih, was asso-

ciated with him as catechist; but in 1827 his labours on earth ceased, and he went to join his beloved Martyn, and "the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

Others came to occupy the post, but his place was never filled, and the work languished, though in 1832 Dr Parish, a pious chaplain, baptized a Rajput of property; yet when, in 1839–41, the German missionaries now located there reached Agra, they wrote in sadness, "Few vestiges of the excellent Corrie's labours, or of Abdul's preaching, in this important city, remain. When the pillars were removed the fabric fell." It is an interesting fact, that the German brethren who eventually came to Agra had been interested in Persia by Henry Martyn's Memoir; so that here again we trace the influence of this holy man reacting on the neighbourhood of his Indian preaching scenes.

In the days of the pious Alexander of Russia, the Basle Missionary Society established under his auspices a mission at Shusha, on the Persian frontier; but under another influence those labourers were after some years excluded, though not till they had done one important service for the corrupt Armenian Church, by translating the New Testament into the spoken dialect of their language, which has since done its work by aiding towards a revival of spiritual life among that community.

India benefited by this political intolerance, for a large mission was formed on its western coast, where there is now a flourishing line of stations; while those three brethren who had acquired Persian came on to

North India, and, connecting themselves with the Church Missionary Society, were located at Agra. They had been thirteen years in Persia, had gained valuable missionary experience, and one of them, Mr Pfander, had so studied the Mohammedan religion that, as a literary and controversial missionary, his labours among that class at Agra have since been very effective.

Previously to the arrival of these brethren, the dreadful famine to which reference has been made in the sketches of Benares devastated this part of India. The missionary there at that time, Mr Moore, speaks of having visited the newly-covered graves of twenty thousand persons, which was but a small portion of those who perished; for five hundred thousand died there in all.

Had there been railways or other speedy modes of transit, no loss of life need have occurred; for food was plentiful in other parts of India, and Calcutta exported that very year thousands of pounds of rice, but the roads were so bad that grain could not be transported in time to be available. From this famine sprung the orphan asylums we have before alluded to, of which Mr Hœrnle took charge, as mentioned in the notice of Secundra. Of the various handicrafts and useful trades which the boys in this asylum were taught, none succeeded so well as that of printing, and a very efficient press has been one of the most distinguishing features of the Agra mission, which gave ample employment to about six hundred persons, many of whom were not

Christians. This press has not only supported itself, but aided towards the support of the mission.

The Agra College contains about three hundred students ; but it has not yet, like its sister institution at Benares, been long enough in operation to manifest those results which may be confidently anticipated from the piety, zeal, and profound learning of the Principal and his able assistants.

Here, as at Benares, the European staff attached to the college is thoroughly efficient; and though they long and pray for extensive conversions, which they do not yet see, they are permitted to rejoice over a few disciples, and their delight has sometimes been great, in watching an increasing appreciation of the truths of the gospel in the minds of the students.

Decided conversion—a public confession that they are on the side of Christ, and trusting in His righteousness, bearing His cross, and serving His cause—is what they long to behold ; yet they believe there are many in the college who would bear a fair religious character in a Christian country, though their faith is too weak, or their sense of the importance of the step too dim, to bear them through the painful trial that awaits them on publicly professing themselves Christians.

Three interesting youths received courage one year to take the decisive step; while four others, whose whole trust was in Christ, and whose practice was in accordance with the purity of their hope, shrunk from it, and remained undecided.

It will not be always so. May we not hope that the

severe afflictions which have befallen this mission will turn out for the furtherance of the gospel in this and its other branches?

The Principal of this college, the Rev. T. V. French, is a diligent preacher when opportunity permits. In one of his itinerating tours he writes, "I found an interest awakened in a village in which there is a little knot of inquirers more or less seriously disposed, the chief instructor of whom is a *Durzi*, or tailor, in humble circumstances, whose heart has been in a remarkable manner opened to the gospel, and his understanding enlightened, so that truths which the Hindus often profess to find unintelligible seem to have been apprehended and rejoiced in by him.

"The movement began to extend to the higher families in the village, upon which the *Pundit* interfered, with violent threats, and forbade all over whom he had any influence to visit the *Durzi's* house. The poor man has undergone a great deal of persecution, but the simplicity of his faith has risen superior to the trial. At my second visit I left him a New Testament. His is a remarkable instance of the direct teaching of the Holy Spirit, with little or no aid from human instrumentality.

"It is no small thing in the sight of God and His holy angels, that we can point to a man in a Hindu village who is enduring more sufferings for the gospel's sake than any, probably, who may read of him. He one day said, 'Shall I leave or remain? I am suffering much. Many of the people will not speak to me,

and quite separate themselves from me, because of my reading and teaching Christian books.'

"It was hard to advise in such a case; but I said, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake.' It was enough; but the imploring looks and gestures of the poor man in that moment of trial were truly affecting. We were gratified to find how remarkable a familiarity with the Psalms of David the same man had acquired in the course of two months." He was subsequently baptized by Mr French, in his own village.

The feeling manifested in the protected native states which Mr French and the other missionaries visit, when out on itinerating tours, is not, they state, favourable to the English; for the people live in fear of being treated as the King of Oude and others have been, and they endure with impatience the smothering of their national feuds, border quarrels, and plundering excursions, to which the iron arm of Government constrains them.

The villages towards the Ganges are more encouraging than any others, and the brightest spots to the missionary: there "the feet of them that publish glad tidings have long trod," and much precious seed has fallen. In one of these Mr French baptized a youth whose master, a pious landholder, told him he was "quite different to other youths, and that he trusted him with everything he had in the world.

"The youth is a kind of family minister, and most

diligently instructs the various Hindi-speaking members of his master's family."

In another of these villages a pensioned Sepoy was found who manifested a hearty love to Christ, and spent a good part of every day and night in the study of the Scriptures. In the same village the chief native officer was discovered to be placing his whole trust in Christ, and was also a student of the Scripture. Another was evidently impressed, and was searching the Bible for truth; so that "there are oases in this desert, though for the most part it is a dreary waste."

The whole of the missionaries, with the native assistants, "who labour earnestly, conscientiously, and heartily," are engaged during the cold season in visiting the towns and villages which lie within a circle extending from fifty to seventy miles round Agra. Another interesting proof that the seed is taking root, is thus alluded to by Mr French :—

"*Village Nundouh.*—An old man of pleasing exterior, one of the heads of the village, brought with him a copy of St Luke and the Acts in Persian; also a tract containing an account of the life of the Saviour. The Persian copy had been read to him by his son: the Hindi he could read for himself, and study more. He had a book of prayers at home, from which he daily prayed. He mentioned a few petitions at my request, to prove he understood what prayer meant. His apprehension of the nature of prayer, as a simple expression of the desires of the heart, seemed very clear. He said that people reproached him, but he was not dis-

composed or disheartened. He told me he often talked to the people of his village—a large place of fifteen hundred inhabitants—and tried to persuade them to join in religious worship, according to Christian rules. Half the villagers, he says, abstain from all idolatrous practices, and acknowledge only one God, but without any set worship whatever; and half the people persist in idol-worship. He said none had done for man what Christ did: of this he was fully persuaded. This he said with a warmth of feeling that might have spoken powerfully to the heart of the most hardened sceptic. I read with him from St John: the fifteenth chapter delighted him much, especially of the vine branch, the pruning-knife of afflictions, &c. I tried to persuade him to assemble some of the people for regular Christian worship. At the same village I preached, morning and evening, to quite a throng of people, who listened with an anxiety I do not remember to have seen equalled at any place at which I preached."

These tours are less trying to the feelings and more encouraging to the spirit of the missionaries than the daily bazaar-preaching carried on throughout the year. "It is often a severe effort," writes one of them, "to start forth at the usual preaching hour, to encounter apathy and abuse; but we are sometimes rewarded by hearing of one and another who has listened attentively, and felt great drawings toward the gospel."

The congregation in connexion with what is still called Abdul Messech's Kuttra, has of late been increasing. Among other baptisms of which the missionary

writes, was that of a mother whose son was "a Pundit in Allahabad, well versed in the Hindu Shasters. He some time ago received a Hindi Gospel, and read it to his aged mother, who from hearing it came to the conviction that only Jesus Christ could save her from her sins, and give her everlasting life.

"In Oude, where they lived, they found *no one* who could instruct them in Christianity, but were told to go to Agra. They came, and applied for instruction and baptism. The mother was nearly eighty years old, and very feeble, and soon after her arrival became very ill, so that little hope remained of her recovery. She loved the Saviour and trusted in Him, and expressed her great desire to be received into His fold. As she could answer all the questions proposed to her satisfactorily, I baptized her. It was very affecting to witness the tender love with which she committed her son to my care. Three days after her baptism she breathed her last. Her son is still under instruction."

Another encouraging indication of spiritual life in connexion with the Kuttra was the voluntary meeting of three or four young men every Sabbath-day, for Christian prayer and praise. This meeting was held first in their own heathen homes, but persecution soon drove them from thence, and they hired a room in the city, from whence they were also driven.

Thus the truth has seemed to suffer defeat, but two of them say they are ready to die for Christ. "May it be with these," writes the missionary, "as with many in the Apocalyptic vision, over whose death and burial

the kings of the East made merry and sent gifts, till at length the 'Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet: and great fear fell upon them which saw them!'"

This prayer seems to have been answered, for at a subsequent period Mr French writes, "Early last year I heard of Ram Gopal, a youth who was three years in the college, as being one of a little party of young men who met to read and pray. He set the rest an example of boldness; for, as one of his comrades remarked, 'When the others quailed, he never quailed, but would stand up before anybody.' As his position became more and more difficult, he left Agra, telling his friends he intended to receive Christian baptism at some distant station, and then to return and preach the gospel to his neighbours and fellow-countrymen.

"He received baptism from the American missionaries at Sabathu, thus affording an encouraging proof to those who had laboured for his soul, that while one soweth another reapeth; by and by both will rejoice together."

There are branch stations in connexion with Agra, besides the out-stations of Secundra and Runkutta, one of which, previous to the commencement of the outbreak, was beginning to manifest encouraging indications—*i.e.* Muttra, where a branch mission-school had been opened. The stations of Allyghur and Gwalior claimed help, and called loudly for effort, being in a state of most profound spiritual slumber; but no definite labour had been attempted at those places, beyond preaching.

We will now touch on another feature in the Agra mission, almost peculiar to it—the remarkable controversial discussions which have taken place here between the missionaries and the great men of learning among the Mohammedans.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOULS BORN OF GOD.

"There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains."—PSALM lxxii. 16.

WE have alluded to Mr Pfander at page 439. He joined this mission in 1840, and employed himself chiefly in the preparation and circulation of three tracts, which he called—

"THE BALANCE OF TRUTH;"
"THE KEY OF SECRETS;"
"THE WAY OF LIFE."

The first of these was printed, and in some measure circulated, before he left Persia; and as he was journeying from thence to India, he met with Persians who referred to it, and supposed it had been written by an apostate Mohammedan, so well did it manifest its author's familiarity with the subject he handled.

Mr Pfander's little works penetrated into Central Asia, and as they became known they were answered by no less than five *Moulvais;* three from Agra, and two from Lucknow, wrote largely on the subject, one a book of three hundred pages, and another of eight hundred.

Besides Mr Pfander's Works,* several circumstances tended (from 1850 to 1854) to stir up the Mohammedans in North India and Scinde. We will notice a few of these :—

"A fine youth, Ram Chunder, was educated at the Delhi Government College. He proved to be a very able man, and a great mathematician: he wrote several works possessing very great merit, and much approved of in England. He was clever and close in argument, and few could compete with him. He was a strict Hindu at first, but his English education, acting on a naturally discerning mind, led him to renounce the absurdities of Hinduism, and he became a professed Deist for several years.

"Ram Chunder's love of controversy brought him in contact with a learned Mohammedan, who was also an inveterate opponent of Christianity; and it was with a desire to ascertain the worth of his arguments that Ram Chunder was first led to the perusal of the Koran, and then of the New Testament. Light broke in upon his soul: he became a powerful antagonist to the Mohammedans, and an open supporter of the claims of Christianity. He burst aside ties of caste and family, renounced all worldly advantages, followed the dictates of his conscience, and became a baptized follower of his Saviour and Redeemer at thirty-one years of age."

Another case which occurred in 1852 was that of Abdullah, a Mohammedan of Umbala, who attended a

* Pfander's Works have been put in order, and are now preparing in Turkish and Arabic. He is now Dr Pfander.

missionary school at Karachi, in Scinde, where an ordained native minister, Modhu Sudun Seal,* was then the instructor. "Abdullah only wanted to acquire the English language, but he heard new and wonderful things from Modhu Sudun. He was led to read Pfander's treatises, and then drew out a series of questions upon the chief points of the controversy, and sent them to the leading *Moulvais* throughout the country—to Bombay, Agra, and Umbala—asking for proofs from the Mohammedan controversialists of what they assert, namely, that the Holy Scriptures have been altered, and that Mohammed wrought miracles. No answers were given. Abdullah became a Christian, and a useful assistant to the missionaries in Scinde."

The agitation amongst the Mohammedans increased, many other conversions occurred, and the constant pressure from inquirers forced the *Moulvais* to notice what was going on, and they determined on holding a controversy with Mr Pfander at Agra.

Let us now take a glance at the interior of the Kuttra as it appeared on the 10th of April 1854, when the missionaries Pfander, French, and Clark, with two or three English gentlemen, took their places among some groups of Hindus and Mussulmans, collected close to the house once occupied by Abdul Messech. In the Kuttra school-room were seated about one hundred and fifty silent, sedate Mussulmans, many being excluded

* Modhu Sudun Seal was baptized by the Rev. Mr Jennings when he was chaplain of Cawnpur. He was first impressed by Dr Duff at Calcutta, and was for a year in Bishop's College studying divinity.

for want of room. Opposite to them sat the missionaries and their Christian friends.

The Mussulmans had as their champion a celebrated *Moulvai* * from Lucknow, assisted by a learned *hakim*, or doctor. The discussion was conducted with much good temper and courtesy, and lasted for two days.

The *Moulvai* and his assistants were supplied with piles of books from the Romish Bishop at Agra, books well known in Europe as containing infidel objections to Christianity, which have been triumphantly answered again and again, but which were produced on this occasion, as well as the works of Strauss and other German objectors. Such is Rome. The spirit of Antichrist is in that system as well as in the Mohammedan, and they combine against the gospel as against a common enemy.

We cannot enter into the details of this controversy. The weakness of the Mohammedans soon appeared. The chief argument of the *Moulvai* was to the effect, that as the Old Testament is abrogated by the New Testament, so is the New Testament by the Koran.

Mr Pfander shewed that it is merely the ceremonial and civil institutions of the Jews that have passed away, and that only in the sense of the former having been fulfilled in Christ; in no other respect was the Old Testament abrogated: that the New Testament never could be abrogated, for Christ had said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass

* This Moulvai proved a traitor on the breaking out of the mutiny in Agra, and hoisted the green flag in favour of the King of Delhi.

away." The integrity of the Old Testament having been made dependent upon the New Testament, as in John v. 39, Luke xvi. 31, xxiv. 25–27, 44, 45, the *Moulvai* could bring forth no real arguments against the integrity of the New Testament.

On the second day Mr Pfander shewed what the Koran itself said concerning the gospel: "Dispute not against those who have read the Scriptures, unless in the mildest manner, and say, We believe in the revelation which hath been sent down to us, and also in that which has been sent down to you." And again, "God has formerly sent down the law and the gospel unto men." The Mohammedans received a signal defeat.

The day following, Mr Pfander sent a copy of the Persian New Testament and each of his books to the *Moulvai*. The *hakim* requested to have copies also; and applications for his books arrived from Mussulmans at considerable distances, besides conversations held with inquirers on the spot.

Amongst others, a young Mohammedan student, studying Arabic under a learned *Moulvai*, in a small town at a distance from Agra, was led, in consequence of this stir amongst his people, to write to Mr Pfander, though personally unknown to him, for copies of the controversial books, as well as of the Holy Scriptures. When he received the books, his teacher much opposed the reading of them, but he firmly declared that he was resolved to inquire for himself, and that he would rather give up his Arabic studies than the reading of

these books. His letters to Mr Pfander are very interesting, and shew a spirit of earnest inquiry.

This, and controversies of a similar kind with the *Moulvais* and others, stirred up the boys of the Church Missionary College at Agra, so that the Hindus sometimes defended the Christian view against the Mohammedans. The questions proposed by the boys have been very interesting, exhibiting considerable thought, and an awakening to the true purpose which Christianity was to accomplish in the world. The Epistle to the Hebrews always appeared to arrest attention, and had a peculiar charm for the boys.

The sufferings of the missionaries at Agra have been very great during the last few months, though they have had to record some most wondrous providential deliverances, and are "full of hope and confidence for the future."

The college had been steadily advancing before the outbreak, and numbered three hundred and thirty students. On the opening day of the summer vacation, the battle of Agra was fought, and in consequence of the very disturbed condition of affairs, two weeks were added to the period usually allowed for holidays. With this exception, there has not been a day's interruption of college work.

For two months an old ruined school-house was occupied in the immediate vicinity of the fort, within which all the Europeans were advised to reside. After this the Principal returned to the college buildings in the city, which though much injured and spoiled, had

suffered far less than the Government College, and other government edifices. "Thus, in the midst of all their malice, the motives and intentions of the missionaries seem to have been in some measure appreciated by the people."

"The upper classes in the college, which had been most under the direct influence and personal religious training of the missionaries, held by them very faithfully, and exhibited a loyalty and genuine good feeling strikingly in contrast with the general indifference and dissatisfaction which prevailed against the Government. This college was the last to cease, and the first to recommence its operations, of the various institutions in the city and station, though its numbers in attendance were sadly reduced."

We will give a brief sketch of the mutiny as far as it affected the missionary circle, first referring to Secundra, where the large congregation of native Christians, the orphan asylums, and press were located. Great alarm was felt there during May, and a European female teacher, Miss Goodenough,* who was in charge of the Christian infant-school, gave some most graphic and touching details of their conflicting feelings on successive days.

One night she was sitting outside the press, to which, as it was a strong building, they all looked for a refuge in case of an attack, then hourly expected. The Christians took it by turn to go out in companies and keep

* A teacher sent out by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.

watch, for two hours at a time. "It was," she writes, "a most interesting sight to see this little band, about ninety in number, with twenty Europeans and East Indians, who acted as officers, drawn up in four companies in the centre of the square (see page 432), with their uncovered heads bent in devotion, and muskets lowered, all dressed in white clothes, the silver light of the moon reflected on them, making them look very clean and nice; while Stephen the catechist prayed with them, and then all united in the Lord's prayer."

At one time she thought they "were attacked, and went across the square to speak to the women, and beg them to make no noise by crying;" but though going with the desire to comfort others, she found them better able to comfort her. She was pale and trembling, but was met by the assuring words from one of the women, "Cheer up, Missie; don't fear. By God's grace we have been preserved hitherto, and He will still protect us." "Oh," she adds, "that I had the faith of that poor native woman!"

"I was present," writes Miss G., "at the burial of our much-beloved governor, Mr Colvin. When those sweet and soothing words were read, 'For they rest from their labours,' I thought how inexpressibly sweet rest must be to *him*, who had been so harassed and perplexed. We do hope he has entered into rest." His remains were laid in the Armoury Square, for the Mohammedans had disinterred and abused the bones of his predecessor, Mr Thomason, and shewn other bitter and

revengeful traits towards our dead; so it was thought well to make Mr C.'s tomb within the fort.

During most of June hope and fear alternated, and although the Sepoys had been disarmed, it was at length felt absolutely necessary, for safety, to adopt the precaution of advising all Europeans to reside in the fort. On the 4th of July disturbance actually commenced, and though the volunteers captured the camels, guns, and ammunition of the Sepoys, and drove them out of the station, the residents who had not previously done so took the alarm, and at once hastened to the fort.

About three P.M., on Sunday the 5th, after service, the first boom of cannon was heard only two or three miles distant. It was a moment of awful suspense, and the gentlemen were on the ramparts in an instant, from whence, by the aid of telescopes, they witnessed the battle, and the smoke of every cannon that uttered its hoarse voice and swept souls into eternity. After two dreadful hours, ammunition failing on both sides, the engagement ceased. They then witnessed the still sadder sight of the wounded soldiers being brought, pale and bleeding, into the fort, begging for water, which kind ladies instantly gave them, as they passed along. One of these brave-hearted men lay so blanched upon his *dhuli* that some one said, "Poor fellow! he is dead." He heard it, and raising his head, smiled upon the speaker, seeming to say, "See, I am not yet dead." While the wounded were being brought in, there was a terrible commotion in the city and station, which were now in the power of the mob and the four thousand

prisoners, who had broken loose from the jail at the commencement of the battle.*

In a very short time the sky was illuminated with the flames of the houses burning in every direction. Thrice did the rabble set fire to the bungalows, and murder was mingled with rapine and violence. During this sad hour, Mr Hubbard, brother of the missionary who fell at Delhi, the aged native Christian convert of Corrie's who remembered the taking of Agra in 1803, and several others, perished.

The poor native Christians, who had been located near, under the guns of the fort, were obliged to fly for their lives on this awful Sabbath afternoon, for the Mussulmans began to ill-use and rob them. They stood crying and beseeching admittance at the fort gates, but no effort of the missionaries could open those gates to these afflicted people, till one of them nobly said, "My blood shall flow with theirs; if they are not admitted into the fort, I will go out to them." The wounded soldiers were then near, the order was given for the gates to be thrown open, the missionaries assisted the women and children—about two hundred and forty—to enter, the men followed, and speedily proved themselves our true-hearted fellow-subjects, allied to us by the bonds of a common faith.

They at once saved the medical stores from a house a mile distant from the fort, took up the sick and

* About five hundred were engaged in this battle on the side of the British, one hundred and forty of whom were killed or wounded. The enemy lost fifteen hundred men, though they had the advantage of a fortified position on a hill, and plenty of cavalry, of which we had none.

wounded soldiers, bore them in their *dhulis* to the hospital, and stood ready for service wherever they were required. This was soon found to be on every side; for though there had been that morning above a thousand Hindu and Mussulman servants in the fort, they had fled during the battle, and the applications to the missionaries for Christians were far more numerous than could be supplied, though upwards of eight hundred individuals had been brought in. The Christians were therefore engaged for those offices where peculiar faithfulness was required. Some baked the bread, some had charge of the guns, some were set over the workmen, and others were employed as carpenters. They had one quarter allotted to their own particular use, where the missionaries visited them, held services, &c.

Soon after they were settled in this quarter, three shells were sent out of the fort into the jail and city. "Many believed," writes Miss Goodenough, "that the fort was taken, for the noise and crash was as if the walls had been torn asunder. Then came the thought of torture and butchery. I found my way to the native Christians, and as I beheld their misery and grief, forgot my own. They had lost their all, and were now expecting to be murdered; for we were persuaded we were in the hands of the rebels. Men and women groaned, little children cried. Many were engaged in loud and earnest prayer. One young man was on his knees, his countenance the picture of agony, his eyes streaming. He was praying fervently, but silently. Oh the remembrance of that hour!"

The day after the battle a missionary took Miss Goodenough to the hospital, and shewed her where she might be useful, by giving the sufferers water and nourishment, bathing their heads and wounds, and fanning away the flies. It was a sad and sickening time, but she rejoiced to minister to the poor sufferers. To one of the pious officers she was introduced as "a sister who loved the Lord Jesus as much as he did." "I hope," he rejoined, "she loves Him a great deal more." To another she said, "These light afflictions," &c. He answered, "They will appear as nothing by and by." He died expressing his full confidence in Jesus for pardon and salvation.

Three Christian families, who were obliged to remain behind in Secundra, were saved by God's mercy, though the village, the church, the press, and all else that was destructible, became a mass of ruin and desolation. So it was at the Kuttra, and at every other spot in Agra. At Runkutta, an out-station of the mission, the villagers behaved nobly towards the native Christians, defending, protecting, and comforting them whenever necessary, thus encouraging them to remain and continue their work; a pleasing proof of the good influence these Christians have exercised on the minds of their heathen neighbours.

Yet in the midst of all this distress, the missionaries managed to carry on a little of that blessed work in which their hearts delighted. One got a tent pitched near his quarters in the fort, and made it his study, passing in it several hours of each sultry day, continu-

ing his preparations for controversies, and hoping for those "better times that might make such learning available for unhappy India." What a beautiful specimen of real devotedness does this afford!

At another time we find the same missionary visiting the mourning and bereaved families within the fort, sympathising in their sorrow, and trying to administer consolation to them under those heartrending circumstances, which were borne in many cases with such touching meekness and Christian submission, that he had many a sermon preached to him, which he trusted he should never forget. He had also Christian inquirers in the fort, one of whom was a *Munshi* from Delhi, and the other a Hindu lady of education, well read in Hindu religious works of note, and now studying the gospel. "Under all," he writes, "we have been so laden with mercies, that we know not how to be thankful enough. Deep humility seems to be the most fitting frame of mind for us all."

Another of the brethren, though with his wife constantly suffering from fever and exhaustion, continued to attend to the instruction of the orphan children, during some hours of each day. They had no school-room, of course, nor anything but a little hot hole, used as a sleeping and cooking room; so they were seated under a tree to receive their lessons, and before the door of the missionary's small quarters they ground their corn in the morning, and sewed and marked in the afternoon.

Poor Miss Goodenough was most disconsolate: her health suffered. Her interesting charge had no place of meeting, no school, no instruction. She felt sad as

she met them and received their salaams, and thought of the happy days at Secundra, when they surrounded her a smiling, happy group, contrasting it with present sad trials. But she, with all the others, had her joy in grief, and her triumphant feelings in the midst of desolation. Much prayer was offered among the missionaries and their Christian friends within the fort. They all united twice a-week in a general meeting for mingled devotion and praise, thus strengthening themselves in the Lord their God, to continue to maintain the conflict.

In October, Agra was the scene of another engagement, which occurred just when they thought themselves secure, from the arrival of an allied column of three thousand men for their defence; but within two hours of their arrival, and while they were in the act of forming their encampment, five thousand rebels suddenly appeared, and commenced an assault on them. They soon recovered the surprise, routed the enemy with trifling loss, and drove them away, leaving several hundred slain, and their guns behind them.

Thus did the Lord again appear and manifest His power to deliver, and at length, after six weary months of confinement in the fort, as prisoners of hope, Agra was effectually relieved, and the missionaries permitted to unite together in fair health, singing a song of deliverance to the God of their salvation.*

* About six thousand persons had been in the fort during this time, and much sickness and suffering among them ("though, wonderful to say, less than in any preceding rainy seasons"); for though a spacious place, and quite a town within itself, the fort is of necessity, from the character of its construction, extremely close and sultry.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OPENING OF SPRING AFTER A WINTER OF AGES.

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—CANT. ii. 12.

IN travelling from Agra to Mirut, the last of the mission stations we can include in our sketches, we must pass through Delhi, which lies on the Jumna, a considerable distance above Agra.

We will not tarry at this imperial city, though it contains many objects of attraction, such as the beautiful Jain temple, which reminds one, on entering it, of the description of Solomon's temple, so rich and elegant is it; and though "not worthy to be compared," yet it helps the mind to form some adequate conception of that matchless house of God, "the perfection of beauty." Delhi is a place of deep historical interest, but its moral condition is that of "darkness which may be felt;" yet, though it contains an immense population, it has never enjoyed the blessing of any concentrated missionary effort.

A single individual connected with the Baptists, a man of learning and deep devotedness, lived and laboured here for many years, and on the breaking out

of the mutiny his widow and grown-up daughters, as well as a newly-arrived young missionary who had come to succeed him, all fell in the general massacre of Europeans. A devoted native preacher also died a martyr at this time.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had recently commenced a mission, on which a gracious blessing had begun to descend. Its agents also became victims in the same bloody tragedy, and for the present we may say, "How has the city become solitary!" as far as regards evangelistic effort; though we trust life will again spring forth hereafter, and that each gun which announced the success of the late assault upon it, while it rung the knell of the Moslem power, proclaimed approaching freedom to the Christian and the missionary of the cross, who shall again, we hope, at no distant period, occupy its now ruined and deserted streets.

Every one in England has become familiar with the name of Mirut, in connexion with that of Delhi, from which it is but twenty-two miles distant, in the same province, lying midway between the Ganges and the Jumna. It was here that Prabhu Din, the Christian Sepoy, was "disgraced" for obeying the dictates of his conscience in 1820, and here that the first Company's officer was shot by the mutineers, on the outbreak of the mutiny on the 10th of May 1857—a coincidence worthy of observation. It is a very ancient city, and was a place of importance before the Mohammedans invaded India. The defenders of it in 1240 *were flayed*

alive by Nadir Shah, who sold the women into slavery, and razed its walls to the ground.

The first native who is referred to as a nominal Christian in this locality—the Begum Sumra—was a Mogul female of high family, a clever woman of bold and daring disposition, but with savage and cruel habits. She once ordered two of her female slaves to be buried alive, spread her carpet over the grave, and sat there to take her dinner. She had been married to a low European, who was employed in the massacre of the English prisoners at Patna, under the influence of the Nawab of Bengal.

He was at length rewarded for his wicked services by the territory of Sirdhana, adjacent to Mirut, which was afterwards enjoyed by his widow, who sought the favour of the English from political motives, and at a subsequent period gave ten thousand rupees for the erection of a church, and fifty rupees monthly towards the mission. She also gave £10,000 to the Bishop of Calcutta for the support of a native ministry, and £5,000 for the poor. We need hardly add she was a Romanist, and hoped, no doubt, to expiate her crimes by these beneficent acts, for conscience will work sometimes, even in the most depraved. She had received from Mrs Sherwood a present of a New Testament in Persian, and an explanation of the contents, but it never became apparent that she was influenced by its truth.*

The Sherwoods, with whom we have become ac-

* The missionary Chamberlain was residing at Sirdhana for some time, and instructed the grandson of Begum Sumra.

quainted at Cawnpur, were removed from thence to Mirut in 1813, and as soon as they were settled, they there commenced similar efforts to those they had reluctantly abandoned at the former place. A room was fitted up in their garden for Hindusthani service, and Mrs S. attended to the religious instruction of her heathen servants. A school was also opened in their compound, and some interesting inquirers after Christianity soon appeared.

"This was," remarks Mrs S., "but the dawn of a long night in the province of Delhi, the opening of spring after a winter of ages. Few indeed were the flowers which then began to bud in that wilderness, as yet scarcely redeemed from the waste of heathenism, but they shed their fragrance far, and breathed a sweet odour over all interested in the cause of truth. Many are the anecdotes of a very touching nature respecting the manner in which the 'good tidings of great joy' were received by persons who till then had never heard even the name of Christ."

One of the first and most interesting instances of conversion at Mirut, was that of a *byragi*, or begging *dervis*, who had travelled as such through many parts of India, and during his travels had met with the works of Cubeer, a satirical poet who formerly resided at Benares. Cubeer was an infidel, the point of whose poems was the absurdities of the Hindu and Mussulman religions, and the inconsistencies remarkable in the manners of Christians. Though witty, they were impure, and the reading of them had unsettled the

mind of the *dervis;* still he never rested quietly in infidelity.

At the time of which we write the old traveller was in good circumstances, and residing quietly near Mirut. His mind was not however at peace, and he remembered that Cubeer had not brought the very disgraceful charges against the Christians which he had against the Hindus and Mohammedans; so he resolved to consult an English gentleman on the subject of his doubts. He was by this official politely received, but got no light thrown on his mind.

After another year of retirement, he was told of the arrival of the Sherwoods, on whom he speedily called; and the first appearance of the venerable old man, with his dark countenance and white curling hair, awakened the sympathies of these Christian people. He left his horse and servant at the gate, walked up to the bungalow, related his story simply to Mr S., and after much conversation, books were lent him, and he was invited to come to the chapel, which he never failed to do ever after twice a-week.

It was a heart-cheering sight every Sunday morning to watch the approach of the old *dervis* on horseback, with one or two servants in attendance. On reaching the verandah he took his seat and commenced reading, making from time to time the most amusing comments. One day, when reading of Nicodemus coming *by night,* he exclaimed, after a long soliloquy, "He came by night, because he was ashamed to come by day."

Mr S. once went by special invitation to visit him

in his domicile, which was a tower, encompassed with small ponds full of beautiful aquatic birds. He had built this tower, and had had many rings worked into the cement of its flat roof. When asked the reason, he replied that while erecting his dwelling, he was persuaded that the doubts which then distressed his mind would be dispelled by a European gentleman, who would come and teach him, and pitch his tent upon the tower, fastening its cords by the rings.

Thus had the dark mind of the poor *dervis* been prepared without human agency for the reception of light and truth, which was brought to him in God's good time.

But Munghul Das, the *dervis*, was not a solitary instance of desire after Divine light. A Molloh, named Munsur, a Mussulman of talents and learning, was his companion in seeking admission into the Christian Church. He had heard Abdul Messech at Agra, had read the Gospel of St John, and learned from it that there is no salvation but in Christ.

A third inquirer was also a Mussulman, who had been awakened by having the Book of Job given him to copy. The copying of the Psalms deepened the impressions thus made, and copying Isaiah completed his conviction, by shewing him there was one sacrifice for sins. While his mind was in this state, Abdul Messech visited Mirut, and was permitted to set it at rest, by shewing him Christ the Saviour. Thus a little company had been prepared for baptism, and Corrie, who had journeyed to Delhi, determined to come on to

Mirut, and receive these interesting converts into the Church.

So impatient however were they in the ardour of their first love, that before Corrie could arrive they set forth to meet him at Delhi, and greatly rejoiced his heart; but he delayed the baptism till their return to Mirut, where they all arrived, with elephants, camels, tents, and servants, past counting, in January 1814.

The scene now beheld in the compound of the Sherwoods, or, as we might call it, the mission-compound, was most animating, like one we may fancy at a "feast of tabernacles;" for the whole space before the bungalow was occupied with tents; Europeans and natives passing to and fro with smiling, happy faces. But on Sunday the joy of the assembled company rose to its height, when dear Corrie stood up in the little chapel, crowded to overflowing, and extending his hand, elevated the silver curls which clustered on the brow of the venerable *dervis*, and received him in the name of the Lord into the fellowship of Christ's flock, to continue His faithful servant and follower unto his life's end. Few persons at that affecting moment could restrain their tears. The other converts were received in succession.

The actors in that scene are now all passed away; the groves of citron and orange which encompassed the little edifice, and refreshed them with fragrant breezes, no longer bloom; but a kingdom that cannot be moved was then established at Mirut. A church was planted which matures fruit for eternity; and we rejoice in the

thought, that with reference to God's dear children then present, "mortality is swallowed up of life"—they mingle their songs together where no separation can occur, in perfect and endless joy.

About a year after this, Mrs Sherwood, being alone at Mirut, was one Sabbath morning in a grievous perplexity from the non-appearance of the East Indian catechist who carried on the service, her husband being absent on military duty. It was a moment of triumph to the heathen servants, but her faith was strong that help would come, and she would not allow the congregation to be dismissed. As she stood waiting in the verandah, she observed two well-dressed native gentlemen approaching, the principal of whom, a tall, handsome man, at once stepped forward and made his salaam, telling her he had come to see her, at the express request of Mr Chamberlain, the Baptist missionary.

"Has Mr Chamberlain, then, heard of my distress?" said she, supposing him to be near.

"What distress?" inquired the stranger.

She explained her predicament, and inquired "who her visitors were, and why they had come."

"I am," said the elder, "a convert of Mr C.'s, and have been accustomed to assist him in preaching."

"Will you then read and expound to my little congregation?"

"With joy," he replied; "you shall stand beside me, and direct me as you wish."

The stranger, whose name was Permunund, was soon in the desk. He read extremely well, and was not in

the least embarrassed by the novelty of his position, but went through the Liturgy as if he had been brought up in Oxford. He gave out hymns at the appointed places, set to some old Eastern melody, a few of which are exquisitely sweet, though generally sad. He knew many hymns of this kind of which Jesus was the theme, for Chamberlain had composed numbers—and his voice was uncommonly fine. When he broke forth in the praises of Him whose name is Beloved, it was overpoweringly beautiful, reminding one of the songs of the redeemed in glory. Such a chorus had never before arisen in the imperial province of Delhi. He then preached a sermon on the crucifixion, full of beautiful similes and flowery poetical comparisons, so natural to an oriental mind, and so full of gospel, that no human learning could have added ought to its truth or eloquence.

Permunund became a zealous catechist at Mirut, and remained in charge of the mission when Mrs Sherwood left. He had been a Brahman, who feeling uneasy in mind, went on pilgrimage for seven months, exposed to the burning sun by day, and the pinching cold by night. He then visited an idol, covered half the year with snow, which was said by its touch to transmute metals into gold, but found no rest, till meeting Chamberlain, he opened to him the Scriptures, and led him to Jesus. Mrs Sherwood instructed him in history and geography; and, for want of a better globe, she covered one of the children's balls with silk, marking on it the lines and principal places—a kind-

ness the convert never forgot. This pious lady laboured to promote the spiritual improvement of the converts by every means in her power; and says, "All that I could teach them they received with the eagerness with which persons dying from thirst seek for water, often using this pathetic language, when I pleaded my inability, 'Oh, teach us more, teach us more! You are going from us, and who will instruct us when you are gone?'"

In February 1815 Permunund became schoolmaster, his brother assisting him, and a goodly number of pupils assembled daily in a room over the gateway of the city. Other interesting associations have since become linked to that ancient gateway, as will appear by and by.

The little chapel in the garden was now filled with people, for Permunund brought his pupils, who willingly attended, and behaved well. The numerous servants of Mrs Sherwood's household also attended, and were often seen in different parts of the house and garden learning to read the Scriptures. One of them always carried a Gospel in his girdle, and during the intervals of his work sat down to read it. Appearances were encouraging on all sides; but, alas! in June of the same year the Sherwoods left Mirut, and the work drooped for a season.

Permunund and others followed them two days' march to Ghurmetesir, where they were to embark on the Ganges, in order to bid them adieu on the river bank. Near this place is a sacred grove in which

lived a Brahman, highly honoured by the Hindus. A meeting on the occasion of an eclipse was just then to be held in the grove, and Permunund attended with his ball of silk to explain the nature of an eclipse, to preach Jesus, and explain to the Brahmans the way of salvation. They heard him with eagerness, and he afterwards had Hindusthani service with his friends in the boat, and then returned solitary and alone to Mirut.

But he was not long left to mourn, though during the interval he passed through much painful trial and persecution. The following year the Rev. H. Fisher was appointed chaplain at Mirut, who diligently acquired the language, and became instrumental in the conversion of many natives. He remained a father to the mission there for sixteen years.*

Permunund is best known by his baptismal name of Anand Messech, "Joyful in Christ," which he received from Mr Fisher; for, though converted by Chamberlain, he was not baptized till 1816. He laboured many years, with much acceptance and blessing, in North-West India, and was, in 1836, ordained by Bishop Wilson.

* Mr Fisher was led to India by circumstances almost romantic. He was addressed in his churchyard, after morning service, by a stranger, and, after one introductory remark, was asked if he would go to India. "If I had opportunity I should not hesitate," he replied. The stranger was Dr Buchanan. In a few weeks after, Mr Fisher and his family were on their way to India. He was one of that class of chaplains who came under the censure of Sir John Malcolm, who, in his "Political Sketches of India," recommended that "chaplains should be prohibited from using their efforts to make converts."

Soon after his arrival, Mr Fisher wrote, "We have here a little Indian church. Permunund, a convert, a sincere, devout, and simple Christian, is the schoolmaster, and teaches about thirty natives to read the Scriptures, expounding them in a very modest way, and with much genuine feeling." He adds, at a subsequent period, "Anand appears as much as ever in earnest in his Christian profession. He has endured great suffering; but now his bitterest enemies have asked his forgiveness, and salute him cordially. There is a natural suavity and command of temper in most Asiatics, from whatever principle. In Anand it is, I trust, *a Christian grace.* When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Mr Fisher took much pains with this interesting convert, whose quick perceptions, lively imagination, and warm affections, endeared him greatly to all around him. He used to prepare sermons on given subjects, the Scripture passage on which they were founded being chosen by Mr Fisher. One day, after his mind had been directed to Jesus as the alone and all-sufficient Refuge, he said, "Ah sir, your room to me, after passing through the fierce hot wind and burning sun, is just what Jesus Christ and His gospel are to poor sinners —a shadow from the heat, a refuge. Oh, if this heat distress me, what must be the fire of hell!"

Another time he thus related a visit he had paid to his wife's brother:—"I go," said he, "as a man approaches to catch a strong and wary bird. I found him reading a wonderful story of a woman who had bracelets

made of the gum of a tree. She went to bathe in the Ganges, and was transported to heaven, wearing her bracelets. So great was the virtue of the sacred stream, that the insects attached to the tree went there also. 'Ah brother,' said I, 'the Ganges water may cleanse your body, but not your soul. If a murderer be condemned, will the judge pardon him because he has been washed in the Ganges? How, then, will the Eternal Judge pronounce your soul clean, when your body only has been washed in the river?'"

Mr Fisher was one Sunday relating to the Christian congregation a touching story of a wretched devotee, who had been seen by his sons performing a dreadful penance, to which he had doomed himself for twelve years. He daily swung over a blazing fire for four hours, with his head downward, and when he had done, rolled himself in the hot ashes, by which he hoped to atone for his sins.

"What do you think of this?" said Mr Fisher. The people sat silent, sighing deeply. At length, Anand turned to Matthew, and passing his arms round his neck exclaimed, with the most touching expression of affection, as well as of gratitude to God, "Ah, my brother! my brother! such devils once were we; but now"—and he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and elevated his whole person—"Jesus! Jesus! my God! my Saviour!" It was very affecting.

Many other anecdotes might be mentioned, but we must pass on to 1824, when Anand was sent to Delhi as catechist. He remained there three years, and had

several converts given him. While out on a mission tour, he was a spectator of the siege and storming of Bhurtpur in 1825. Two sons of Mr Fisher were officers in command at that siege, and when all was over Anand went to Mirut to report the glad tidings of their safety:—

"I saw them with my own eyes," said he, "on the top of the ramparts, and afterwards in the town, when the fight was done, and where the streets were running blood, quite safe, quite well. God is merciful, and heard my prayers for Christ's sake. I was near the trench, and I PRAYED ALL THE TIME!"

On his tour he had visited a place called Brindabon, the head-quarters of superstitious Brahmans, and sacred monkeys. They were at the time of his arrival performing *pujah* to Boladeb, a favourite god, and loading him with offerings, on behalf of the usurper of Bhurtpur. Anund shewed them the folly of their offerings, and assured them of their uselessness. "The English," said he, "are mighty soldiers in battle, and very wise; but their greatest strength and their counsellor is God." They treated him with contempt, and he left them, saying, "You pray to Boladeb. I will pray to Jesus Christ. I shall come again when the fort has fallen."

He went accordingly, and found them looking ashamed and confounded, beating their god with sticks and calling him a deceiver. "The Lord he is the God," said Anund, with Elijah of old.

Anund was afterwards stationed at Kurnaul, and laboured there faithfully for several years, under the

direction of the Rev. Mr Parish, a pious chaplain. Kurnaul is one among several other stations that have had to be abandoned by the Church Missionary Society for lack of agency.

Mr Fisher's hopes were once bright regarding a sect of Hindus called *Sadhs*, but their Deism was found to be as hostile to Christianity as Hinduism. He established a school among them, and on Christmas-day 1818 he writes, "I admitted Jaysing, the first believing Sadh, into the congregation of Christ's Church, calling him David, or Daud. The service was very affecting, from the extreme animation of feeling manifested by the old man, and the earnest manner in which he lifted up his tearful eyes, clasped his hands over his breast, and called aloud to Jesus the Son of God to save his soul and body."

Three years after, land was granted to establish a permanent school for the Sadhs, at some miles distance from Mirut, and they called the place Henrypur, after Mr Fisher's name. They suffered much persecution, and "one poor old man had his body smeared over with inflammable matter, by a zemindar, and was then set on fire." Yet the work grew, and in 1824 Bishop Heber confirmed two hundred and fifty persons at Mirut, most of whom were natives.

But of all Mr Fisher's converts, the most remarkable was a Brahman Sepoy of very high caste, a *Naick* or corporal in the Company's army, named Prabhu Din Pundah. He had had deep convictions of the folly of idolatry, and of the spiritual nature of God, for *nine*

years. He received these convictions when with the army which took the Mauritius in 1811, where he used

The Ancient Gateway.

to steal in among the British soldiers to church, and he then determined to brave the consequence and become a Christian, should opportunity offer.

His regiment was afterwards quartered at Mirut, where he heard of the Christian converts, and voluntarily visited the infant church, when assembled in the vaulted chamber over the ancient gateway. They told him "the English Padri would care for his soul, and teach him the way of salvation." He at once opened his heart to Mr Fisher, and was soon after baptized.

The Brahmans dissuaded him by every argument in their power, for he was highly esteemed, and they assured him, "*the British Government would turn him off if he became a Christian.*"* They offered him bribes, and on his refusing them, vilified his character, so that a Court of Inquiry was called, but the result was his being proved a correct and steady man, and a remarkably fine, smart, and brave soldier.

Long official communications to Mr Fisher followed this baptism, and although the *Naick* was acknowledged to be a noble soldier, he was in consequence removed from his regiment, and pensioned on the pay of his rank. He felt the disgrace keenly, but his manly bearing all through his examination was worthy of his profession. When asked by the Court why he refused the large bribes offered him by the Brahmans, he replied, "Gold is sordid dust. I wanted the salvation of my soul which money cannot purchase."

He was some years afterwards offered promotion in another regiment, but he respectfully refused it, with much emotion, saying, "I have done nothing that should involve dismissal from my own regiment, in which I am now a degraded man. Send me back to it, and I shall have the disgrace washed out." When the Burmese war broke out, men were wanted, and this brave soldier then volunteered, but was civilly declined.†

* Does not this prove that the Sepoys perfectly understood the policy of the Government, and that the lie fabricated about the cartridges was a deliberate one?

† Full and interesting statements of this case were published in the *Church Missionary Intelligence* for October 1857, which were copied into

Mr Fisher remarks of Matthew Prabhu Din, "He remains in the old gateway, where his Christian friends often meet him for reading the Word of God and prayer. He blesses God that he has enjoyed opportunities for religious instruction, which he might not have obtained elsewhere, and is contented to go or stay."

One of Mr Fisher's converts was a Seikh Guru named Dilsuk, who, with his wife, were at first domestic servants in Mr Fisher's house, but proved so superior in consistency and ability that they were afterwards employed as teachers, and were finally sent to Cawnpur, as noticed in a previous chapter.

Four years before Mr Fisher was removed from Mirut to Calcutta, he was joined by a Mr Richards, who was sent by the Society to act as catechist, and who was subsequently ordained. The mission was left in his charge till 1842, and many heathen were baptized during this period; but when he was necessarily removed, the congregation, and the large and flourishing schools, remained for years in a forsaken condition.

"I preached," writes Mr Wilkinson, "at Mirut on Good Friday 1845, baptized ten children, and had forty-one communicants, out of a congregation present of a hundred persons. My heart was wrung at seeing so many as *sheep having no shepherd*. The people's spirits revived at seeing me, but sunk again on hearing I must pass on, which I do with great reluctance,

the *Times* newspaper, the *Record* and others. It has here been stated briefly, and chiefly in reference to the Christian points in the *Naick's* character.

leaving a house, chapel, congregation, and an immense population uncared for. Not fewer than five hundred might at once be brought under instruction."

These facts speak for themselves, as to the paucity of labourers; yet feebly as this interesting station has been sustained, it manifests that God has not left Himself without witnesses here, any more than elsewhere; indeed, considering the small amount of agency employed, the results seem to exceed expectation.

But a brighter day at length dawned on Mirut. The Church Missionary Committee, painfully feeling the long-existing gap, appealed to the clergy at home, to offer for the supply of this and other stations remaining from year to year unoccupied; and the Rev. R. M. Lamb, who was born in the neighbourhood of Mirut, and baptized by Henry Martyn, resigned his incumbency, and sailed for India in 1846, and during 1847 he received several additional converts, and was much encouraged in his work. We cannot trace him in it by recording the particulars of his daily engagments, and the histories of those souls God has made him instrumental in rescuing from Satan, but will only add, that since he has been joined in 1854 by the Rev. Mr Medland, the operations of the mission have been much enlarged.

On the Sunday after Mr Medland's arrival, he was gladdened by witnessing eight baptisms, and was particularly struck by the devoted and orderly behaviour of the little flock, reading their Bibles, and preparing themselves to wait upon the Lord, so different to that of some congregations at home, where many come late,

and gaze about rather than collect their thoughts for worship. One of the baptized was an old man, brother of the head-catechist, Paul, who had persecuted him most severely when he joined the Christian Church on the arrival of Mr Lamb in 1847. Paul is an excellent man, still suffering from the trial of separation from his wife and children, who forsook him on his conversion, and reside two or three hundred miles distant. On Christmas-day he gives the native communicants an annual treat, and after the feast is over he sings a hymn with them, and gives them a suitable address. The missionary then concludes with prayer. The celebration was a pleasant welcome to Mr and Mrs Medland.

There are two distant out-stations, Bareilly and Landour, and the total number of Christians in connexion with the Mirut mission is about two hundred, with eighty-two communicants.

The alarm and distress suffered by the Medlands on the breaking out of the mutiny was great, but they escaped uninjured, though their house and property were destroyed. They were at church at the time, or they would probably have been murdered by a mob who searched their house, and threatened to cut them to pieces. Their catechist was also at church, and accompanied them on their flight, but was taken, beaten, and left for dead. He afterwards revived, and the Christians at Mirut were preserved; but it was a fearful night, destruction and carnage proceeding on all sides.

The Christian village at Bareilly was destroyed, and the native flock of fifty persons, including children, are supposed to have perished.

On learning that Mr Lamb's house was empty, and he absent, the mob departed without injuring it. He was residing for a short time at the out-station of Landour, and was killed shortly after, by falling from his horse, down a precipice.

He was able to speak little after the accident; but assured his wife of his desire to be with Christ, and asked her to pray with him, as the best comfort to them both. Paul, his faithful native catechist, and another native Christian, watched and prayed with him during the last hours of his life. Mrs Lamb writes, "About twenty native Christians attend at this house for morning and evening prayer, which is a great comfort to me. Paul conducts the services. They all express their willingness to *die*, rather than renounce their faith."

We cannot enter on any details connected with the remaining station of Kotghur, though it exhibits features of peculiar interest. Enough has been related to shew "how much and yet how little has been done," which was the particular object we had in view in penning these sketches.

The wants of India have been made so manifest by the details given, that any special appeal on her behalf need hardly be added. If, by the perusal of these details, a deep and affecting sense of her spiritual destitution be wrought in some Christian hearts, they will mourn over her sorrow and degradation, and will be

constrained to use efforts according to their ability for her emancipation. Let us but give India her due share of consideration, and listen to the deep and piercing call she has been uttering, and we shall no longer withhold either prayer, labour, or self-dedication on her behalf.

We need not halt for want of encouragement. The Lord is evidently working amongst her people. Nothing appears to be needed but God's blessing on an increase of *human instrumentality*—an augmented band of labourers, of strong faith, self-denying zeal, and earnest prayer; men like Kiernander, Carey, and Martyn—men like Judson and Ingolls, who made an appeal so touching to American Christians that it may well be re-echoed in England:—

"My grave will not be with my fathers; I left America to die on heathen ground. That interview which would be so sweet to my soul with beloved ones there, I anticipate before the throne. Were I transferred to my native land, with all I have experienced of trial, and all I have suffered from severance with Christian society, and the vileness and hardness of pagan hearts, I would hasten with more willingness than at first to rescue them."

The man who wrote thus, also wrote, while dying from overwork, "While we are pouring out our very life-blood for the heathen, Christians at home are giving their few cents to sustain our labours, and this not without many agents to press them. They are living on the luxuries of life in a congenial climate, among

congenial friends, laying up riches, forgetting the heathen and the missionary. They may pass these things lightly over, but mark the words of a dying man, the day will come when they must give an account of their stewardship."*

May not this voice from the grave of Ingolls of Burmah to the Churches of America be also a voice to us? A Wybrow and a Lamb have resigned their incumbencies and set forth. May He who moved them thus to go, move many others! The battle of the Lord will be fought, and the victory will be won. The Lord's work will be accomplished, whether His people are fainthearted or whether they offer themselves willingly; but it will not be for the honour of those who decline to engage in it. Surely, did those who pause, and hesitate, and shrink, understand and feel *all the woes of the heathen,* they would at once decide, and say, "Here am I, send me."†

* The Rev. Lovall Ingolls was one of that devoted band of missionaries sent out by the American Baptist Board, who, labouring with God's blessing upon them, have, during the last twenty-five years, gathered a Church in Burmah containing a hundred thousand individuals, beside those who have ascended to the Church above. They have ordained two hundred native pastors, supported by their own people, and are going on "conquering and to conquer."

May the zeal of these transatlantic brethren, who do not nationally owe India and Burmah the debt England owes them, "provoke to emulation" many among us, and may their success encourage us to abundantly increased effort!

† The missionary efforts of the Church of Rome are daily increasing, and produce results that ought to stimulate Protestant zeal, and induce the members of our Church to employ all their best energies for the extension of faithful missionary labour.

Forty years ago the Roman Catholics had no general Society of Missions;

We have spoken of "*human instrumentality*," for God works by means; but we must add a word on India's greatest want—the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, to convince her of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. She needs this for her heathen myriads, for her professedly Christian residents, and for her missionaries. Without the sweet, persuasive influence of a holy life, and the secret power of a prayerful spirit, labour, though earnest and constant, will produce little effect. With those adjuncts, our sketches have shewn how much even a feeble instrumentality may accomplish. May God raise up "MEN OF FAITH" to believe God's promises in all their truth

now, the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, whose seat is in France, has an annual income of five million francs, and other countries have similar societies. The Children's Missionary Society, founded in 1844, called the Association of the Holy Infants, collected last year upwards of a million francs. They sent seventy-five thousand francs to China, and baptized, in the course of one year, three hundred and twenty-nine thousand Chinese children. They taught nine thousand one hundred and sixty-eight, and have in four institutions six thousand one hundred and fifty-seven heathen children, to be trained as teachers, doctors, catechists, priests, or missionaries. The Jesuits have sent forth seven hundred of their order into foreign missions, and other orders vie with them. Ten orders or congregations are mentioned by the *Univers*, who consider it their principal and most important work to furnish missionaries to Pagan or Protestant countries. One of these orders interest themselves especially in Australian missions, and have as many as fifteen hundred members. France has surpassed all other nations in missionary enterprise, for nearly half the Papist missionaries are French, but Sardinia, a country of only five millions, has produced five hundred missionaries for foreign parts.

Several missionary societies among Papists undertake missions to special countries, which they are thus able to sustain efficiently. This is a wise plan, and one that Protestant Missionary Societies might adopt with advantage.—*From the "Record" of March 5, condensed.*

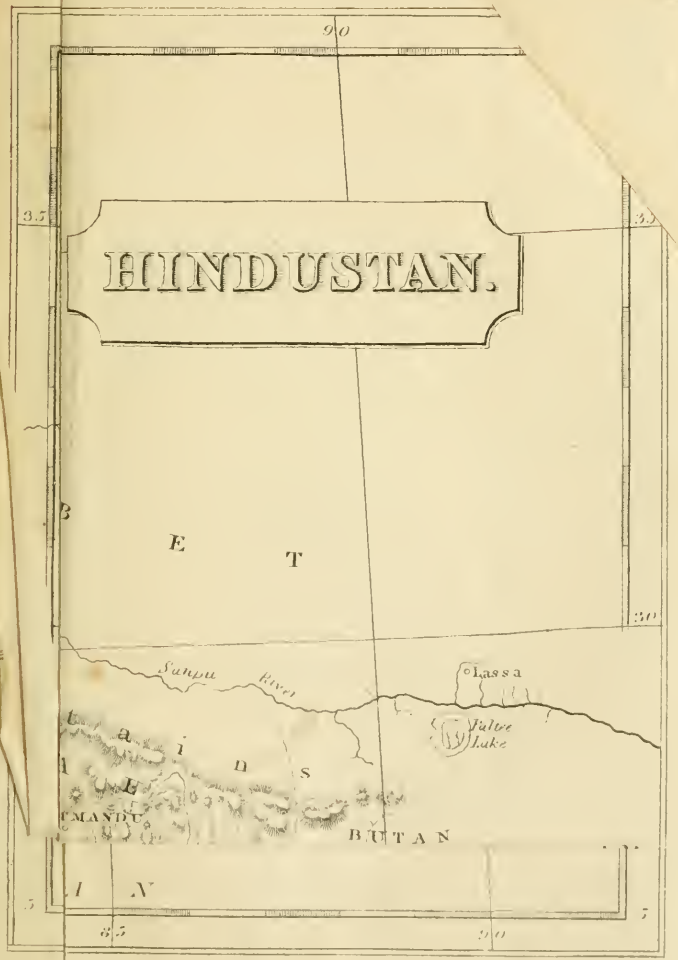
and preciousness, and to offer themselves a living sacrifice for this service, remembering the emphatic truth uttered in one short sentence by that venerable man who has just ceased from his labours, the Bishop of Calcutta—

"OPPORTUNITY IS THE GOLDEN SPOT OF TIME."

"Let us," say the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, in their Special Appeal, "contemplate nothing less, than that in our own day and generation, by God's help and blessing, India may become Christian—a mighty enterprise, but not too great for Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us, who makes His people willing in the day of His power, and who hath declared that when His judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." "*If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?*" (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12.)

THE END.

BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, PAUL'S WORK.


90
35
HINDUSTAN.
35
E
T
30
Sanpu River
Lassa
Valley Lake
BUTAN
85
90

HINDUSTAN.
BADAKSHAN
AFGHANISTAN
THIBET
DESERT
RAJPUTANA
DELHI
ASSAM
BHUTAN
BENGAL
BAY OF BENGAL
INDIAN OCEAN
Cabul
Peshawer
Attock
Lahore
Multan
Delhi
Agra
Lucknow
Calcutta
Bombay
Madras
Pondicherry
Seringapatam
Hyderabad
Nagpur
Ceylon
Colombo
Point de Galle
COMPILED BY HUT

In One Vol., Price 7s. 6d.,

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

COMPILED BY HIS WIDOW.

James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street.

Price 5s.,

THIRTY SERMONS PREACHED IN INDIA.

BY THE LATE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street.

Price 1s. 6d.,

MEMOIR OF REV. FREDERICK WYBROW.

BY THE LATE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street.

Price 5s.,

BENGAL MISSIONS ILLUSTRATED.

BY THE LATE REV. J. J. WEITBRECHT.

Shaw, Southampton Row.

Price 6d.,

INDIAN VILLAGE LIFE.

A Book for Children.

BY MRS WEITBRECHT.

James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street.

Price 4d.,

AN INDIAN BLOSSOM WHICH BORE FRUIT.

BY MRS WEITBRECHT.

Suter, 32 Cheapside.

Price 2s.,

FEMALE MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

BY MRS WEITBRECHT.

James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street.

Works on Missions.

A MEMOIR of RICHARD WILLIAMS, Surgeon, Catechist in the Mission to Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego. By James Hamilton, D.D. With Portrait. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

JOURNAL of a DEPUTATION sent to the EAST by the COMMITTEE of the MALTA PROTESTANT COLLEGE in 1849. Two Vols. 8vo, 12s. cloth.

THE RAINBOW in the NORTH: A Short Account of the First Establishment of Christianity in Rupert's Land, by the Church Missionary Society. By Miss Tucker. Fifth Edition. Fcap., with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. cloth.

ABBEOKUTA; or, Sunrise within the Tropics. An Outline of the Origin and Progress of the Yoruba Mission. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

THE BRIER and MYRTLE; or, Heathenism and Christianity. Illustrated in the History of Mary. By Miss Tucker. Foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

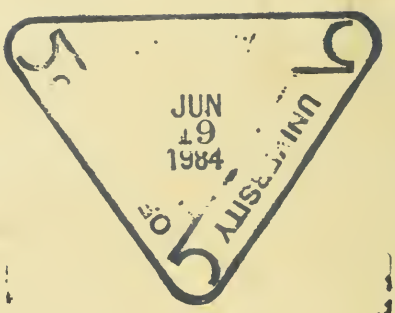
THE SOUTHERN CROSS and the SOUTHERN CROWN; or, The Gospel in New Zealand. By Miss Tucker. Author of "The Rainbow in the North." Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

MISSIONS; or, A Word for the Heathen: Being Facts and Anecdotes selected from the Journals and Letters of Missionaries. By Robert Ramsden, Esq. 12mo, 5s. cloth.

A MEMOIR of the Rev. FREDERICK WYBROW, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society. 18mo.

A MEMOIR of the late CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER, R.N. By the Rev. J. W. Marsh, Vicar of Bleasby, Notts. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.

TRAVELS and RESEARCHES in CHALDÆA and SUSIANA; with an Account of Excavations at Warka and Shush. By William Kennet Loftus, F.G.S. 8vo, 12s. cloth.


JUN
19
1984

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

01-860-005

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW
D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 09 06 01 03 023 8